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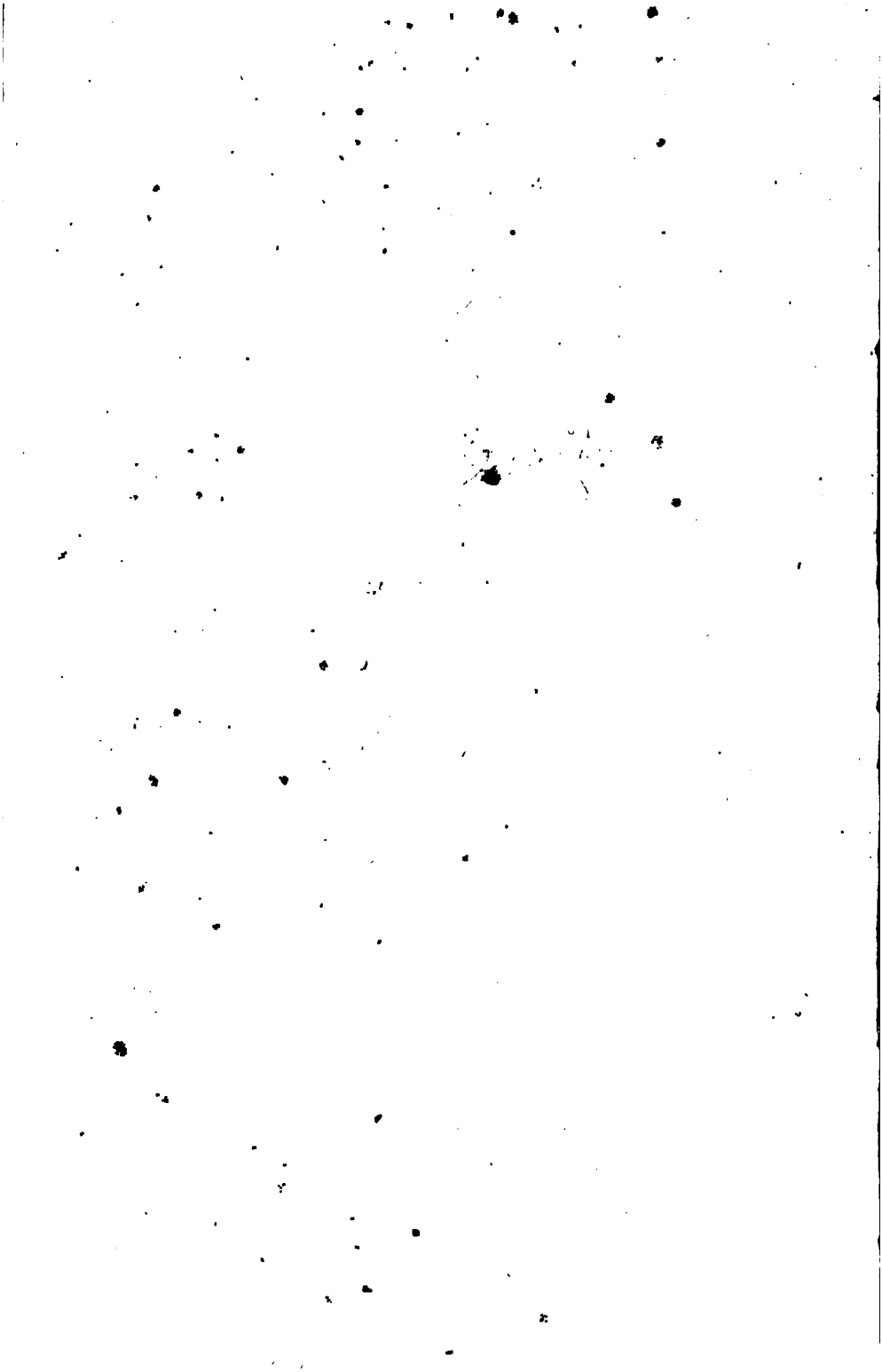

SELECT REVIEWS,

AND

SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

BY

E. BRONSON, AND OTHERS.

"THE WHEAT FROM ALL THESE PUBLICATIONS SHOULD, FROM TIME TO TIME, BE WINNOWED, AND THE CHAFF THROWN AWAY."
.....EXTERNO ROBORE CRESCIT.....CLAUD.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:

FROM THE LORENZO PRESS OF E. BRONSON.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE twelfth number of this work, which completes the second volume, is this day offered to the publick.

The editors beg permission to present their thanks for the patronage which they have received. They have endeavoured to merit it by using all the means which occurred to them for gratifying the various tastes of their readers. The increasing list of subscribers, while it shows that their exertions have not been wholly unsuccessful, will incite them to new labours.

The first number of the third volume will be published on the first of January 1810, on a new type, cast expressly for the work.

Subscribers and agents will please, as heretofore, to address their orders upon any point relative to the pecuniary concerns of the establishment, to the publishers, Messrs. Hopkins and Earle, who have renewed their engagement to manage the sale of the work for the proprietors.

Philad. Dec. 1, 1809.

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SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR JULY, 1809.

FROM THE LONDON REVIEW.

A new System of Domestick Cookery, formed upon Principles of Economy, and adapted to the use of private Families. By a lady. A new Edition, corrected. London, printed for John Murray, Fleet Street; J. Harding, St. James's Street; and A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh. 7*s.* 6*d.* Reviewed by Mr. J. Smith.

THE three booksellers to whom the world is indebted for this ingenious Treatise on the Art of Eating and Drinking, could not have been more happily marshalled by a king at arms, than they are in the title-page of this work. Mr. John Murray lives within the city walls, and is, upon that account, *positively* the best judge of cookery. Mr. J. Harding, of a more courtly residence, may *comparatively* possess some knowledge of the subject; but Messrs. A. Constable and Co. of Edinburgh, must be pronounced, by all impartial judges, *superlatively* unfit to give evidence in the cause. A work which treats of oyster patties, green peas, ratafea cream, and London syllabub, must be as much a "sealed book" to our Scottish neighbours, as that northern luminary, Allan Ramsay, is to us darkling natives of the south. The only effect which it can produce in the shop window of the aforesaid A. Constable and Co. is to quicken their countrymen in their journey southward (like the hay before the horse's nose in Ireland) and thus to overcome that bashful repugnance to visiting England which has ever been the characteristick of a North Briton. But, as a striking title is half the battle, ought not our authoress, in policy, to have entitled her book: "The Belly and the Members," and dedicated it to our representatives in parliament? This would have established her fame in a moment, and consigned old Menenius Agrippa's fable of that name to merited oblivion. The great object of the great mass of mankind, *docti indoctique*, is to eat. From the savage of Terra del Fuego, whose food is worms extracted from decayed wood, to the peripatetick of Bond Street, who, having performed the duties of the morning, regales on turtle and iced champagne; and, while he picks his teeth, eyes with disdain the ignoble herd through the green lattices of Steevens's Hotel, it may be stated, as an indisputable fact, that man is a cooking animal, and increases in civilisation in proportion to the beauty and variety of the produce of his saucepans. The degeneracy of the Jew may, upon this principle, be fairly ascribed to the trainoil that meanders through his viands. The debased condition of the negro may safely be imputed to the yams and cassava which he dignifies with the name of dinner; and what political efforts can this country ever expect

from the Dutch, when we reflect that they jumble bacon and buttermilk in the same dish, and feed upon cheeses, which can only be compared to cannon-balls impregnated with salt? Homer's poetical proser, Old Nestor, considered man a cooking animal; so thought the renowned James Boswell, that twinkling star in the great belt of the *Saturnine* Moralist; and the observation enabled Mr. Burke to account for the old proverb —There's reason in roasting of eggs. With this great truth in view, how much obliged ought the publick to feel to a lady who, instead of inditing sonnets to the moon and feeding the mind of her readers through the medium of the Minerva press, has preferred the more laudable pursuit of catering for the stomach, and has produced a work, at which the Hannah Glasses and the Farleys may hide their diminished larders. Half an author's merit arises from the choice of his subject. A new system of religion was out of the question; no *sober* man now thinks of going any where except to the Tabernacle; and systems of politicks are as shifting as the sands of Scamander under the foot of Achilles. An improved treatise on musick or dancing, might, indeed, have made many proselytes in this fiddling and jumping age; yet, still the deaf and the gouty would not have become purchasers. But a new System of Cookery, embracing all the contents of the tablecloth, *ab ovo usque ad mala*, is universally and perpetually interesting. When a superannuated general is fighting his battles over again, and in his narrative cuts off the wing of an army, one is apt to yawn. How different the sensation if he is cutting off the wing of a wild fowl. John duke of Argyll was a great man in his day: he is now *hors de combât* in Westminster Abbey; and I entreat the noble family of Campbell to reflect, that the *Argyll* which saves the gravy from coagulating, is the golden urn that shall long preserve the ashes of their illustrious house from oblivion. The duke is now cold, but our gravy is hot. Who does not remember queen Catharine's character of cardinal Wolsey?

> He was a man
> *Of an unbounded stomach,* ever ranking
> Himself with princes.

My interpretation of this passage, with all due deference to Mr. Douce, is, that he was a man who *gave excellent dinners.* Allow me this, and the inigma of his "ranking himself with princes" is instantly solved. We will not, however, multiply cases to prove a self-evident proposition, but proceed to the work under review; which is introduced by an advertisement, wherein we are informed, that "the following directions were intended for the conduct of the families of the authoress's own daughters, and for the arrangement of their table." But the young ladies, I suppose, being unable to decypher their mamma's cramp manuscript, or, as puddings and pies were the subject of her pen, "obliged by *hunger* and request of friends," she has consented to roll it into the world in the puff-paste shape of a thick duodecimo. "How rarely," exclaims our authoress, in a pathetick tone, "do we meet with fine melted butter!" This calamity was not overlooked by our immortal bard, whose Moor of Venice bewails his want of that article with tears.

> Unused to the *melting mood,*
> Dropt tears as fast as the Arabian trees
> Their medicinal gums.

And now, reader, having despatched the advertisement, we enter into the vestibule of the temple, the preface, consisting of "Miscellaneous Observations for the use of the Mistress of a Family." It is a good old custom with the race that write, to consider the topick under their immediate discussion, as the most important subject of inquiry that can agitate the feelings of man. Mrs. Barbauld promotes Richardson, without any remorse, over the head of poor Fielding; and Mr. Hayley

would fain make his molehill Cowper overtop Mount Milton. If an author does not appear in earnest, it is all over with him. "How the deuce can you expect me to grieve," says Horace, "if you don't appear to grieve yourself?" The authoress of Domestick Cookery was aware of this rule, when she introduced her Miscellaneous Observations with a sentence which the hero of Bolt-court himself might not have blushed to pen:

"In every rank those deserve the greatest praise who best acquit themselves of the duties which their station requires. Indeed, this line of conduct is not a matter of choice but of necessity, if we would maintain the dignity of our own characters as rational beings."

When I had proceeded thus far, I hastily turned the leaves, fearing that I had, by mistake, dipped into the Rambler; but happening to alight upon a green goose pie, and knowing that the sage had never discussed that topick, I returned to the preface. Our heroine of jams and jellies thus proceeds:

"In the variety of female acquirements, though domestick occupations stand not so high as they formerly did, yet when neglected, they produce much *human misery*." [*Here sighs a jar.*] "There was a time when ladies knew nothing *beyond* their own family concerns." [*Here a goose-pie talks.*] "But in the present day there are many who know nothing *about* them."

Ah, madam, this is a sober truth, though epigrammatically expressed. But, under favour, is it not something like the conceited cook, in the fragment of the Greek comick poet Straton, who says to his master:

What! I speak as Homer does;
And sure a cook may use like privilege,
And more than a blind poet.

But mark the surly answer of the cook's master:

Not with me:
I'll have no kitchen Homers in my house;
So, pray, discharge yourself.

The lady Bountifuls have, I confess, quitted the stage, and the lady Townleys reign in their stead. Who now is so brutal as to expect, that those delicate fingers which, when employed on the piano-forte, emulate in whiteness the keys they rattle, shall be degraded to crack the claw of a lobster, or squeeze reluctant pickles into a jar? Even in the days of Pope, it was one of the many subjects of complaint of that irritable bard, that

Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays.

And though, in the sixty-four years which have elapsed since his death, our wives may have changed their course of reading, yet, it may be doubted, whether they are a whit more wedded to the kitchen than heretofore. The German Mrs. Haller is represented in a mob-cap, with a bunch of keys at her girdle, the keeper of the paradise of pastry; but Mrs. Siddons decorates that frail lady with long drapery, and a yellow muslin turban. Fashion, however, will do much, and as our authoress's Domestick Cookery is universally read, let us hope that the modes of life will change, and that it will be as much the rage to stay at home to save money, as it is now to go abroad to spend it.

Our fair purveyor of patty-pans is gifted with that variety of style which, like her own recipes, is calculated to please all palates.

Milton's strong pinions now not Heaven can bound,
Now serpent-like, in prose, he sweeps the ground.

She informs us, that "to make home the sweet refuge of a husband fatigued by intercourse with a jarring world, to be his enlightened companion and the chosen friend of his heart, these, these are women's duties;" and adds, in the same breath, "candles made in cool weather are best." The reader is no sooner apprized that "a pious woman will build up her house before God," than he is told "the price of starch depends upon that of flour." Talents here find themselves placed in the same sentence with treacle; custards are coupled with conjugal fidelity, and moral duties with macaroni. This obliquity of pen, "one eye on earth, the other

fixed on heaven," is the only sure mode of pleasing all readers. It forms the genuine hill and dale of style, and when bounded by a modern meadow of margin, bids fair to circulate through ten editions.

And now, reader, prepare yourself for a lecture on *carving*. "Some people," says our authoress, "*haggle* meat so much as not to be able to help half a dozen persons decently from a large tongue or a surloin of beef; and the *dish* goes away with the appearance of having been gnawed by dogs." Most dogs that have come under my cognizance would be better pleased to gnaw the *meat* than the *dish*; but putting that aside, it must be allowed to be a monstrous thing for the seventh expectant, to be watching for a slice from a surloin which is destined to be wasted on six persons! Our lady, however, must in this instance be considered, as rather hypercritical, few persons being so uninitiated in the mysteries of the blade, as to be unable to carve a tongue or a surloin: But to be placed opposite a pig, a goose, or a hare, and to possess no more skill in the art than the executioner of the duke of Monmouth, is indeed one of the miseries of human life. I most sincerely wish I could transplant these dainties to the pages of this Review; but, since that cannot be, let me at least do all I can, by extracting the rules for dissecting them.

"*Sucking Pig.*—The cook usually decorates the body before it is sent to table, and garnishes the dish with the jaws and ears." [If she do not, she deserves to lose her own ears.] "The first thing is to separate a shoulder from the carcase on one side, and then the leg according to the directions given by the dotted line *a, b, c.* The ribs are then to be divided into about two *helpings*, and an ear or a jaw presented with them, and *plenty of sauce*. The joints may either be divided into two each, or pieces may be cut from them. The ribs are reckoned the finest part, but some people prefer the neck-end between the shoulders." [Here is a difference of opinion between all people and some people, which is left to the arbitration of other people.]

"*Goose.*—Cut off the apron in the circular line *a, b, c,* in the figure opposite the last page, and pour into the body a glass of Port wine and a large tea-spoonful of mustard, first mixed at the sideboard. Turn the neck of the goose towards you, and cut the whole breast in long slices from one wing to another; but only remove them as you help each person, unless the company is so large as to require the legs likewise." [And if the eaters are so many, wo betide the goose; there will be nothing left of it for the next day.] "This way gives more prime bits than by making wings. Take off the leg by putting the fork into the small end of the bone, pressing it to the body, and having passed the knife at *d*, turn the leg back, and, if a young bird, it will easily separate." [Let our army and navy surgeons take notice that this instruction is not meant for them.] "To take off the wing, put your fork into the small end of the pinion, and press it close to the body; then put in the knife at *d* and divide the joint, taking it down in the direction *d, e.* Nothing but practice will enable people to hit the joint exactly at the first trial.* When the leg and wing of one side are done, go on to the other; but it is not often necessary to cut up the whole goose, unless the company be very large. There are two sidebones by the wing, which may be cut off, as likewise the back and lower sidebones: but the best pieces are the breast and the thighs after being divided from the drumsticks."

"*Hare.*—The best way of cutting it up, is to put the point of the knife under the shoulder at *a*, in the figure opposite the next page, and so cut all the way down to the rump on one side of the backbone, in the line *a, b.* Do the same on the other side, so that the whole hare will be divided into three parts. Cut the back part into four, which, with the legs, is the part most esteemed. The shoulders must be cut off in a circular line, as *c, d, a;* lay the pieces neatly on the dish as you cut them, and then help the company, giving some pudding and gravy to every person.† This way can only be

* The clear meaning of this remark is, that, if you are perfected by practice, you will *hit the joint exactly at the first trial*, though you never tried before.

†The impartiality of this hospitable lady, in giving *pudding* to every person, whether they like it or like it not, is truly amiable, and of a piece with that species of boarding-school benevolence which pla-

practised when the hare is young: if old, don't divide it down, which will require a strong arm" [a sly hint at the weakness of her readers] "but put the knife between the leg and back, and give it a little turn inwards at the joint, which you must endeavour to hit and not to break by force. When both legs are taken off, there is a *fine collop* on each side the back" [we all love a slice from poor puss;—This is indeed the hare and many friends] "then divide the back into as many pieces as you please, and take off the shoulders, which are by many preferred, and are called the sportsman's pieces.† When every one is helped, cut off the head" [and take it to yourself] "put your knife between the upper and lower jaw, and divide them, which will enable you to lay the upper flat on your plate, then put the point of the knife into the centre, and cut the head in two. The *ears* and *brains* may be helped then to those who like them."

By the way, the same individual has seldom a penchant for *both*. Our noble patronizers of the Italian opera have nice ears and no brains, and many a sinister limb of the law has a plentiful stock of brains and no ears.

Here is a body of rules, scientifically laid down, like the figure of a country dance, by right and left, leading out sides, and galloping down the middle, by a study of which the enlightened reader, when a goose or hare is before him,

May CARVE it like a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew it like a carcase for the hounds.

It is to be feared, however, that this, to many readers, is all Algebra, without the aid of the dotted engravings, which, by the way, are so badly executed, that it may be safely said, never were such good dinners served up on such indifferent *plates*. To those, however, who do not comprehend them, the utility of the above extracts is too obvious to render any apology necessary; and would to propriety that certain ladies and gentlemen would take their degrees in this culinary college ere they pretend to carve for themselves! "Can none remember, yes I know all must," some one of his acquaintance whose zeal to do the honours of the table is as intense as that of a missionary to visit the coast of Africa, and who is about as well skilled in the science he professes to teach? Give such a man the hundred hands of Briareus, and he would gladly dissect a whole city feast at a single sitting. With a generosity peculiar to himself, he dispenses the gravy over the faces and waistcoats of his fellow guests, leaving the poor goose or duck as dry as a Scotch metaphysical essay. When a man of this stamp thrusts his fork into the breast of a woodcock, the company present express as much alarm as if the bird were alive.—"Let no such man be trusted." What a fine subject for a didactick poem is *carving!* What is Mr. Godwin about? It is well known he addresses his writs to the late sheriff of London, who, upon such an occasion, would doubtless usher the bantling to light. It is true the worthy knight eats no meat himself, since he eat up the heifer; but is that a reason why he should be unmindful of those that do?

But as humanity is the brightest jewel in a lady's tiara, it grieves me to be obliged to reprehend, in the most unqualified terms, the following receipt to make hare soup—page 104: "Take an old hare that is good for nothing else, cut it into pieces," &c. Fie, madam! are these your fine feelings? Sterne, who wept over a dead jackass, like any sandman, would never have forgiven you. Mr. Southey, mounted on old Poulter's mare, will *vilipend* you through a whole Thalabia. Is this your respect for age? Suppose some giant of the Monk Lewis breed, having a penchant for human flesh, were to seize you in his paws, and utter this culinary dictum: "Take an *old* wo-

ces pudding as a grace before meat, and obliges the young student to wade through a slough of rice or suet, before he can revel in the joys of beef or mutton.

† A hint from Horace—viz.

Sapiens sectabitur armos.

By which we learn that SAPIENS is Latin for a *sportsman*.

man that is good for nothing else, cut her into pieces," &c. Gentle lady, would you like to be served so yourself?

"Order is heaven's first law," quoth the poet of reason; and as good eating is a heaven on earth to so many respectable natives of London, it can excite no surprise that our dictatrix from the pantry has prefixed to her work an ample and well arranged table of contents, dividing her subject into thirteen parts, embracing every dainty that can tickle the human palate. She commences with the scaly tenants of the flood, and ends with receipts to prevent hay from firing, to wash old deeds, to preserve a head of hair, and to dye gloves to look like York tan or Limerick. What an excursive fancy are some ladies blessed with! A limb of the law might call the latter part of this division *travelling out of the record*, but surely without due consideration.—*Tempus* EDAX *rerum*, is a precept, old as the hills. Now as it is well known that the old gentleman will now and then nibble a lady's glove, "then her flowing hair," or gnaw the title deeds of her husband's estate, why should not his food be treated of as well as ours? Nor let any carping critick condemn her dissertation on home-brewery and sauces as too prolix. The evils that spring from inattention to these articles are more numerous than the woes that sprang from the wrath of the son of Peleus. I will not repeat the well known catastrophe at Salthill; death, in that case, was a welcome visiter to snatch eight unfortunate gentlemen from the calamity of an illcooked repast. But I will put it to the recollection of the majority of my readers, whether they are not in the habit of dining with some individual, whom nature seems to have manufactured without a palate. If you ask the footman of such an unhappy being for bread, you receive something possessing the consistence of a stone. His turbot has all the dignity of age, his Port wine all the fire of youth. With an anxious forefinger and a disappointed thumb, you turn up his fish-cruets one by one, and find that they resemble the pitchers of the Belides. His champagne is a copartnership of tar-water and treacle, and his lobster-sauce is so alarmingly congealed as to be fitter for Salmon's wax-work than for salmon! These are the trials of human fortitude! Talk of Job scolded by his wife, or Cato pent up in Utica —psha! How different the taste and establishment of the renowned Decius! He is an assiduous frequenter of the Tabernacle, where he ponders on the joys to come—when the dinner hour arrives. His thoughts are revolving, not on the new birth, but on the new spit, which kindly roasts his venison without wounding it. If the afternoon service happen to extend beyond the usual period, then may Decius be seen to issue from his pew, like the lioness from her den. Not having the fear of repletion before his eyes, but moved and instigated by an overroasted haunch, he darts through the aisle, and knocks down the intervening babes of grace like so many piping ninepins.

Such is the laudable zeal of a man whose ruling passion floats in a tureen of mock turtle, and yet, so unsatisfactory are all sublunary enjoyments, it may sometimes be doubted whether the rearing of such costly pyramids of food be worth the founder's trouble. Goldsmith somewhere expresses a strong objection to two thousand pounds a year, because they will not procure a man two appetites; and another starveling son of the muses, in his fable of the Court of Death, seems to insinuate, that intemperance may, in time, injure the constitution. Certain it is, that three deadly foes to the disciple of Epicurus, entitled Plethora, Apoplexy, and bilious Gout, are often found to lie *perdu* beneath a masked battery of French paste, and, crossing the course of the voluptuary, like the weird sis-

ters in the path of the benighted Thane, so annoy him, even when seated on that throne of human felicity, a tavern-chair, as to make it a moot point whether it was worth his while to wade through the blood of so many animals to attain it.

Mark what Alixis, a Greek poet says:

Oh, that Nature
Might quit us of this overbearing burthen,
This tyrant god, the belly! Take that from us,
With all its bestial appetites, and man,
Exonerated man, shall be all soul.

A truce, however, to these unpalatable reflections, and let us revert to more agreeable topicks. The due arrangement of a dinner table is not so easy a matter as some folks imagine. Every one recollects the anecdote of the Gray's-Inn Student, who entertained his guests, consisting of two pining old maids and a bilious nabob, with boiled tripe at top, boiled tripe at bottom, and a round of beef, garnished with parsnips, in the centre. Any man possessed of money, may give a dinner, but, to give a proper one, requires both taste and fancy; and as those two ingredients are not always discernible in the *tout ensemble* of a son of Plutus, our authoress has kindly supplied their place, by inventing a scale of dinners suited to all pockets; loading the stomachs of her readers, as Lock it clogged the ankles of his customers, with fetters of all prices, from one guinea to ten. An abridgment of this part of the work could only have the effect of lopping off its merits; I shall content myself, therefore, with touching the two extremes; extracting, in the first place, that sort of plain, family dinner which a man produces when he means to treat you like a *friend*, though, alas! it has more the appearance of treating you like an *enemy*; and, in the next place, I shall lay before my readers a collection of good things, which might compose a lord mayor's feast, worthy to be given by the late to the present incumbent.

Five Dishes.

Knuckle of Veal, stewed with Rice.
Apple Sauce. Bread and Butter Pudding. Potatoes.
Loin of Pork roasted.

A very indifferent repast, at all events; but take heed to the roasting of your pork, for *Tom Browne*, of facetious memory, made a dinner for the devil, in which he gave him undone-pork for his top dish.

Long Table once covered.

Fish.
Fruit Tart — One Turkey, or two Poults. — Blanc-mange.
Mock Turtle Soup.
Harico. — Sweetbreads larded.
Mash Turnips. — Jerusalem Artichokes fricassied. — Stewed Spinach.
Carrots thick round.
Cray Fish. — Savory Cake. — Dried Salmon in papers.
Maccaroni Pudding.
Ham bruised. — Trifle. — Chickens.
French Pie.
Casserole of Rice, with Giblets. — Stewed Celery. — Picked Crab.
Fricandeau. — Apple Pie and Custard. — Ox Rumps and Spanish Onions.
Jelly form. — Rich white Soup. — Cheesecakes.
Fish.
(Remove—Venison or Loin of Veal.)

It is now time to close the present article, for the length of which, nothing but the extreme importance of the subject can atone. With a trem-

bling pen, I have ventured to touch upon the science of luxurious eating, of which, it must be confessed, my knowledge is derived rather from theory than practice, and in which, therefore, it is highly probable I have committed some mistakes. Shades of Apicius, Darteneuf, and Quin, forgive me if I have erred! Our journey, gentle reader, has been through a delightful country, recalling to our recollection the juvenile tale of Miranda, or the Royal Ram; inasmuch as we are credibly informed, that the air within the blissful domains of that woolly potentate, was darkened with showers of tarts and cheesecakes. Let me entreat thee to repair, without loss of time, to the shop of Mr. John Murray, of Fleet Street, where, for seven shillings and sixpence, thou mayest purchase the work of which I have furnished thee with a sort of hashed analysis. Then, if thou art a man of taste, thou wilt order a dainty repast, after the fashion of one of those enumerated within the precincts of pages 312 and 320; and then, when thy envious covers are snatched off by a skilful domestick, and a steam ascends which might gratify the nose of Jove himself, and make him lean from Olympus to smell, I hope thou wilt, as in duty bound, exclaim in the words of the pious king Cymbeline:

Laud we the gods,
And let the crooked smoke climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Woman; or, Ida of Athens.* By Miss Owenson, author of "The Wild Irish Girl," "The Novice of St. Dominick," &c. 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1809.——Philadelphia, republished by Bradford and Inskeep, 2 vols. 12mo. 1809.

"BACHANTES, animated with Orphean fury, slinging their serpents in the air, striking their cymbals, and uttering dithyrambicks, appeared to surround him on every side." p. 5.

"That modesty which is of soul, seemed to diffuse itself over a form, whose exquisite symmetry was at once betrayed and concealed by the apparent tissue of woven air, which fell like a vapour round her." p. 23.

"Like Aurora, the extremities of her delicate limbs were rosed with flowing hues, and her little foot, as it pressed its naked beauty on a scarlet cushion, resembled that of a youthful Thetis from its blushing tints, or that of a fugitive Atalanta from its height," &c. &c. p. 53.

After repeated attempts to comprehend the meaning of these, and a hundred similar conundrums, in the compass of half as many pages, we gave them up in despair; and were carelessly turning the leaves of the volume backward and forward, when the following passage, in a short note "to the Reader," caught our eye. "My little works have been always printed from *illegible* manuscripts in one country, while their author was resident in another." p. vi. We have been accustomed to overlook these introductory gossipings: in future, however, we shall be more circumspect; since it is evident, that if we had read straight forward from the title page, we should have escaped a very severe headach.

The matter seems now sufficiently clear. The printer having to produce four volumes from a manuscript, of which he could not read a word, performed his task to the best of his power; and fabricated the requisite number of lines, by shaking the types out of the boxes at a venture. The work must, therefore, be considered as a kind of overgrown *amphigouri*, a heterogeneous combination of events, which, pretending to no meaning, may be innocently permitted to surprise for a moment, and then dropt for ever.

If, however, which is possible, the author, like Caliban (we beg Miss

* For another review of this work, taken from the Monthly Review, and giving a less unfavourable account of it, see vol. I. of the Select Reviews, p. 394.

Owenson's pardon) "cannot endue her purpose with words that make it known;" but, by *illegible*, means *what may be read*, and is, consequently, in earnest; the case is somewhat altered, and we must endeavour to make out the story.

Ida of Athens, a Greek girl, half ancient and half modern, falls desperately in love with a young slave; and, when he is defeated and taken prisoner, in a fray more ridiculously begun and ended than the wars of Tom Thum the Great, marries a "Disdar-aga," to save his life. This simple personage, instead of taking possession of his bride, whom he has "placed on an ottoman of down," *couleur de rose*, rushes from the apartment "to see a noise which he heard:" and has scarcely thrust his head out of the street door, when, to his inexpressible amazement, it is dexterously sliced off "by an agent of the Porte;"* and Ida, without waiting for her thirds, runs joyfully home to her father. Meanwhile the Greek slave, who had, somewhat unpolitely, looked through the Disdar-aga's "casement," and seen Ida in his arms, very naturally takes it in dudgeon, and enrolls himself among the Janissaries. Ida, on her side, having no engagement on her hands, falls in love with an English traveller, who offers her a settlement, which she very modestly rejects. A long train of wo succeeds. Her father is stripped of his property, and thrown into a dungeon; from which he is delivered by the Janissary on duty (the prying lover of Ida) who, without making himself known, assists them to quit the country, and embark for England. "They launch into the Archipelago, that interesting sea, so precious to the soul of genius;" iv. p. 45, and after many hair-breadth 'scapes, arrive in London. Here they are cheated, robbed, and insulted by every body; and the father, after being several days without food, is dragged to a spunging house, where he expires! Ida runs frantically through the streets, and falls into the arms of the English traveller, who is now become a lord, and very gallantly renews his offers, which are again rejected. In consequence of an advertisement in the publick papers, Ida discovers a rich uncle, who dies very opportunely, and leaves her "the most opulent heiress of Great Britain."

The fair Greek abuses her prosperity; but before her fortune and reputation are quite gone, the slave makes his appearance once more—not as a Janissary, but as a general officer in the Russian service; and being now convinced that the familiarity of the Disdar-aga led to no unseemly consequence, marries his quondam mistress *for good and all*, and carries her to Russia, "a country *congenial by its climate* to her delicate constitution and luxurious habits; and *by its character*, to her tender, sensitive and fanciful disposition!" iv. p. 286.

Such is the story, which may be dismissed as merely foolish; but the sentiments and language must not escape quite so easily. The latter is an inflated jargon, composed of terms picked up in all countries, and wholly irreducible to any ordinary rules of grammar or sense. The former are mischievous in tendency, and profligate in principle, licentious and irreverent in the highest degree. To revelation, Miss Owenson manifests a singular antipathy. It is the subject of many profound diatribes, which want nothing but meaning to be decisive. Yet Miss Owenson is not without an object of worship. She makes no account, indeed, of the Creator of the universe, unless to swear by his name; but, in return, she manifests a prodigious respect for something that she dignifies with the name of Nature, which, it seems, governs the world; and, as

* Wrong:—he turns sick as he is running after "the Capadilger Keayassa," and dies in a ditch.—See vol. iii. p. 143. *Printer's Devil.*

we gather from her creed, is to be honoured by libertinism in the women, disloyalty in the men, and atheism in both.

This young lady, as we conclude from her introduction, is the *enfante gaté* of a particular circle, who see, in her constitutional sprightliness, marks of genius, and encourage her dangerous propensity to publication. She has evidently written more than she has read, and read more than she has thought. But this is beginning at the wrong end. If we were happy enough to be in her confidence, we should advise the immediate purchase of a spelling book, of which she stands in great need; to this, in due process of time, might be added a pocket dictionary. She might then take a few easy lessons in "joined-hand," in order to become legible. If, after this, she could be persuaded to exchange her idle raptures for common sense; practise a little self-denial; and gather a few precepts of humility from an old-fashioned book, which, although it does not seem to have lately fallen in her way, may yet, we think, be found in some corner of her study; she might then hope to prove, not indeed a good writer of novels, but a useful friend, a faithful wife, a tender mother, and a respectable and happy mistress of a family.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Reliques of Robert Burns, consisting chiefly of Original Letters, Poems, and Critical Observations on Scottish Songs. Collected and published by R. H. Cromek. 8vo. pp. 450. London. 1808.—Philadelphia, republished by Bradford and Inskeep, 1809.

BURNS is certainly by far the greatest of our poetical prodigies—from Stephen Duck down to Thomas Dermody. *They* are forgotten already; or only remembered for derision. But the name of Burns, if we are not mistaken, has not yet "gathered all its fame;" and will endure long after those circumstances are forgotten which contributed to its first notoriety. So much, indeed, are we impressed with a sense of his merits, that we cannot help thinking it a derogation from them to consider him as a prodigy at all; and are convinced that he will never be rightly estimated as a poet, till that vulgar wonder be entirely repressed which was raised on his having been a ploughman. It is true, no doubt, that he was born in a humble station, and that much of his early life was devoted to severe labour, and to the society of his fellow labourers. But he was not himself either uneducated or illiterate; and was placed, perhaps, in a situation more favourable to the development of great poetical talents, than any other which could have been assigned him. He was taught, at a very early age, to read and write; and soon after acquired a competent knowledge of French, together with the elements of Latin and geometry. His taste for reading was encouraged by his parents and many of his associates; and, before he had ever composed a single stanza, he was not only familiar with many prose writers, but far more intimately acquainted with Pope, Shakspeare, and Thomson, than nine tenths of the youth that leave school for the university. These authors, indeed, with some old collections of songs, and the lives of Hannibal and of sir William Wallace, were his habitual study from the first days of his childhood; and, cooperating with the solitude of his rural occupations, were sufficient to rouse his ardent and ambitious mind to the love and the practice of poetry. He had as much scholarship, we imagine, as Shakspeare, and far better models to form his ear to harmony, and train his fancy to graceful invention.

We ventured, on a former occasion, to say something of the effects of regular education, and of the general diffusion of literature, in repressing the vigour and originality of all kinds of mental exertion. That speculation was, perhaps, carried somewhat too far; but if the paradox have proof any where, it is in its application to poetry. Among well educated people, the standard writers of this description are at once so venerated and so familiar, that it is thought equally impossible to rival them, and to write verses without attempting it. If there be one degree of fame which excites emulation, there is another which leads to despair; nor can we conceive any one less likely to add one to the short list of original poets, than a young man of fine fancy and delicate taste, who has acquired a high relish for poetry, by perusing the most celebrated writers, and conversing with the most intelligent judges. The head of such a person is filled, of course, with all the splendid passages of ancient and modern authors, and with the fine and fastidious remarks which have been made even on these passages. When he turns his eyes, therefore, on his own conceptions, they can scarcely fail to appear rude and contemptible. He is perpetually haunted and depressed by the ideal presence of those great masters and their exacting criticks. He is aware to what comparisons his productions will be subjected among his own friends and associates; and recollects the derision with which so many rash adventurers have been chased back to their obscurity. Thus, the merit of his great predecessors chills, instead of encouraging his ardour; and the illustrious names which have already reached to the summit of excellence, act like the tall and spreading trees of the forest, which overshadow and strangle the saplings which have struck root in the soil below,—and afford shelter to nothing but creepers and parasites.

There is, no doubt, in some few individuals, "that strong divinity of soul,"—that decided and irresistible vocation to glory, which, in spite of all these obstructions, calls out, perhaps, once or twice in a century, a bold and original poet from the herd of scholars and academical literati. But the natural tendency of their studies, and by far the most common operation, is to repress originality, and discourage enterprise; and either to change those whom nature meant for poets, into mere readers of poetry, or to bring them out in the form of witty parodists, or ingenious imitators. Independent of the reasons which have been already suggested, it will, perhaps, be found too, that necessity is the mother of invention in this as well as in the more vulgar arts; or, at least, that inventive genius will frequently slumber in inaction, where preceding ingenuity has in part supplied the wants of the owner. A solitary and uninstructed man, with lively feelings and an inflammable imagination, will be easily led to exercise those gifts, and to occupy and relieve his mind in poetical composition; but if his education, his reading, and his society supply him with an abundant store of images and emotions, he will probably think but little of these internal resources, and feed his mind contentedly with what has been provided by the industry of others.

To say nothing, therefore, of the distractions and the dissipation of mind that belong to the commerce of the world, nor of the cares of minute accuracy and high finishing which are imposed on the professed scholar, there seem to be deeper reasons for the separation of originality and accomplishment; and for the partiality which has led poetry to choose almost all her favourites among the recluse and uninstructed. A youth of quick parts, in short, and creative fancy,—with just so much reading as, to guide his ambition, and rough-hew his notions of excellence,—if his lot

be thrown in humble retirement, where he has no reputation to lose, and where he can easily hope to excel all that he sees around him, is much more likely, we think, to give himself up to poetry, and to train himself to habits of invention, than if he had been encumbered by the pretended helps of extended study and literary society.

If these observations should fail to strike of themselves, they may, perhaps, derive additional weight from considering the very remarkable fact, that almost all the great poets of every country have appeared in an early stage of their history, and in a period comparatively rude and unlettered. Homer went forth like the morning star before the dawn of literature in Greece; and almost all the great and sublime poets of modern Europe are already between two and three hundred years old. Since that time, although books, and readers, and opportunities of reading are multiplied a thousand fold, we have improved chiefly in point and terseness of expression, in the art of raillery, and in clearness and simplicity of thought. Force, richness, and variety of invention are now at least as rare as ever. But the literature and refinement of the age does not exist at all for a rustick and illiterate individual; and, consequently, the present time is to him what the rude times of old were to the vigorous writers which adorned them.

But though, for these and for other reasons, we can see no propriety in regarding the poetry of Burns chiefly as the wonderful work of a peasant, and thus admiring it much in the same way as if it had been written with his toes; yet there are peculiarities in his works which remind us of the lowness of his origin, and faults for which the defects of his education afford an obvious cause, if not a legitimate apology. In forming a correct estimate of these works, it is necessary to take into account those peculiarities.

The first is, the undisciplined harshness and acrimony of his invective. The great boast of polished life is the delicacy, and even the generosity of its hostility,—that quality which is still the characteristick, as it is the denomination, of a gentleman,—that principle which forbids us to attack the defenceless, to strike the fallen, or to mangle the slain,—and enjoins us, in forging the shafts of satire, to increase the polish exactly as we add to their keenness or their weight. For this, as well as for other things, we are indebted to chivalry; and of this Burns had none. His ingenious and amiable biographer has spoken repeatedly in praise of his talents for satire,—we think, with a most unhappy partiality. His epigrams and lampoons appear to us, one and all, unworthy of him;—offensive from their extreme coarseness and violence,—and contemptible from their want of wit or brilliancy. They seem to have been written, not out of playful malice or virtuous indignation; but out of fierce and ungovernable anger. His whole raillery consists in railing; and his satirical vein displays itself chiefly in calling names and in swearing. We say this mainly with a reference to his personalities. In many of his more general representations of life and manners, there is, no doubt, much that may be called satirical, mixed up with admirable humour, and description of inimitable vivacity.

There is a similar want of polish, or at least of respectfulness, in the general tone of his gallantry. He has written with more passion, perhaps, and more variety of natural feeling, on the subject of love, than any other poet whatsoever,—but with a fervour that is sometimes indelicate, and seldom accommodated to the timidity and "sweet, austere composure" of women of refinement. He has expressed admirably the feelings of an enamoured peasant, who, however refined or eloquent he may be, always approaches his mistress on a footing

of equality; but has never caught that tone of chivalrous gallantry which uniformly abases itself in the presence of the object of its devotion. Accordingly, instead of suing for a smile, or melting in a tear, his muse deals in nothing but locked embraces and midnight rencontres; and, even in his complimentary effusions to ladies of the highest rank, is for straining them to the bosom of their impetuous votary. It is easy, accordingly, to see from his correspondence, that many of his female patronesses shrunk from the vehement familiarity of his admiration; and there are even some traits in the volumes before us, from which we can gather, that he resented the shyness and estrangement to which these feelings gave rise, with at least as little chivalry as he had shown in producing them.

But the leading vice in Burns's character, and the cardinal deformity, indeed, of all his productions, was his contempt, or affectation of contempt, for prudence, decency, and regularity; and his admiration of thoughtlessness, oddity, and vehement sensibility;—his belief, in short, in *the dispensing power* of genius and social feeling, in all matters of morality and common sense. This is the very slang of the worst German plays, and the lowest of our town made novels; nor can any thing be more lamentable, than that it should have found a patron in such a man as Burns, and communicated to a great part of his productions a character of immorality, at once contemptible and hateful. It is but too true, that men of the highest genius have frequently been hurried by their passions into a violation of prudence and duty; and there is something generous, at least, in the apology which their admirers may make for them, on the score of their keener feelings and habitual want of reflection. But this apology, which is quite unsatisfactory in the mouth of another, becomes an insult and an absurdity whenever it proceeds from their own. A man may say of his friend, that he is a noble-hearted fellow,—too generous to be just, and with too much spirit to be always prudent and regular. But he cannot be allowed to say even this of himself; and still less to represent himself as a hairbrained, sentimental soul, constantly carried away by fine fancies and visions of love and philanthropy, and born to confound and despise the cold blooded sons of prudence and sobriety. This apology evidently destroys itself; for it shows that conduct to be the result of deliberate system, which it affects at the same time to justify as the fruit of mere thoughtlessness and casual impulse. Such protestations, therefore, will always be treated, as they deserve, not only with contempt, but with incredulity; and their magnanimous authors set down as determined profligates, who seek to disguise their selfishness under a name somewhat less revolting. That profligacy is almost always selfishness, and that the excuse of impetuous feeling can hardly ever be justly pleaded for those who neglect the ordinary duties of life, must be apparent, we think, even to the least reflecting of those sons of fancy and song. It requires no habit of deep thinking, nor any thing more, indeed, than the information of an honest heart, to perceive that it is cruel and base to spend, in vain superfluities, that money which belongs of right to the pale, industrious tradesman and his famishing infants; or that it is a vile prostitution of language, to talk of that man's generosity or goodness of heart, who sits raving about friendship and philanthropy in a tavern, while his wife's heart is breaking at her cheerless fireside, and his children pining in solitary poverty.

This pitiful cant of careless feeling and eccentrick genius, accordingly, has never found much favour in the eyes of English sense and morality. The most signal effect which it ever produced, was on the muddy brains

of some German youth, who left college in a body to rob on the highway, because Schiller had represented the captain of a gang as so very noble a creature.—But in this country, we believe, a predilection for that honourable profession must have preceded this admiration of the character. The style we have been speaking of, accordingly, is now the heroicks only of the hulks and the house of correction; and has no chance, we suppose, of being greatly admired, except in the farewell speech of a young gentleman preparing for Botany Bay.

It is humiliating to think how deeply Burns has fallen into this debasing errour. He is perpetually making a parade of his thoughtlessness, inflammability, and imprudence, and talking, with much complacency and exultation, of the offence he has occasioned to the sober and correct part of mankind. This odious slang infects almost all his prose, and a very great proportion of his poetry; and is, we are persuaded, the chief, if not the only source of the disgust with which, in spite of his genius, we know that he is regarded by many very competent and liberal judges. His apology, too, we are willing to believe, is to be found in the original lowness of his situation, and the slightness of his acquaintance with the world. With his talents and powers of observation, he could not have seen *much* of the beings who echoed this raving, without feeling for them that distrust and contempt which would have made him blush to think he had ever stretched over them the protecting shield of his genius.

Akin to this most lamentable trait of vulgarity, and, indeed, in some measure arising out of it, is that perpetual boast of his own independence, which is obtruded upon the readers of Burns in almost every page of his writings. The sentiment itself is noble, and it is often finely expressed;—but a gentleman would only have expressed it when he was insulted or provoked; and would never have made it a spontaneous theme to those friends in whose estimation he felt that his honour stood clear. It is mixed up too, in Burns, with too fierce a tone of defiance; and indicates rather the pride of a sturdy peasant, than the calm and natural elevation of a generous mind.

The last of the symptoms of rusticity which we think it necessary to notice in the works of this extraordinary man, is that frequent mistake of mere exaggeration and violence for force and sublimity, which has defaced so much of his prose composition, and given an air of heaviness and labour to a good deal of his serious poetry. The truth is, that his *forte* was in humour and in pathos—or rather in tenderness of feeling; and that he has very seldom succeeded, either where mere wit and sprightliness, or where great energy and weight of sentiment were requisite. He had evidently a very false and crude notion of what constitutes *strength* of writing; and instead of that simple and brief directness which stamps the character of vigour upon every syllable, has generally had recourse to a mere accumulation of hyperbolical expressions, which encumber the diction instead of exalting it, and show the determination to be impressive, without the power of executing it. This errour also we are inclined to ascribe entirely to the defects of his education. The value of simplicity in the expression of passion is a lesson, we believe, of nature and of genius;—but its importance in mere grave and impressive writing is one of the latest discoveries of rhetorical experience.

With the allowances and exceptions we have now stated, we think Burns entitled to the rank of a great and original genius. He has, in all his compositions, great force of conception; and great spirit and animation in its expression. He has taken a large range through the region of

fancy, and naturalized himself in almost all her climates. He has great humour; great powers of description; great pathos; and great discrimination of character. Almost every thing that he says has spirit and originality; and every thing that he says well, is characterized by a charming facility, which gives a grace even to occasional rudeness, and communicates to the reader a delightful sympathy with the spontaneous soaring and conscious inspiration of the poet.

Considering the reception which these works have met with from the publick, and the long period during which the greater part of them have been in their possession, it may appear superfluous to say any thing as to their characteristick or peculiar merit. Though the ultimate judgment of the publick, however, be always sound, or at least decisive, as to its general result, it is not always very apparent upon what grounds it has proceeded; nor in consequence of what, or in spite of what, it has been obtained. In Burns's works there is much to censure, as well as much to praise; and as time has not yet separated his ore from its dross, it may be worth while to state, in a very general way, what we presume to anticipate as the result of this separation. Without pretending to enter at all into the comparative merit of particular passages, we may venture to lay it down as our opinion,—that his poetry is far superiour to his prose; that his Scottish compositions are greatly to be preferred to his English ones; and that his songs will probably outlive all his other productions. A very few remarks on each of these subjects will comprehend almost all that we have to say of the volumes now before us.

The prose works of Burns consist, almost entirely, of his letters. They bear, as well as his poetry, the seal and the impress of his genius; but they contain much more bad taste, and are written with far more apparent labour. His poetry was almost all written primarily from feeling, and only secondarily from ambition. His letters seem to have been nearly all composed as exercises, and for display. There are few of them written with simplicity or plainness; and though natural enough as to the sentiment, they are generally very strained and elaborate in the expression. A very great proportion of them, too, relate neither to facts nor feelings peculiarly connected with the author or his correspondent; but are made up of general declamation, moral reflections, and vague discussions,—all evidently composed for the sake of effect, and frequently introduced with long complaints of having nothing to say, and of the necessity and difficulty of letter-writing.

By far the best of these compositions are such as we should consider as exceptions from this general character, such as contain some specifick information as to himself, or are suggested by events or observations directly applicable to his correspondent. One of the best, perhaps, is that addressed to Dr. Moore, containing an account of his early life, of which Dr. Currie has made such a judicious use in his biography. It is written with great clearness and characteristick effect, and contains many touches of easy humour and natural eloquence. We are struck, as we open the book accidentally, with the following original application of a classical image, by this unlettered rustick. Talking of the first vague aspirations of his own gigantick mind, he says—we think very finely: "I had felt some early stirrings of ambition; but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclop round the walls of his cave." Of his other letters, those addressed to Mrs. Dunlop are, in our opinion, by far the best. He appears, from first to last, to have stood somewhat in awe of this excellent lady, and to have been no less sensible of her sound judgment

and strict sense of propriety, than of her steady and generous partiality. The following passage, we think, is striking and characteristick.

"I own myself so little a presbyterian, that I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituated routine of life and thought which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little superiour to mere machinery.

"This day, the first Sunday of May; a breezy, blue-skyed noon, some time about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm, sunny day about the end, of autumn; —these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holyday.

"I believe I owe this to that glorious paper in the Spectator, 'The Vision of Mirza;' a piece that struck my young fancy before I was capable of fixing an idea to a word of three syllables. 'On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always *keep holy*, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer.'

"We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls: so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the hare-bell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plover in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Eolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod?" II. p. 195—197.

To this we may add the following passage, as a part, indeed, of the same picture.

"There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me—something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion. My mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to *Him*, who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind." II. p. 11.

The following is one of the best and most striking of a whole series of eloquent hypochondriasm.

"After six weeks confinement, I am beginning to walk across the room. They have been six horrible weeks;—anguish, and low spirits made me unfit to read, write, or think.

"I have a hundred times wished that one could resign life as an officer resigns a commission: for I would not *take in* any poor, ignorant wretch, by *selling out*. Lately I was a sixpenny private; and, God knows, a miserable soldier enough. Now I march to the campaign, a starving cadet,—a little more conspicuously wretched.

"I am ashamed of all this; for though I do want bravery for the warfare of life, I could wish, like some other soldiers, to have as much fortitude or cunning as to dissemble or conceal my cowardice." II. p. 127—128.

One of the most striking letters in the collection, and, to us, one of the most interesting, is the earliest of the whole series; being addressed to his father in 1781, six or seven years before his name had been heard of out of his own family. The author was then a common flax-dresser, and his father a poor peasant. Yet there is not one trait of vulgarity, either in the thought or the expression; but, on the contrary, a dignity and elevation of sentiment, which must have been considered as of good omen in a youth of much higher condition. The letter is as follows.

"Honoured Sir,—I have purposely delayed writing, in the hope that I should have the pleasure of seeing you on New-year's day; but work comes so hard upon us, that I do not choose to be absent on that account, as well as for some other little reasons, which I shall tell you at meeting. My health is nearly the same as when you were here, only my sleep is a little sounder, and, on the whole, I am rather better than otherwise, though I

mend by very slow degrees. The weakness of my nerves has so debilitated my mind, that I dare neither review past wants, nor look forward into futurity; for the least anxiety or perturbation in my breast, produces most unhappy effects on my whole frame. Sometimes, indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are a little lightened, I *glimmer* a little into futurity; but my principal, and indeed my only pleasurable employment, is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way. I am quite transported at the thought, that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains, and uneasinesses, and disquietudes of this weary life; for I assure you I am heartily tired of it; and, if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it.

The soul, uneasy, and confined at home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

"It is for this reason I am more pleased with the 15th, 16th, and 17th verses of the 7th chapter of Revelation, than with any ten times as many verses in the whole Bible, and would not exchange the noble enthusiasm with which they inspire me for all that this world has to offer. As for this world, I despair of ever making a figure in it. I am not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the flutter of the gay. I shall never again be capable of entering into such scenes. Indeed I am altogether unconcerned at the thoughts of this life. I foresee that poverty and obscurity probably await me, and I am in some measure prepared, and daily preparing to meet them. I have but just time and paper to return you my grateful thanks for the lessons of virtue and piety you have given me; which were too much neglected at the time of giving them, but which, I hope, have been remembered ere it is yet too late." I. p. 99—101.

Before proceeding to take any particular notice of his poetical compositions, we must apprize our southern readers, that all his best pieces are written in Scotch; and that it is impossible for them to form any adequate judgment of their merits, without a pretty long residence among those who still use that language. To be able to translate the words, is but a small part of the knowledge that is necessary. The whole genius and idiom of the language must be familiar; and the characters, and habits, and associations of those who speak it. We beg leave too, in passing, to observe, that this Scotch is not to be considered as a provincial dialect,—the vehicle only of rustick vulgarity and rude local humour. It is the language of a whole country,—long an independent kingdom, and still separate in laws, character and manners. It is by no means peculiar to the vulgar; but is the common speech of the whole nation in early life,—and with many of its most exalted and accomplished individuals throughout their whole existence; and, if it be true that, in later times, it has been, in some measure, laid aside by the more ambitious and aspiring of the present generation, it is still recollected, even by them, as the familiar language of their childhood, and of those who were the earliest objects of their love and veneration. It is connected, in their imagination, not only with that olden time which is uniformly conceived as more pure, lofty and simple than the present, but also with all the soft and bright colours of remembered childhood and domestick affection. All its phrases conjure up images of school-day innocence, and sports, and friendships which have no pattern in succeeding years. Add to all this, that it is the language of a great body of poetry, with which almost all Scotchmen are familiar; and, in particular, of a great multitude of songs, written with more tenderness nature, and feeling, than any other lyrick compositions that are extant, and we may perhaps be allowed to say, that the Scotch is, in reality, a highly poetical language; and that it is an ignorant, as well as an illiberal prejudice, which would seek to confound it with the barbarous dialects of Yorkshire or Devon. In composing his Scottish poems, therefore, Burns did not make an instinctive and necessary use of the only dialect he could employ. The last letter which we have quoted, proves, that before he had penned a single couplet, he could write in the dialect of England with

far greater purity and propriety than nine tenths of those who are called well educated in that country. He wrote in Scotch, because the writings which he most aspired to imitate were composed in that language; and it is evident, from the variations preserved by Dr. Currie, that he took much greater pains with the beauty and purity of his expressions in Scotch than in English; and, every one who understands both, must admit, with infinitely better success.

We have said that Burns is almost equally distinguished for his tenderness and his humour;—we might have added, for a faculty of combining them both in the same subject, not altogether without parallel in the older poets and balladmakers, but altogether singular, we think, among modern criticks. The passages of pure humour are entirely Scottish,—and untranslateable. They consist in the most picturesque representations of life and manners, enlivened, and even exalted by traits of exquisite sagacity, and unexpected reflection. His tenderness is of two sorts; that which is combined with circumstances and characters of humble, and sometimes ludicrous simplicity; and that which is produced by gloomy and distressful impressions acting on a mind of keen sensibility. The passages which belong to the former description are, we think, the most exquisite and original, and, in our estimation, indicate the greatest and most amiable turn of genius; both as being accompanied by fine and feeling pictures of humble life, and as requiring that delicacy, as well as justness of conception, by which alone the fastidiousness of an ordinary reader can be reconciled to such representations. The exquisite description of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," affords, perhaps, the finest example of this sort of pathetick. Its whole beauty cannot, indeed, be discerned but by those whom experience has enabled to judge of the admirable fidelity and completeness of the picture.

The sensibility which is associated with simple imagery and gentle melancholy, is to us the most winning and attractive. But Burns has also expressed it when it is merely the instrument of torture, of keen remorse and tender, agonizing regret. There are some strong traits of the former feeling, in the poems entitled the Lament, Despondency, &c. when, looking back to the times

"When love's luxurious pulse beat high,"

he bewails the consequences of his own irregularities. There is something cumbrous and inflated, however, in the diction of these pieces. We are infinitely more moved with his Elegy upon Highland Mary. Of this first love of the poet, we are indebted to Mr. Cromek for a brief, but very striking account, from the pen of the poet himself. In a note on an early song inscribed to this mistress, he had recorded in a manuscript book.

"My Highland lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met, by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of Autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock; where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness." V. p. 237–8.

Mr. Cromek has added, in a note, the following interesting particulars, though without specifying the authority upon which he details them.

"This adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustick sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in its limped stream, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their

vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again!

"The anniversary of *Mary Campbell's* death (for that was her name) awakening in the sensitive mind of *Burns* the most lively emotion, he retired from his family, then residing on the farm of Ellisland, and wandered, solitary, on the banks of the Nith, and about the farm yard, in the extremest agitation of mind, nearly the whole of the night. His agitation was so great, that he threw himself on the side of a corn stack, and there conceived his sublime and tender elegy—his address *To Mary in Heaven.* V. p. 238.

Of his pieces of humour, the tale of Tam o' Shanter is probably the best: though there are traits of infinite merit in Scotch Drink, the Holy Fair, the Hallow E'en, and several of the songs; in all of which, it is very remarkable, that he rises occasionally into a strain of beautiful description or lofty sentiment, far above the pitch of his original conception. The poems of observation on life and characters, are the Twa Dogs, and the various epistles, all of which show very extraordinary sagacity and powers of expression. They are written, however, in so broad a dialect, that we dare not venture to quote any part of them. The only pieces that can be classed under the head of pure fiction, are the Two Bridges of Ayr, and the Vision. In the last, there are some vigorous and striking lines.

There is another fragment, called a Vision, which belongs to a higher order of poetry. If Burns had never written any thing else, the power of description, and the vigour of the whole composition, would have entitled him to the remembrance of posterity.

"The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruined wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells an' fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet graved was plain,
The sacred posy—Liberty!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of wo,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times.—
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes." IV. p. 344—46.

Some verses written for a hermitage, sound like the best parts of Grongar Hill. The reader may take these few lines as a specimen.

"As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits would'st thou scale?
Danger's, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among." III. p. 299.

There is a little copy of verses upon a newspaper, at p. 345, of Dr. Currie's 4th volume, written in the same condensed style, and only wanting translation into English to be worthy of Swift.

The finest piece, of the strong and nervous sort, however, is undoubtedly the address of Robert Bruce to his army at Bannockburn, beginning: "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled." The Death-song, beginning—

"Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright-setting sun,"

is to us less pleasing. There are specimens, however, of such vigour and emphasis scattered through his whole works, as are sure to make themselves and their author remembered; for instance, that noble description of a dying soldier.

"Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him:
Death comes; wi' fearless eye he sees him;

Wi bluidy hand a welcome gi'es him;
An' whan he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas." III. p. 27.

The whole song of "For a' that," is written with extraordinary spirit. The first stanza ends;

"For rank is but the guinea stamp;
The *man's* the goud for a' that."

—All the songs, indeed, abound with traits of this kind. We select the following at random.

"O woman, lovely, woman fair!
An angel form's faun to thy share,
'Twad been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair,
I mean an angel mind." IV. p. 330.

Before concluding upon this subject, we must beg leave to express our dissent from the poet's amiable and judicious biographer, in what he says of the general harshness and rudeness of his versification. Dr. Currie, we are afraid, was not Scotchman enough to comprehend the whole prosody of the verses to which he alluded. Most of the Scottish pieces are more carefully versified than the English; and we appeal to our southern readers, whether there be any want of harmony in the following stanza.

"Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks and ruined gaps
Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore:
Even *I* who sing in rustick lore,
Happy *my sires* have left their shed,
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where *your* fathers led!"
III. p. 233.

The following is not quite English; but it is intelligible to all readers of English, and may satisfy them that the Scottish song writer was not habitually negligent of his numbers.

"Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.
Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny vallies,
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they? The haunt o' the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean." IV. p. 228–9.

If we have been able to inspire our readers with any portion of our own admiration for this extraordinary writer, they will readily forgive us for the irregularity of which we have been guilty, in introducing so long an account of his whole works, under colour of the additional volume of which we have prefixed the title to this article. The truth is, however, that unless it be taken in connexion with his other works, the present volume has little interest, and could not be made the subject of any intelligible observations. It is made up of some additional letters, of middling merit—of complete copies of others, of which Dr. Currie saw reason to publish only extracts; of a number of remarks, by Burns, on old Scottish songs; and finally, of a few additional poems and songs, certainly not disgraceful to the author, but scarcely fitted to add to his reputation. The world, however, is indebted, we think, to Mr. Cromek's industry for this addition to so popular an author; and the friends of the poet, we are sure, are indebted to his good taste, moderation and delicacy, for having confined it to the pieces which are now printed. Burns wrote many rash, many violent, and many indecent things; of which we have no doubt many specimens must have

fallen into the hands of so diligent a collector. He has, however, carefully suppressed every thing of this description, and shown that the tenderness for this author's memory, which is the best proof of the veneration with which he regards his talents. We shall now see if there be any thing in the volume which deserves to be particularly noticed.

The preface is very amiable, and well written. Mr. Cromek speaks with becoming respect and affection of Dr. Currie, the learned biographer and editor of the poem, and with great modesty of his own qualifications.

"As an apology," he says, "for any defects of my own that may appear in this publication, I beg to observe that I am by profession an artist, and not an author. In the manner of laying them before the publick, I honestly declare that I have done my best; and I trust I may fairly presume to hope, that the man who has contributed to extend the bounds of literature, by adding another genuine volume to the writings of Robert Burns, has some claim on the gratitude of his countrymen. On this occasion, I certainly feel something of that sublime and heart-swelling gratification which he experiences, who casts another stone on the CAIRN of a great and lamented chief." Pref. p. xi. xii.

Of the letters, which occupy nearly half the volume, we cannot, on the whole, express any more favourable opinion than that which we have already ventured to pronounce on the prose compositions of this author in general. Indeed they abound, rather more than those formerly published, in ravings about sensibility and imprudence; in common swearing, and in professions of love for whiskey. By far the best, are those which are addressed to Miss Chalmers; and that chiefly, because they seem to be written with less effort, and at the same time with more respect for his correspondent. The following was written at a most critical period of his life; and the good feelings and good sense which it displays, only make us regret more deeply that they were not attended with greater firmness.

"Shortly after my last return to Ayrshire, I married 'my Jean.' This was not in consequence of the attachment to romance, perhaps; but I had a long and much-loved fellow-creature's happiness or misery in my determination, and I durst not trifle with so important a deposite. Nor have I any cause to repent it. If I have not got polite tattle, modish manners, and fashionable dress, I am not sickened and disgusted with the multiform curse of boarding-school affectation; and I have got the handsomest figure, the sweetest temper, the soundest constitution, and the kindest heart in the county. Mrs. Burns believes, as firmly as her creed, that I am *le plus bel esprit, et le plus honnete homme* in the universe; although she scarcely ever in her life, except the scriptures of the Old and New Testament, and the Psalms of David in metre, spent five minutes together on either prose or verse. I must except also from this last, a certain late publication of Scots poems, which she has perused very devoutly; and all the ballads in the country, as she has (O the partial lover! you will cry) the finest 'wood-note wild' I ever heard. I am the more particular in this lady's character, as I know she will henceforth have the honour of a share in your best wishes. She is still at Mauchline, as I am building my house: for this hovel that I shelter in, while occasionally here, is pervious to every blast that blows, and every shower that falls; and I am only preserved from being chilled to death, by being suffocated with smoke. I do not find my farm that pennyworth I was taught to expect; but I believe, in time, it may be a saving bargain. You will be pleased to hear that I have laid aside idle *eclat*, and bind every day after my reapers.

"To save me from that horrid situation of at any time going down, in a losing bargain of a farm, to misery, I have taken my excise instructions, and have my commission in my pocket for any emergency of fortune. If I could set *all* before your view, whatever disrespect you, in common with the world, have for this business, I know you would approve of my idea." V. p. 74, 75.

We may add the following, for the sake of connexion.

"I know not how the word exciseman, or still more opprobrius, gauger, will sound in your ears. I too, have seen the day when my auditory nerves would have

felt very delicately on this subject; but a wife and children are things which have a wonderful power in blunting these kind of sensations. Fifty pounds a year for life, and a provision for widows and orphans, you will allow is no bad settlement for a poet. For the ignominy of the profession, I have the encouragement which I once heard a recruiting serjeant give to a numerous, if not a respectable audience, in the streets of Kilmarnock:—"Gentlemen, for your further and better encouragement I can assure you, that our regiment is the most blackguard corps under the crown, and consequently with us an honest fellow has the surest chance for preferment." V. p. 99, 100.

It would have been as well if Mr. Cromek had left out the history of Mr. Hamilton's dissensions with his parish minister; Burns's apology to a gentleman with whom he had a drunken squabble; and the anecdote of his being used to *ask for more liquor*, when visiting in the country, under the pretext of fortifying himself against the terrours of a little wood he had to pass through in going home. The most interesting passages, indeed, in this part of the volume, are those for which we are indebted to Mr. Cromek himself. He informs us, for instance, in a note:

"One of Burns's remarks, when he first came to Edinburgh, was, that between the men of rustick life and the polite world he observed little difference—that in the former, though unpolished by fashion, and unenlightened by science, he had found much observation and much intelligence; but a refined and accomplished woman was a being almost new to him, and of which he had formed but a very inadequate idea." V. p. 68, 69.

He adds also, in another place, that "the poet, when questioned about his habits of composition, replied: "All my poetry is the effect of easy composition, but of laborious correction." It is pleasing to know those things, even if they were really as trifling as to a superficial observer they may probably appear. There is a very amiable letter from Mr. Murdoch, the poet's early preceptor, at p. 111; and a very splendid one from Mr. Bloomfield, at p. 135. As nothing is more rare, among the minor poets than a candid acknowledgment of their own inferiority, we think Mr. Bloomfield well entitled to have his magnanimity recorded.

"The illustrious soul that has left amongst us the name of Burns, has often been lowered down to a comparison with me; but the comparison exists more in circumstances than in essentials. That man stood up with the stamp of superiour intellect on his brow; a visible greatness: and great and patriotick subjects would only have called into action the powers of his mind, which lay inactive while he played calmly and exquisitely the pastoral pipe.

"The letters to which I have alluded in my preface to the 'Rural Tales,' were friendly warnings, pointed with immediate reference to the fate of that extraordinary man. 'Remember Burns,' has been the watchword of my friends. I do remember Burns; but I *am not* Burns! I have neither his fire to fan or to quench! nor his passions to control! Where then is my merit, if I make a peaceful voyage on a smooth sea, and with no mutiny on board?" V. p. 135, 136.

The observations on Scottish songs, which fill nearly 150 pages, are, on the whole, minute and trifling; though the exquisite justness of the poet's taste, and his fine relish of simplicity in this species of composition, is no less remarkable here than in his correspondence with Mr. Thomson. Of all other kinds of poetry, he was so indulgent a judge, that he may almost be termed an indiscriminate admirer. We find, too, from these observations, that several songs and pieces of songs, which he printed as genuine antiques, were really of his own composition.

The common-place book, from which Dr. Currie had formerly selected all that he thought worth publication, is next given entire by Mr. Cromek. We were quite as well, we think, with the extracts;—at all events, there was no need for reprinting what had been given by Dr. Currie—a remark which is equally applicable to the letters of which we had formerly extracts.

Of the additional poems which form the concluding part of the volume, we have but little to say. We have little doubt of their authenticity; for, though the editor has omitted, in almost every instance, to specify the source from which they were derived, they certainly bear the stamp of the author's manner and genius. They are not, however, of his purest metal, nor marked with his finest die. Several of them have appeared in print already; and the songs are, as usual, the best. This little lamentation of a desolate damsel, is tender and pretty.

"My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a'
But I hae ane will tak my part,
The bonie lad that's far awa.

"A pair o' gloves he gave to me,
And silken snoods he gave me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonie lad that's far awa.

"The weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the birken-shaw;
And my sweet babie will be born,
And he'll come hame that's far awa."
V. p. 432, 433.

We now reluctantly dismiss this subject. We scarcely hoped, when we began our critical labours, that an opportunity would ever occur of speaking of Burns as we wished to speak of him: and therefore, we feel grateful to Mr. Cromek for giving us this opportunity.

We shall conclude with two general remarks—the one national, the other critical. The first is, that it is impossible to read the productions of Burns, along with his history, without forming a higher idea of the intelligence, taste, and accomplishments of the peasantry, than most of those in the higher ranks are disposed to entertain. Without meaning to deny that he himself was endowed with rare and extraordinary gifts of genius and fancy, it is evident, from the whole details of his history, as well as from the letters of his brother, and the testimony of Mr. Murdoch and others to the character of his father, that the whole family, and many of their associates, who have never emerged from the native obscurity of their condition, possessed talents, and taste, and intelligence, which are little suspected to lurk in those humble retreats. His epistles to brother poets, in the rank of farmers and shopkeepers in the adjoining villages; the existence of a book society and debating club among persons of that description, and many other incidental traits in his sketches of his youthful companions; all contribute to show, that not only good sense, and enlightened morality, but literature, and talents for speculation, are far more generally diffused in society than is generally imagined. And that the delights and the benefits of these generous and humanizing pursuits, are by no means confined to those whom leisure and affluence have courted to their enjoyment. That much of this is peculiar to Scotland, and may be properly referred to our excellent institutions for parochial education, and to the natural sobriety and prudence of our nation, may certainly be allowed: but we have no doubt that there is a good deal of the same principle in England, and that the actual intelligence of the lower orders will be found, there also, very far to exceed the ordinary estimates of their superiours. It is pleasing to know, that the sources of rational enjoyment are so widely disseminated; and, in a free country, it is comfortable to think, that so great a proportion of the people is able to appreciate the advantages of its condition, and fit to be relied on in all emergencies where steadiness and intelligence may be required.

Our other remark is of a more limited application; and is addressed chiefly to the followers and patrons of that new school of poetry, against which we have thought it our duty to neglect no opportunity of testifying. Those gentlemen are outrageous for simplicity; and we beg leave to recommend to them the simplici-

ty of Burns. He has copied the spoken language of passion and affection, with infinitely more fidelity than they have ever done, on all occasions which properly admitted of such adaptation: but he has not rejected the helps of elevated language and habitual associations; nor debased his composition by an affectation of babyish interjections, and all the puling expletives of an old nursery-maid's vocabulary. They may look long enough among his nervous and manly lines, before they find any "Good lacks!"—"Dear hearts!" or, "As a body may say," in them; or any stuff about dancing daffodils and sister Emmelines. Let them think, with what infinite contempt the powerful mind of Burns would have perused the story of Alice Fell and her duffle cloak; of Andrew Jones and the half-crown; or of little Dan without breeches, and his thievish grandfather. Let them contrast their own fantastical personages of hysterical schoolmasters and sententious leech-gatherers, with the authentick rusticks of Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night, and his inimitable songs; and reflect on the different reception which these personifications have met with from the publick. Though they will not be reclaimed from their puny affectations by the example of their learned predecessors, they may, perhaps, submit to be admonished by a self-taught and illiterate poet, who drew from Nature far more directly than they can do, and produced something so much liker the admired copies of the masters whom they have abjured.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Le Siege de la Rochelle, &c. &c. i. e. The Siege of Rochelle, or Misfortune and Conscience, by Madame de Genlis. 12mo. 3 vols. Paris, 1808.

OF this third effusion of Mad. De Genlis's fertile pen, in which we expected to find nothing but characters and events notorious in the civil wars that long divided France between Catholicks and Hugonots, we were agreeably surprised to discover that the title and about twenty additional pages formed the whole historical portion. Instead of implicating the subject of the story, the title only fixes the epoch at which it is supposed to have taken place; and instead of being introduced to the councils of ministers and party-leaders, and detecting the secrets of camps and cabinets, we are presented with a wild and extravagant romance, which is devoted to the unmerited sufferings, the various adventures, and the extraordinary destiny, of a beautiful and persecuted female.

Clara de Montalban was betrothed to *Valmore*, a rich and amiable widower of high rank, who had an only son by his former marriage. His estates were so settled, that the greater part of them was destined to belong to the young Julius; whose father was consequently unable to provide, as amply as he would have wished, for his intended second wife. The father of *Clara*, a remorseless, mercenary man, whose individual interests were considerably affected by this circumstance, formed the horrid project of murdering the child, and accidentally carried it into effect at such a time and in such a situation, that the suspicion fell entirely on his innocent and unhappy daughter. Without detailing the circumstantial evidence which appeared to amount to proof positive against her, it is enough to state that the judges, before whom she was tried, considered themselves as bound to condemn her to an ignominious death. The monster *Montalban* had the audacity to upbraid her with the crime, though she had the power of bringing it home against him, if filial

piety had not prevented her from ransoming herself by the sacrifice of her unworthy father. *Valmore*, who, notwithstanding his sorrow and indignation, continued still to feel a warm affection towards her, and had rescued her from the fury of the populace when the bloody deed was first discovered, succeeded in procuring a pardon for her, on condition of her being confined for life in a penitentiary convent, the asylum of vice and infamy. In this miserable abode, her mind was sustained by a sense of duty, and the exhortations of her confessor; who was alone, of all mankind, convinced of her innocence and the guilt of *Montalban*, though he approved too highly of her resolution of screening her father, to denounce the real criminal.

When the consolations of religion and the force of habit had in some degree reconciled her to this mode of life, she suddenly received a dreadful order to place herself under the protection of her father, who designed to carry her to his lonely castle on the banks of the Rhone; and she had scarcely time to write a short billet to father *Arsene*, when *Montalban's* servant, a phlegmatick German who could speak no French, arrived, and conveyed her to the place of her imprisonment, which she was firmly persuaded would prove also the scene of her speedy death. Her father, she understood, would follow after a short delay. On the second night of her solitary and alarming residence in this dismantled castle,

"Exactly at ten o'clock, she distinctly heard a coach enter one of the courts of the castle, and immediately an extraordinary bustle throughout the house,—a climbing of staircases, an opening of doors with noise, and a walking in all the galleries. 'Oh!' exclaimed *Clara*, 'this time it is not an illusion: he arrives: it is he.' Half an hour afterward, *Frikmann* appeared. He seemed agitated, and nothing could be more striking than a trace of emotion on his naturally cold countenance. He approached *Clara*, took her hand, and dragged her along. *Clara*, frightened, opposed resistance, and *Frikmann* prepared to carry her off by force. Not wishing that a man should seize her by the arm, she determined to follow him. This movement of modesty and dignity restored her strength; for all the springs of the soul have a marvellous connexion with one another. She allowed herself to be guided, persuaded that she was led to her death. He made her descend a staircase, and brought her into the great apartment of the castle, that of the master, where he shut her in. Her blood froze in her veins, on finding herself in this apartment, where she ought to have found full protection, and where she every moment expected the appearance of her murderer. *Frikmann* re-entered, and gave her a sign to follow him. 'It is done then!' said *Clara*, with a suffocated voice; 'O my God, take pity on the murderer and the victim.' She could say no more. The speech expired on her discoloured lips; and without loosing perception, she fell into a state of annihilation and sinking, which prevented her either from walking or supporting herself on her feet. *Frikmann* gave her his arm, or rather carried her, and hurried her out of the apartment. After having passed three large rooms, he made her cross a long, narrow, and dark corridor, when they descended a small, secret stair case, and found themselves on a terrace. There *Clara* distinctly heard the howling of the waves of the Rhone, which was greatly agitated at that moment. 'At length then I know,' she said inwardly (for she could not articulate a word) 'I know the manner of death to which I am doomed! I am to be plunged into the stream!'—The moon concealed by clouds gave no light.....The whistling of the wind, the tumultuous roar of the waters, menacing thunder rolling unceasingly at a distance, and the profound darkness, rendered more striking by the rapid flashes of lightning, all appeared to the eyes of *Clara* in unison with the horrour of her thoughts. It seemed to her that all nature revolted at a crime which violated all her laws. Suddenly, *Frikmann* stopped; and in a strong and gloomy voice, he said, in German, five or six words which were repeated by the echoes of both the shores. A minute afterward, a whistle was three times sounded; and *Frikmann*, opening a door, found himself on the bank. He proceeded about thirty steps along the shore. Then a dazzling flash of lightning discovered to *Clara* a boat close to her, in which was a man alone, wrapped in a mantle that entirely concealed his figure. 'Tis he!' said *Clara* to herself, shuddering. She saw him! she knew him!

she already felt the deadly blow; for she believed that she should be poignarded, and then plunged into the river. Her hair rose on her head. *Frikmann* placed her almost dying in the arms of this man, and fled with rapidity. *Clara*, motionless and frozen, voluntarily shut her eyes, that she might not once see the assassin. Her shrinking heart had no longer the power to beat. She ceased to breathe, yet she preserved sensation and consciousness. She remained thus a moment suspended between life and death; when, on a sudden, oh surprise! oh inexpressible ecstacy! —she felt the arms which supported her gently pressing her! She heard sighs and groans! It is no mistake—tears are shed upon her! O God! can the murderer of Julius, the unnatural father who so sacrificed his daughter, can he be capable of an emotion of pity? does outraged nature reclaim her rights, and will she triumph over so much barbarity?

"Meanwhile, the clouds which concealed the moon dispersed, and her mild light revived. The wind was hushed, and the violent tossing of the boat fastened to the bank was moderated. At this instant, the arms which supported *Clara* lifted her and placed her on a seat, and she found herself opposite to the object of her melancholy fears.—*Clara* raised towards him a sad and timid eye; but scarcely had she perceived him, when she recovered all her faculties and all her sensibility, and, prostrating herself, exclaimed with transport not to be described, 'O my deliverer!' She recognised her venerable friend, and embraced the knees of father *Arsene*."

Her worthy Confessor now conveyed her to a place of safety at a farm-house near Rochelle, which became the head quarters of the general who commanded the besieging army. This general was *Valmore*; who, though he could not see her face, which she had the precaution to keep constantly veiled, was reminded of his former love and sorrow by her figure and appearance. He passed the night in a room divided from her only by a thin partition; and she had the melancholy satisfaction of hearing him express those feelings of an unextinguished affection, which she could never be permitted to return, while labouring under the load of infamy that had been heaped on her. Concealment becoming daily more difficult, she prevailed on father *Arsene* to change her retreat for the house of an aged widow in the capital of one of the German electorates; where she was accidentally introduced to the elector's daughter, and entirely won her confidence and affection. This amiable princess, whose spirits were depressed by a secret affliction, opened her whole heart to her young favourite, and related her melancholy history. She had been betrayed into a private marriage with one of her father's ministers, who treated her with coldness, and appeared to have lost all affection for her. Here, the suspense of the story is in a great measure destroyed; for the reader sees at once that *Clara* is the daughter of the princess. Her father, *Rosenberg*, who at an early age had intrusted her to *Montalban*, returned about this time; and having been convinced that she was guilty of the murder, he threatened her with immediate detection and exposure unless she left the place. She returned, therefore, to her refuge near Rochelle; where, after various adventures, which are not always of the most probable kind, her innocence was manifested to the world. *Montalban* died confessing his guilt. *Valmore* was united to his beloved *Clara*; and *Rosenberg* (who had very fortunately brought some German auxiliaries to the assistance of the besieged Hugonots) blessed their auspicious marriage.

The story, though very striking in particular scenes, is tedious and unequal; and it is eked out by a number of episodical narratives which neither assist the progress of the main argument, nor have much intrinsick merit. We would not rashly charge Madame De G. with descending to the arts of book-making; but really the stories of the hermit and the old woman answer no purpose besides that of swelling the work. The latter, however, is introduced by a description of a maritime village, so lively, original, and picturesque,

that our readers, will probably not be displeased by seeing it translated:

"The mixture of rustick manners and maritime toils gives to this village a singular and striking aspect. A person might find there in families a wonderful store of knowledge gained from experience and tradition, united to all the prejudices of ignorance and all the simplicity of a country village. The interiour of almost all the houses was adorned with the productions of India or the ocean; and they were at once decorations and trophies, which attested long voyages and perilous navigations. There the same hands were often employed in constructing vessels and fabricating ploughs; and the men, divided into two classes, offered, in their mode of life, on the one hand the picture of temerity, boldness, and all the agitations produced by ambition and curiosity; on the other, the affecting image of innocence and peace, the happy fruits of moderation and a tranquil life."

If we were right in the conjecture which we threw out, on a late occasion, respecting Madame De Genlis's wish to remodel the present *manners* of France by those of former times, we think that the publication before us exhibits a similar approximation to the *ancien regime* on the subject of *religion*. Every opportunity is taken to justify the system of convents and monasteries, and to deny the existence of those enormities with which they have been often charged. The worship of images is mentioned with a degree of awe and veneration, greater, we apprehend, than any judicious catholick divine of the present day would express on the subject; and the fervent prayers of *Clara* are more than once rewarded by distinct revelations from heaven. We have also too many providential interferences, and too many quotations from the scriptures. A romance is the worst possible vehicle for *onction*;—a word of extensive and mysterious signification, which has been very imperfectly rendered by our common term, *cant*.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Lettre aux Espagnols-Americains. Par un de leurs Compatriotes. A Philadelphie, 8vo. pp. 42.

THIS curious and interesting address is the production of Don Juan Pablo Viscardo y Gusman, a native of Arequipa in Peru, and an ecclesiastick of the Order of Jesus. When the Jesuits were banished from all the territories of Spain, he, with the rest of his order, who, whatever may have been their demerits in other parts of the world, had been the chief benefactors of Spanish America,* was deprived of his country, and took refuge in the dominions of the pope in Italy. At the time when the dispute about Nootka Sound threatened to produce a war between Great Britain and Spain, and when Mr. Pitt, in the view of that event, had adopted the scheme of revolutionizing the Spanish colonies in America, he invited, at the suggestion of general Miranda, a certain number of the ex-Jesuits of South America from Italy, for the purpose of using their influence in disposing the minds of their countrymen for the meditated changes. Of this number was the author of the present appeal, in which the inhabitants of

* Dr. Robertson, when treating of the rapacious, oppressive, and licentious lives of the ecclesiasticks of that country, says: "It is remarkable that all the authors, who censure the licentiousness of the Spanish regulars with the greatest severity, concur in vindicating the conduct of the Jesuits. Formed under a discipline more perfect than that of the other monastick orders, or animated by that concern for the honour of the society, which takes such full possession of every member of the order, the Jesuits, both in Mexico and Peru, it is allowed, maintained a most irreproachable decency of manners."—*History of America, vol. iv. note 19.*

South America are called upon, by every consideration interesting to human kind, to take the management of their own affairs into their own hands, and to establish a just and beneficent government, which may at once ensure their own happiness, and open a liberal intercourse of benefits with the rest of mankind. This uncommon person, who evinces a share of knowledge, of thought, and of liberality, worthy of the most enlightened countries, died in London in the month of February 1798, and left the present tract, in manuscript, together with several other papers, in the hands of Mr. King, at that time minister in this country from the United States. It was afterwards printed by means of general Miranda, for the purpose of being circulated among his countrymen.

At a moment like the present, we doubt not it will appear of importance to our readers to contemplate the sentiments of a man who may, to so great a degree, be considered as the representative of the leading classes of his countrymen, on a question at all times highly interesting to Great Britain, but which, in the present situation of Europe, assumes an incalculable importance.

In presenting to his countrymen a short sketch of their history, he tells them, after Herrera, that their progenitors won the country by their own enterprise, and established themselves in it at their own charges, without a farthing of expense to the mother country; that, of their own free accord, they made to her the donation of their vast and opulent acquisitions; that, instead of a paternal and protecting government, they had experienced, at her hands, the most galling effects of a jealous, rapacious, and oppressive administration; and that, for the long period of three centuries, their attachment to her had triumphed over the strongest causes of resentment. He then draws a picture of the oppression to which the colonies of Spain have been subjected; and, after enlarging on the galling restraints in respect to personal liberty, and the ruinous effects of the exorbitant, commercial monopoly to which they have been condemned, he alludes to their exclusion from all offices of profit and trust, even in their own country, in a strain of patriotick indignation.

After this picture of slavery, the author proceeds to demonstrate the foundations of liberty; and, considering the education he had received, the country where he was reared, and the society to which he belonged, the beneficence and justness of his views are worthy of no ordinary approbation. He then displays the solid principles of liberty which were originally interwoven in the constitution of Spain, and assisted by the spirit of the people; and, in the following short passage, states, with much discernment, the miserable, but delusive causes of its loss.

"The reunion of the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon, together with the great states which at that time came to the kings of Spain, and the treasures of the East Indies, gave the crown of Spain an unexpected preponderance, which grew so powerful that in a very short time it overthrew all the barriers erected by the prudence of our ancestors to secure the liberty of their posterity. Regal power, like the sea breaking over its limits, overflowed the whole monarchy, and the will of the king and of his ministers became the universal law.

"Despotick power, once so strongly established, the shadow even of the ancient *cortes* no longer existed. There remained for the natural, civil, and religious rights of the Spaniards no other protection than the good will of the ministers, or the ancient formalities of justice, called juridical proceedings. These may have sometimes opposed the oppression of innocence without, however, preventing the proverb from being always true: *The king's will makes the law.*"

When he at last comes to call upon his countrymen, from a united view of the nature of things, and of their own particular circumstances, to adopt the resolution of becoming their own masters, he cites, for their example, the celebrated revolt of the

provinces of Holland, which all the world admires, against the tyranny and oppression of Spain; that of Portugal against the same country; the recent acquisition of independence by their neighbours in North America,—an event which had made upon them, as might be expected, the deepest impression; and concludes in a strain of sublime piety, and genuine philanthropy, which cannot be too much admired—including every nation upon earth, and even the Spaniards themselves, in his generous view of the blessings to be derived from the prosperity and freedom of that vast portion of the world.

The brilliant prospects which seem to be opened up for our species in the new world, and the cloud which still thickens over the fortunes of the old, present, at the present hour, a subject of contemplation to the thinking part of the British people; than which, excepting the great question of slavery or freedom, we know not if one more interesting can be imagined. We seize with avidity the present opportunity of communicating to them such information on this grand topick as we have been able to collect; and doubt not that our readers will partake with us in the deep interest with which it has inspired us.

After a tremendous struggle, to which the world has seen, perhaps, no parallel, the power of the despot of France now extends uncontrolled over almost every part of the continent of Europe. The hopes of the instability of that power, which so long continued to flatter the multitude, who draw their conclusions not from reason, but feeling, have given way to the fears which a series of tremendous success has irresistibly engendered; and we are now placed in the hazardous and most critical situation, of neighbour to a power which combines against us all the resources of Europe, and cuts off from us that important branch of our own, which we drew from her commercial intercourse. To the period, too, which may elapse before the affairs of Europe assume a condition more favourable to human nature, or even to our security, foresight can assign no definite boundary, even hope can hardly anticipate a very speedy termination. In this new and portentous condition of Europe, we are called upon to look more widely around us, and to inquire whether, in the rest of the world, barriers can be found to resist the torrent whose pressure we must continue to dread, and resources to supply those, the channel of which is closed against us.

In taking this important survey, every eye, we believe, will ultimately rest on South America. A country far surpassing the whole of Europe in extent, and still more, perhaps, in natural fertility, which has been hitherto unfortunately excluded from the beneficent intercourse of nations, is, after a few prudent steps on our part, ready to open to us the immense resources of her territory, of a population at present great, and likely to increase with most extraordinary celerity, and of a position unparalleled on the face of the globe for the astonishing combination of commercial advantages which it appears to unite. From the maturity of some beneficent change, which circumstances and events have for a series of years been working in those magnificent regions, and from the mighty effects they are capable of yielding for the consolation of afflicted humanity, it seems as if that Providence, which is continually bringing good out of evil, were about to open a career of happiness in the new world, at the very moment when, by the mysterious laws of its administration, it appears to have decreed a period of injustice and calamity in the old.

For the mighty benefits to be expected from a just and wise arrangement of the affairs of Spanish America, we are not left to the results of speculation, clear and unambiguous

as they are. We can appeal to experience and to fact. We have the grand experiment of North America before us, which the inhabitants of the south are so ambitious to imitate. The states of North America were our own colonies, and they had been always beneficently administered; yet has their independence been far more profitable to us than their subjection. What is the result with regard to commerce alone?—The very extraordinary fact, that for several past years we have exported more goods of British growth and manufacture to the United States of America, than to the whole of Europe taken together. If such are the benefits resulting from the prosperity of the United States, how many times greater will be those which must necessarily flow from the prosperity of South America? How many times more extensive is the country which the Spanish Americans possess? That country, from enjoying a much greater diversity of climate compared with Europe, than North America, is much more richly provided with those commodities for which Europe presents the most eager demand. Of the soil of South America, a great part is much more favourable to cultivation, much more fruitful, and cleared by nations who had made some progress in civilisation. Of all the countries in the world, South America possesses the most important advantages in respect to internal navigation, being intersected in all directions by mighty rivers, which will bear, at little cost, the produce of her extensive provinces to the ocean. If the population of the United States, amounting, perhaps, to 6,000,000 souls, affords so extraordinary a demand for British commodities, what may not the population of South America, extending already to no less than 16,000,000, be expected to afford? It is no doubt true, that the moral and intellectual habits of the people of South America are not so favourable to improvement as were those of North America. Their industry has been cramped; their minds have been held in ignorance, by a bad government; hence are they indolent and superstitious. But remove the cause, and the effects will cease to follow. So sweet are the fruits of labour, wherever the labourer enjoys them unimpaired, that the motives to it are irresistible,—and his activity may be counted upon with the certainty of a law of nature. The deduction, therefore, is so very small, which, on this score, it will be requisite to make, that a very subordinate proportion of the superiour advantages in soil and climate, which the South American enjoys, will suffice to compensate the better habits with which the inhabitant of the United States commenced his career.

In respect to wants, the two countries eminently resemble one another. From the immense extent of uncultivated soil, which it will require many ages to occupy, the whole bent of the population will be turned to agriculture; and it will be their interest, and their desire, to draw almost the whole of the manufactured goods, which their riches will enable them to consume, from other countries. The country to which the greater part of this prodigious demand will come, is unquestionably Great Britain. So far before all other countries, in respect to manufacturing advantages, does she stand, that were the circumstances of Europe much more likely to encourage industry than unhappily they are, we could meet with no rival; and as we supply North America, so could we South, on terms which would infallibly draw to us the greater part of her custom. With this magnificent source of industry and wealth, the channels which Buonaparte can shut against us hardly deserve to be named; since that even of the United States surpasses them all. With South America, then, under a free and beneficent govern-

ment,—though we might weep for the calamities heaped upon our brethren of Europe by an insatiable despot, who, with the words *liberty* and *good of mankind* on his lips, would rivet his chains on the whole human race, and expend their blood and sweat for his own momentary pleasure or caprice,—we might laugh the destroyer to scorn, and enjoy a prosperity which the utmost efforts of his power and his rage could never disturb.

In enumerating, however, the advantages of a commercial nature, which would assuredly spring from the emancipation of South America, we have not yet noticed the greatest, perhaps, of all,—the mightiest event, probably, in favour of the peaceful intercourse of nations, which the physical circumstances of the globe present to the enterprise of man :—we mean the formation of a navigable passage across the isthmus of Panama,—the junction of the Atlantick and Pacifick Oceans. It is remarkable, that this magnificent undertaking, pregnant with consequences so important to mankind, and about which so little is known in this country, is so far from being a romantick and chimerical project, that it is not only practicable, but easy. The river Chagré, which falls into the Atlantick at the town of the same name, about eighteen leagues to the westward of Porto Bello, is navigable as far as Cruzes, within five leagues of Panama. But though the formation of a canal from this place to Panama, facilitated by the valley through which the present road passes, appears to present no very formidable obstacles, there is still a better expedient. At the distance of about five leagues from the mouth of the Chagré, it receives the river Trinidad, which is navigable to Embarcadero; and from that place to Panama is a distance of about thirty miles, through a level country, with a fine river to supply water for the canal, and no difficulty whatever to counteract the noble undertaking. The ground has been surveyed; and not the practicability only, but the facility of the work, completely ascertained. In the next place, the important requisite of safe harbours, at the two extremities of the canal, is here supplied to the extent of our utmost wishes. At the mouth of the Chagré is a fine bay, which received the British 74 gun ships, in 1740, when captain Knowles bombarded the castle of St. Lorenzo; —and at the other extremity is the famous harbour of Panama.* Nor is this the only expedient for opening the important navigation between the Pacifick and Atlantick Oceans. Further north is the grand lake of Nicaraguay, which, by itself, almost extends the navigation from sea to sea. Into the Atlantick Ocean it falls by a navigable river, and reaches to within three leagues of the Gulf of Papagayo in the Pacifick.† Mr. Jefferys tells us, it was the instruction of the king of Spain to the governour of St. John's Castle, not to permit any British subject to pass either up or down this lake; "for, if ever the English came to a knowledge of its impor-

* For the accuracy of these statements, may be consulted a curious and instructive work, drawn up and published, in 1762, by Thomas Jefferys, geographer to his majesty; from the draughts and surveys found on board the Spanish prizes; from other accessible documents, and the statements of eyewitnesses. The title of the book, as it is now but little known, it may be worth while to transcribe. "A Description of the Spanish Islands and Settlements on the Coast of the West Indies; compiled from authentick Memoirs; revised by Gentlemen who have resided many Years in the Spanish Settlements; and illustrated with Thirty-two Maps and Plans, chiefly from original Drawings taken from the Spaniards in the last War, and engraved by Thomas Jefferys," &c.

† The reader may consult, on the facility and importance of effecting a navigation from sea to sea, by this extraordinary lake, a curious memoir by M. Martin de la Bastide, ancien secretaire de M. le compte de Broglio, published in the second volume of "Histoire Abregée de la mer du Sud, par M. de Laborde."

tance and value, they would soon make themselves masters of this part of the country."*

We are tempted to dwell for a moment upon the prospects which the accomplishment of this splendid, but not difficult enterprise, opens to our nation. It is not merely the immense commerce of the western shores of America, extending almost from pole to pole, that is brought, as it were, to our door; it is not the intrinsically important, though comparatively moderate branch of our commerce, that of the South Sea whalers, that will alone undergo a complete revolution, by saving the tedious and dangerous voyage round Cape Horn:—the whole of those immense interests which we hold deposited in the regions of Asia, become augmented in value, to a degree which, at present, it is not easy to conceive, by obtaining direct access to them across the Pacifick Ocean. It is the same thing as if, by some great revolution of the globe, our eastern possessions were brought nearer to us. The voyage across the Pacifick, the winds both for the eastern and western passage being fair and constant, is so expeditious and steady, that the arrival of the ships may be calculated almost with the accuracy of a mail coach.† Immense would be the traffick which would immediately begin to cover that ocean, by denomination Pacifick. All the riches of India and of China would move towards America. The riches of Europe and of America would move towards Asia. Vast depôts would be formed at the great commercial towns which would immediately arise at the two extremities of the central canal:—the goods would be in a course of perpetual passage from the one depôt to the other;—and would be received by the ships, as they arrived, which were prepared to convey them to their ultimate destination.

Is it too much to hope, that China and Japan themselves, thus brought so much nearer the influence of European civilisation—much more constantly and powerfully subject to its operation—would not be able to resist the salutary impression, but would soon receive important changes in ideas, arts, manners and institutions? The hope rests, at least, on such strong foundations, that it seems to rise even to certainty;—and then, what glorious results might be expected for the whole of Asia, that vast proportion of the earth, which, even in its most favoured parts, has been in all ages condemned to semi-barbarism, and the miseries of despotick power? One thing, at least, is

* See p. 43. of "A Description," &c. above cited. What Alcedo tells us is still more extraordinary, that it was even interdicted, *on pain of death*, to propose opening the navigation between the two seas. A similar interdiction and penalty was ordained, respecting the navigation of the Atrato, where there is only an interval of a few miles between the navigable parts of the two rivers.

† On the surprising facilities of this navigation, there is some interesting information given in an "Account of an intended expedition into the South Seas, by private persons," printed in the appendix to the third volume of sir John Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland. "From the bay of Panama," says that document, "ships are carried to the East Indies, by the great trade wind, at the rate of above a hundred miles a day. From the East Indies to the South Seas, there are two passages.—One by the north, to sail to the latitude of 40° north, in order to get into the great west wind, which, about that latitude, blows ten months in the year; and which, being strong, carries vessels with quickness to the northern part of the coast of Mexico. From the extreme point of Mexico, in the north, there is a north wind which blows all the way to the bay of Panama, which never varies, and which carries ships above a hundred miles a day, reaching to the distance of a hundred leagues from the coast.—The other passage is at 40° south, and is in all respects similar to that in the north, a land-wind blowing from the coast of Chili to the bay of Panama, of the very same description with that which blows along the coast of Mexico."

certain, that South America, which stands so much in need of industrious inhabitants, would receive myriads of laborious Chinese, who already swarm in all parts of the eastern Archipelago in quest of employment and of food. This, to her, would be an acquisition of incredible importance: and the connexion thus formed between the two countries, would still further tend to accelerate the acquisition of enlightened views and civilized manners in China herself.

Such are a few of the results which there is reason to expect from a regulation of the affairs of South America. Never, perhaps, was an opportunity offered to a nation, of effecting so great a change in behalf of human kind, as Great Britain, from a wonderful combination of circumstances, is now called upon, by so many motives, to help South America to accomplish. The measure has, for a considerable number of years, been mingled, in her councils, among the number of her resolves; and a short history—which, from peculiar circumstances, we are enabled to give with unusual accuracy—cannot be without interest, of what has been done in preparation towards an event which will, hereafter, occupy so great a place in the history of the world.

Though projects of hostility—some of them for plunder, some for permanent conquest—had been undertaken, during the wars between this country and Spain, against particular parts of her transatlantick dominions, the first time, we believe, that a general scheme of emancipation was presented to the mind of a British minister, was in the beginning of 1790, when the measure was proposed to Mr. Pitt by general Miranda. It met, from that minister, with the most cordial reception;—and, as the dispute respecting Nootka Sound was then subsisting, it was resolved, if Spain did not prevent hostilities by submission, to carry the plan into immediate execution. When an accommodation was effected, and peace at last decreed, Mr. Pitt still assured the general, that the plan of emancipating South America was a measure that would not be lost sight of; but would infallibly engage the attention of every minister of this country.

The man by whom this important suggestion was made, and in whose breast the scheme of emancipation, if not first conceived, seems, at least, to have been first matured, is a native of Caraccas in South America; descended from one of the principal families of the country. At the early age of 17 he repaired to Spain, and, by the influence of his family, obtained a captain's commission in the Spanish army. Early smit by the love of letters, he was anxious to proceed to France for the prosecution of his education; but permission was denied him; and he was forced to bring the masters, whom he could not procure in Spain, from France, at his own charges. It is an anecdote, not unworthy of record, that when the inquisition ordered his books to be taken from him and burnt, he applied to count O'Reilly, inspector general of the Spanish army, to see if the order could not be recalled; but the inspector told him, that all he could do was to condole with him; for that the same misfortune had happened to himself.

When France and Spain resolved to take a share in the war which was carried on between Great Britain and her American colonies, it happened that Miranda was in that part of the Spanish army which was destined to cooperate with the French. Acting thus, and conversing with the members of a more enlightened nation than any he had yet seen, the ideas of the young American received that improvement after which he aspired; and, in a scene where the cause of liberty was the object of all men's zeal and enthusiasm, and in a country, the situation of which in so many respects resembled his own, a similar destiny for this last was naturally presented to his wishes. So deeply

was the impression struck, that he has dedicated to this one design almost the whole of his life, and has been the prime mover in every scheme that has been proposed for the emancipation of the Spanish colonies in America.

After the renunciation, or rather the postponement of the design, on the part of Mr. Pitt, the next project for changing the condition of South America, was started by the republican rulers of France; as part of their scheme for revolutionizing the whole of the Spanish dominions. But Miranda foresaw the dangers with which that design was pregnant, —and fortunately had sufficient influence to persuade its renunciation. To prepare the reader sufficiently for the particulars of this curious affair, it may not be useless to run over, hastily, the steps by which the general had been brought to the situation in which he then stood.

At the termination of the American war, he resigned his situation in the service of Spain, and repaired to Europe, with a view to study the institutions of the most enlightened nations, and to draw from them instruction for the benefit of his native country. For this purpose, he came first to Great Britain,* and proceeded afterwards to Prussia, Austria, Italy, Greece, and a part of Turkey. He then proceeded to Russia, where he met with prince Potemkin at Cherson, whose notice he attracted; and by him was introduced to the empress at Kiow. A native of Spain, travelling in search of knowledge, and improved by it, appeared to her in the light of a phenomenon. She invited him to remain in Russia; for, in Spain, she said, he would be burnt. —Spain was not a country for him. When Miranda opened to her, in reply, the views to which he had devoted himself in behalf of his country, she manifested the strongest interest in the accomplishment of his scheme, and assured him, in case of his success, she would be the foremost to support the independence of South America. She transmitted a circular letter to her ambassadours in Europe, to afford him her imperial protection every where; and gave him an invitation to draw upon her treasury for his personal support.

It was after this tour through Europe, in which Miranda spent several years, that he returned, by the way of France, to England; and being, by his friend governour Pownal, introduced to Mr. Pitt, proposed to him the plan, of which the submission of Spain on the question at issue prevented the execution. At the time when the prospect was thus, for an indefinite period, closed upon him in England, and the first promising movements of liberty in France were attracting the curious from every quarter of the world, Miranda returned to witness the great scenes which were there passing, and to obtain, if possible, from France, in her new si-

* There is a curious proof of the notice which he and his cause attracted in this country, even at this early period, in the "Political Herald and Review," for the year 1785, pp. 29, 30.

"The flame which was kindled in North America," says the writer in that work, "as was foreseen, has made its way into the American dominions of Spain. That jealousy which confined the appointments of government in Spanish America to native Spaniards, and established other distinctions between these and their descendants on the other side the Atlantick, has been a two edged sword, and cut two ways. If it has hitherto preserved the sovereignty of Spain in those parts, it has sown the seeds of a deep resentment among the people. Conferences are held, combinations are formed in secret among a race of men whom we shall distinguish by the appellation of Spanish Provincials. The example of North America is the great subject of discourse, and the grand object of imitation. In London, we are well assured, there is, at this moment, a Spanish American of great consequence, and possessed of the confidence of his fellow citizens, who aspires to the glory of being the deliverer of his country."

tuation, the same favour to South America, which in her old she had bestowed upon the United States. By his companions in arms, whom he had recently known in America, he was speedily drawn into some connexion with the great leaders at that time in publick affairs; and when the revolution was first called upon to draw the sword, he was invited and prevailed upon to take a command in her armies.

It was while he was serving with Dumourier in the Netherlands, that the scheme for revolutionizing Spain and her colonies was first conceived by the republican leaders. It was communicated to Dumourier by Brissot, in a letter which we have now before us, dated Paris, 28th November 1792, in the following terms:

"Spain is ripening for liberty. Its government is preparing again, preparations are necessary to prosper or rather to naturalize liberty there. That a revolution must be effected both in European and American Spain, all must allow. The fate of this latter revolution depends upon one man. You know and esteem him. It is *Miranda*. The ministers were lately looking out for a person to take the place of Desparbés in Hispaniola. A ray of light struck me: I said, appoint Miranda. In the first place, Miranda will soon adjust the miserable quarrels of the colonists; he soon will call to order those white people so turbulent, and will become the idol of the coloured people. But afterwards how easily will he raise the Spanish isles or the Spanish continent which they possess? At the head of more than 12,000 regular troops who are now in Hispaniola, of 10 to 15,000 brave mulattoes, with whom he will be provided in our islands, with what ease will he invade the Spanish possessions? Besides, having under his command a fleet, and when the Spaniards have nothing to oppose to him, the name of Miranda will be worth an army; and his talents, courage, and genius, every thing ensures us success. All the ministers agree in this choice, but they fear lest you should refuse to part with Miranda, as you have chosen him to fill up the place of Labourdounay. I have this morning promised Monge that I would write to you, and he gave me his word that he would appoint Miranda governour in chief, if you would consent to let him go. Hasten then to send me your consent. Shall I add that our excellent friend Gensonné is of the same opinion; he will write to you to morrow. Claviere and Petion are overjoyed at that idea."

It will be readily acknowledged, there was here wherewithal to dazzle a man of ordinary ambition. Yet was the project damped, and finally renounced, by means of Miranda, who began to fear that the revolution was proceeding too fast and too far. In the letter which he wrote to Brissot, in answer to the communication of his proposal, he contents himself with starting difficulties. "The plan," says he, "that you form in your letter is truly grand and magnificent; but I know not whether the execution might be certain or even probable. With respect to the Spanish American continent and their islands, I am perfectly informed and able to form an exact opinion. But for all that regards the French islands, and their present situation, I scarcely know any thing at all, and, consequently it would be impossible for me to form a correct opinion of it. This being in your plan the basis of the whole operation, since it is from the colonies that the force must go which is to put in motion the people of the opposite continent, we must be very sure that our information is true and positive. It seems to me also that my appointment and my departure for Hispaniola, would spread the alarm in the courts of Madrid and St. James. The effects of which would be soon felt at Cadiz and Portsmouth, which would create new obstacles to the undertaking,

which, besides, is too great, too excellent and interesting to be spoiled and rendered fruitless for want of caution in the beginning." After some further correspondence and consultation, the pressure of affairs cooperating with the discouragement offered by Miranda, the flattering project was, for the time, relinquished.

During some years subsequent to this occurrence, the matter was sunk in oblivion amid the violent struggles which agitated Europe. Many months had not elapsed when the reign of Robespierre began; and Miranda, with so many other virtuous men, were buried in the dungeons of the revolution. Though tried, and clearly acquitted by the revolutionary tribunal, which declared that not a shadow of suspicion attached to him, he was still detained in prison, and escaped the guillotine only by one of those accidents by which so many others were delivered up to it. When he recovered his liberty, under the party that assumed the government after the death of Robespierre, he might still have become a leading man in the revolution, and was offered the command of an army. His answer, however, was, that although he had fought for *liberty*, it was not his purpose to fight for *conquest*. If France would establish a free and moderate government, retire within her ancient limits, and sincerely offer peace to the whole world, he would willingly contend for her against all her enemies. This remarkable answer rests on as remarkable an authority; for Miranda had the fortitude to enlarge upon the same ideas in a pamphlet, and to publish them at the very moment [1795] in Paris.

About the same time, or a little after, Miranda was met at Paris by deputies and commissioners from Mexico, and the other principal provinces of South America, who had been sent to Europe for the purpose of concerting with him the measures to be pursued for accomplishing the independence of their country. It was decided, accordingly, that Miranda should, in their name, again repair to England, and make such offers to the British government as, it was hoped, might induce it to lend them the assistance requisite for the great object of their wishes. The instrument, which was drawn up, and put into the hand of their representative, as the document to the British government, of the proposals of the South Americans, is too remarkable an evidence of the views and plans of the leading members of the South American communities, not to deserve, at the present moment, the most serious attention.

1. The first article states, that the Hispano-American colonies, having for the most part resolved to proclaim their independence, were induced to address themselves to the government of Great Britain, in the confidence she would not refuse them that assistance which Spain herself, in the midst of peace, had not declined extending to the British colonies in America.

2. The second article stipulates the sum of thirty millions sterling, which South America would pay to Great Britain for the assistance required.

3. The third article states the amount of the British force which was deemed requisite.

4. The fourth article it is proper to present in the words of the document itself. "A defensive alliance between England, the United States, and South America, is so much required by the nature of things, the geographical situation of each of the three countries, the productions, industry, wants, manners, and disposition of the three nations, that it is impossible this alliance should not last a long time; especially if care be taken to strengthen it by similarity in the political forms of the three governments; that is to say, by the enjoyment of civil liberty properly understood. It might even be said with confidence, that this is the only

hope remaining to liberty audaciously outraged by the detestable principles avowed by the French republick. It is the only means of establishing a balance of power capable of opposing the destructive ambition and devastation of the French system."

5 The fifth article relates to a treaty of commerce between Great Britain and South America.

6. The sixth article stipulates the opening of the navigation between the Atlantick and Pacifick oceans, by the isthmus of Panama, as well as by the lake of Nicaraguay, and the guarantee of its freedom to the British nation.

7. The seventh article respects the arrangement of the commerce between the different parts of South America itself; proposed to be left on its present footing, till the assemblage of deputies from the different provinces of the continent can arrange the terms of their union.

8. The eighth article points to some project to be devised, of a connexion between the bank of England and those of Lima and Mexico, for the purposes of mutual support, and of giving England the advantage of that command of the precious metals which the country supplying them might have it in its power to yield.

9. 10. The ninth and tenth articles relate to the project of alliance between South America and the United States. The principal points are the ceding to the United States of the Floridas, the Mississippi being proposed as the most advisable boundary between the two nations, and the stipulation of a small military force from the Anglo-Americans, to aid in the establishment of their independence.

11. The eleventh article, respecting the islands, states the plan of resigning all those which belong to the Spaniards, excepting only Cuba, the possession of which is rendered necessary, by the situation of the Havanna commanding the passage from the gulf of Mexico.

This document is dated Paris, the 22d of December, 1797. The proposal transmitted to Mr. Pitt, for the return of general Miranda to this country, was acceded to with alacrity; and the general had a conference with that minister in January following. It accorded with the plans of Mr. Pitt, at that time, to enter with promptitude into the scheme proposed for the emancipation of South America. The outline of the proceedings was fully agreed upon; and, so far had the preparations advanced, that general Miranda, in a letter to Mr. Hamilton, the much lamented legislator of the United States, dated 6th April 1798, thought himself authorized to write in the following terms. "This will be delivered to you, my dear and esteemed friend, by my countryman, don ***** the bearer of despatches of the greatest importance for the president of the United States. He will tell you secretly all you wish to know upon this subject. It appears that the moment of our emancipation grows near, and that the establishment of liberty over the whole continent of the new world is intrusted to us by Providence. The only danger I foresee is the introduction of the French principles which might poison liberty in its birth, and soon would finally destroy yours. Your wishes are in some degree fulfilled; since it is agreed here, that in the first instance English troops shall not be employed in the land operations, since the auxiliary land forces will be only American, whilst, on the other hand, the navy will be entirely British. All is settled, and they are only waiting for the *fiat* of your illustrious president to start like lightning. With what pleasure have I heard, my most dear general, of your appointment in the continental army of the United States of America. Our wishes, it appears, are going to be at last accomplished, and every circumstance concurs now in our favour. May Providence make us wise enough to use

it in the most advantageous manner."

The proposal was, that North America should furnish 10,000 troops, and the British government agreed to find money and ships. But the president Adams declined to transmit an immediate answer, and the measure was, in consequence, postponed.

In the beginning of 1801, during lord Sidmouth's administration, the project was again revived. The plans of government to be recommended to the people of South America, were considered and approved; even the military operations were sketched and arranged; and the preparations far advanced for the expedition. The preliminaries, however, of the peace of Amiens were signed; and the measure was put off to a future opportunity.

When war was again declared against France in 1803, the business of South America formed one of the principal designs of ministers; and measures were taken to carry it into effect, the moment that the peace which still subsisted with Spain should be broken. This event did not occur till 1804, when Mr. Pitt was again at the head of administration. The measure was now prosecuted with zeal. Lord Melville and sir Home Popham were employed in arranging with general Miranda the whole details of procedure;* when the execution was again suspended by the affairs of Europe, and by the hopes and exertions of the third coalition.

The prospect thus appearing shut upon them in Europe, the South American exiles from the provinces of Caraccas and Santa Fée, residing in the United States of America, and in the island of Trinidad, pressed general Miranda, and at last prevailed upon him, to quit his residence in this country, and make an effort in their behalf through the medium of America alone. Though the politicks of Britain presented to him, at the moment, no prospect on her part, of active assistance, they appeared, at least, to promise the security, that no body of French, or of Spanish troops, should cross the Atlantick, to confirm the dominion of the enemies of Britain. In these circumstances, he was induced to think that no great force,—that nothing more, in short, than what might be requisite to impose respect upon the small number of troops in the Spanish garrisons, and to afford some appearance of security to the people, was, in the known condition of the publick mind, required to effect the revolution; and at the same time, the disputes subsisting between the United States of America and Spain, respecting Louisiana, afforded him a hope in that quarter of all the assistance which the occasion demanded. With a full understanding on the part of the government here, and even, as it would seem, with promise of support, he proceeded to America; but on his arrival there, found, to his mortification, that a compromise on the subject of Louisiana had already taken place, and that the *publick* aid of government was not to be obtained. He was received, however, with cordiality and distinction by the president and secretary; and, from various quarters, received encouragement to suppose, that, by private exertions and resources, such means might be got together, as, with the help of good fortune, might be adequate to the enterprise. Though the government of the United States, from the obvious motive of exculpating themselves in the eyes of France, thought proper afterwards to disclaim all knowledge of the transaction,—and even to order the prosecution of two

* On this point the reader may derive satisfaction, by consulting the trial of sir Home Popham; the evidence of lord Melville at pp. 153 to 164; and the declarations of sir Home at pp. 91, 92, 94, 95, 100; and an Appendix note A. See "Trial of Sir Home Popham," printed for Richardson, Royal Exchange, 1807.

of the persons who appeared to have been principally involved it it,—it came out upon the trial, to the conviction of the jury, who thereupon acquitted the parties, that the government had been privy to all the proceedings of Miranda, and, by never so much as whispering their disapprobation, appeared of necessity, both to him and to his agents, to favour, though they deemed it impolitick at the time to countenance, his undertaking.

The particulars of the expedition to Caraccas, it is necessary for us entirely to pass over.* It failed, feeble as were the means employed in it, chiefly from the intelligence which had been treacherously conveyed to the Spaniards, and by the misconduct of the American shipmasters, over whom the general had not sufficient control. But it had this in it of benefit, that the careful protection of persons and property which Miranda maintained, removed every shadow of prejudice which the industry of the Spanish agents had been able to raise respecting the purity of his intentions, and had not the British commanders, who seconded his views, been induced to withdraw their support, and to urge the dereliction of the enterprise, by the false intelligence which reached the West Indies, of the conclusion of peace by lord Lauderdale; at any rate, had our government lent a very small assistance, not a doubt can be entertained that the province of Caraccas would have then declared its independence.†

The part which our country had in this expedition, it is still of some importance to explain. The prospect of the vast advantages to Great Britain, from the independence of that part of South America, which was the object of Miranda's immediate views, induced the British admiral on the station, sir Alexander Cochrane, to enter into a formal stipulation for certain means of operation he was to afford to the undertaking, and certain advantages which were to be yielded to his country in return. The governours, both of

* The principal facts, together with the proclamations of general Miranda, documents of importance in forming a judgment of the whole bearings of this affair, may be found in a pamphlet, which we recommend as containing some correct information, not to be found any where else, entitled, "Additional Reasons for our immediately Emancipating Spanish America." By William Burke.

† That this was the opinion of the best informed among the Spaniards themselves, appears from the following extract of an intercepted letter from Don Dionisio Franco, director of the king's revenues at Caraccas, to the governour of Cumana. "Un des hommes," says Depons [*Voyage à la Terre Ferme*, t. ii. p. 293] "un des hommes de l'Espagne qui connoit le mieux les interets de sa nation."

"*Caraccas, 16th August*, 1806.

"Miranda, despicable indeed, if left to his private resources alone, will, it appears to me, give us more to do than what we thought, if supported, as he appears to be, by the English; although the assistance they have until now given him be reduced to the not disapproving only of his enterprise.

"He effected his landing at Coro without any resistance, because the garrison of that interesting point, was reduced to 200 fusileers of the militia alone; and although they might have armed more than 1000 men, they had no arms for the purpose, and in the same case, we find, are now all the inhabitants of these provinces.

"With this information, the captain general of the province has marched with all the armed force he could collect; but it will be a month before he can reach Coro; in which place, it is probable he will find him already intrenched, and in a situation to make good his retreat. That, in my opinion, will be the least of the evils which may happen to us; because, if the English give him any assistance, let it be ever so little, and offer him support, his situation is the most advantageous of all those he could have chosen in all these coasts, as the peninsula of Paraguana may afford them a situation to establish another Gibraltar, as long as they are masters of the sea; and it may happen that this spark of fire, that appears nothing, may finish by devouring the whole continent, &c.

(Signed) "Dionisio Franco."

Trinidad and Barbadoes, allowed the general to recruit in these islands, and even from the militia. But after a little time, the admiral wrote to him, that "by recent instructions received from England, he was directed to limit the assistance general Miranda was to receive from him, to protection from the naval force of the enemy,—to prevent succours being landed,—and to secure his re-embarcation, in the event of his being obliged to leave the shore." It is probable, that the negotiations at Paris, in which the ministers were then engaged, and their hopes of peace, were the sole motives of the reserve which they embraced on this occasion. That they had by no means determined against the great plan of emancipation, as some of their enemies have been busy to insinuate, we are happy to be able to prove, by the succeeding passage of the same letter. "I am further directed," says the admiral, "to send by a fast sailing vessel, full details of the situation in which the continent of South America now stands, in order that his majesty's ministers may finally decide as to the measures they may take." In consequence of the above, he adds, "a schooner attends captain Dundas of the Elephant, to Coro, which schooner will receive on board your despatches, and immediately proceed to England." He concludes by saying: "I think it proper to give you this early information, lest you should be led to expect a military force to arrive for your support; a circumstance I am ignorant of being in the contemplation of his majesty's government; but, should any arrive, you may depend on its being forwarded to you without loss of time." In another letter, ten days later, he says: "I wish I could send you five or six regiments; and if the negotiations for peace blow off, I do not despair of a force arriving from England, to place you in perfect security."

The extraordinary events which immediately followed the rupture of the negotiations at Paris, and the removal from his majesty's councils, which soon succeeded, of the ministers by whom that negotiation was conducted, afforded them no opportunity of recommencing any operations for the emancipation of South America; and the facility with which they allowed themselves to be drawn into the support of the schemes of conquest, so injudiciously undertaken by sir Home Popham, deranged all their views with regard to that great object of policy. Of the memorable expedition to Buenos Ayres, the history is too well known to require any recapitulation in this place. Its effects, with regard to the great and salutary plan of liberation, have been twofold. It has certainly shaken, and that violently, the confidence of the American people in the British government. They had been told, from the highest authority, that the views of that government were solely to aid them in procuring their independence; yet the first army they behold, comes both for conquest and for plunder.* However, it has

* A proclamation, transmitted by lord Melville, then secretary of state, and circulated on the coasts of Spanish America by the governour of Trinidad, in 1797, calling upon the inhabitants *to resist the oppressive authority of the Spanish government*, assures them, "that measures have been taken to support them by means of the British naval force, and to supply them with arms and ammunition, merely to enable them to maintain their commercial independence, *without any desire on the part of the king of England, to acquire any right of sovereignty over them, or to interfere with their civil, political, or religious rights;* unless they themselves should in any degree solicit his protection." Let us consider the effect which this proposal was calculated to make upon the minds of the people of South America, when contrasted with the conduct directed to be pursued in the instructions to the assailants of Buenos Ayres. In the instructions to general Whitelocke [See the documents published in the Appen-

had this fortunate effect, that it has given us, nationally a much juster idea than we formerly possessed, of the value of the South American population. It has turned the publick curiosity more forcibly toward that quarter of the world; and it has afforded us some precious evidence of the desire which pervades South America to shake off the yoke of a foreign government, and assume the guidance of its own affairs.

The men who had succeeded to power, when general Miranda returned to England, were prepared to embark in the scheme with real energy. After various delays, a force was at last assembled. And it has been oftener than once publickly stated, we believe, with perfect accuracy, that the expedition which was prepared at Cork last summer, and which was to be commanded by sir Arthur Wellesley, was intended to cooperate with Miranda in the long projected measure of emancipating South America; and, had not the extraordinary revolution which broke out in Spain given to these forces a different destination, it is probable that, by this time, that important measure would at length have been accomplished.

We are now once more at peace with the Spanish nation; and, of course, all idea of using force to detach her colonies is out of the question. We are not only at peace, but we are in alliance with her. A generous sympathy with a people contending for their independence has had, at least, as much share in producing that alliance, as our common hostility to their oppressor. We are bound, therefore, by every consideration of national honour, to abstain, while this struggle lasts, from any step which might admit of being construed into an injury or offence to our allies. If the Spaniards, therefore, should succeed in repelling their invaders, and should remain in peace and alliance with us, we must renounce, of course, all notion of emancipating her colonies without her consent. Incalculably beneficial as such an event would be for us, and even for Spain herself, and impossible as it might be for any efforts of her's long to prevent its occurrence, still we conceive, that the relations of peace and amity in which we should stand with that power, would prevent *us* from interfering to promote it, and tie up our hands from attempting to separate from her those dependencies, upon which she still set a value, although she might really derive no benefit from their possession, and might be guilty of the greatest oppression with regard to them. If it were possible, therefore, for us to entertain those pleasing views on the probable issue of the present contest in Spain, to which some of our more sanguine countrymen seem still to adhere, we should only have to say, that we should trust with some confidence, that the same spirit and intelligence which had been triumphant in Europe, would be just and generous in America. And that the amended government and enlightened councils of regenerated Spain, would relax the severity of its control over its remote dependencies, and yield, spontaneously, to its transatlantick chil-

dix to Whitelocke's Trial, p. 8.] is the following passage. "With the force above stated, you will proceed to execute the service intrusted to you, *by the reduction of the province of Buenos Ayres under the authority of his majesty.*" In the next page, he is directed "not to introduce into the government any other change than that which must necessarily arise from the substitution of his majesty's authority for that of the king of Spain." In the instructions likewise to general Crauford respecting Chili, he is commanded to make no other changes "than that of placing the country under his majesty's protection and government;" and told, "that the form of the former government is to be preserved, subject only to the changes which *the substitution of his majesty's authority for that of the king of Spain* may render inevitable."

dren, that emancipation for which they have hitherto relied, rather on the weakness, than the beneficence, of their mother country.

These, however, alas! are speculations in which it appears to us that no sober man can now allow himself to indulge. The fate of Spain, we think, is decided; and that fine and misguided country has probably yielded, by this time,* to the fate which has fallen on the greater part of continental Europe. Her European dominions have yielded already to the unrelaxing grasp of the insatiable conqueror; and his ambition and cupidity have no doubt already scented their quarry in her American possessions. At this moment, we have no doubt, his restless intriguers are at work to poison the pure fountains of patriotism and concord in these distant regions; and forces are preparing to trample down those sparks of independence which the slightest stirring would now spread into an unquenchable blaze. A moment is yet left us, to resolve on what may soon be impracticable.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Publick Characters of 1809-10, 8vo. pp. 684. London. 1809.

FROM an ill-written "Preface" to this strange production, it appears that the editor has been, for some years, in the practice of sallying forth on the king's highway, seizing upon numbers of unsuspecting people, under the extraordinary pretence of their being "PUBLICK CHARACTERS," and dressing them up with caps and bells, and other derogatory appendages of folly, for the entertainment of such as chose to lay out a few shillings on so indecorous a spectacle.

The only plea advanced by him for this annual outrage on the peace of society, is, that the victims of it are dizened out in such beautiful colours, that they cannot choose but be delighted with their own appearance. This is adding mockery to injury. The wardrobe of a puppet show is more magnificent than the frippery thus forced upon them; and the bungling wretches employed to string the tawdry tatters together, must have served their apprenticeship to the furnishers of garden scarecrows.

The first, or, as we rather think, the second person who figures in the group of this year, is "the reverend William Coxe, M. A. F. R. S. and F. S. A. Archdeacon of Wilts and Rector of Bemarton." His appearance is not a little comical; and we should endeavour to give our readers some idea of it, did we not consider him as "a man more sinned against than sinning," and no less grieved than ashamed at his involuntary degradation.

But though we feel unmixed pity for sufferers of this description, we cannot be so indulgent to those who rush into the circle, *uncaught*, and exhibit their foppery for the gratification of individual vanity. Towards the conclusion of the show, "Mr. M. P. Andrews, M. P. for Bewdley in Worcestershire," steps gayly forward, and, with the air and gait of a morris-dancer, enters upon a ridiculous display of his accomplishments.

He begins with a scrap of bad Italian; after which he informs the audience that he was destined for the counting house; but that, "instead of thumbing over the leger, he became enraptured with the poets of ancient days, and wooed the muses with considerable success." p. 523.

Of these raptures, and his success, he gives a specimen, in a prologue of several pages, in which, he adds, "he

* January 1809.

is allowed to have displayed peculiar excellence." p. 525.

"Lady Drawcansir came to me last night:
'Oh! my dear ma'am, I am in such a fright;
They've drawn me for a man, and what is worse,
I am to soldier it, and mount a horse:
Must wear the breeches!"—Says I, 'don't deplore
What in your husband's life you always wore," &c.

Notwithstanding the radiance shed around him by these, and a hundred other verses, nearly equal to them in glory, Mr. M. P. A. absolutely startles our credulity by affirming, with apparent seriousness, that "he was not *dazzled* with his good fortune." p. 529.

He next produces a list of his numerous farces,—farces of which the very names have perished from all memory but his own,—and, that no possible wish may remain ungratified, in a matter of such moment, he considerately subjoins "the cast of the characters at Covent Garden."

A rapid transition is then made from poetry to politicks, and we learn that Mr. M. P. A. has "sat during five successive parliaments, made one speech, and given two votes for the prince of Wales." p. 530.

Lastly—but the reader shall have it in his own words: and we must do the speaker the justice to say, that, in every requisite of fine language, what follows is, at least, equal to the very best parts of this curious exhibition of "Publick Characters."

"But it is chiefly as a member of the bon ton that colonel Andrews"—[mark that, the colonel!] "has rendered himself conspicuous. His house is occasionally thrown open to the first company, and no private gentleman, perhaps, has ever possessed a more elegant assemblage of lords and ladies than have made their appearance at his routes. His noble withdrawing rooms, uniting with the brilliancy of an audience chamber all the effects of a conservatory, exhibit, amidst the severest rigours of winter, a parterre of blooming dutchesses, marchionesses, countesses, baronesses, &c. and had he realized his early inclinations, and repaired to the east, his harem, even if he had become a Turkish bashaw, would have turned pale at the sight of so many fine specimens of British beauty." p. 532.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Anecdotes of Birds, or short Accounts of their Habits in a State of Nature, collected from the best Authors in Natural History. With Figures engraved on Wood. 12mo. 5s. 1809.

THIS is a very entertaining and useful book, exceedingly well calculated to make young persons acquainted with certain familiar parts of natural history of which it is a disgrace to be ignorant. The accounts are selected from Pennant, White, Latham, Hearne, &c. The following anecdote of the common cock, is whimsical, and we are assured it is authentick.

"In a gentleman's yard in the country, who kept a stock of poultry, an old turkey cock used to take delight in chasing a young cock round the yard and orchard, and whenever he could overtake him used to fight him unmercifully; he also constantly drove him from his meat when they were fed. As the cock grew and obtained strength, he began to resist this violence, and, after repeated battles, at last obtained the masterhood. The tables were now completely turned, and the cock exercised as much oppression over the turkey cock as he had before received from him. In fact, he could not come in sight of the cock but he was instantly chased round the premises, and it was a ludicrous sight to see so large a bird running with all his speed from an adversary so much smaller than himself. At last he was found dead with his head and neck thrust into a heap of brushwood, where he had vainly expected to be sheltered from his exasperated antagonist, and thus fell a victim to his tyranny."

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

An Account of the Sufferings of the Crew of two Schooners, part of the Squadron of General Miranda, which were taken by two Spanish Guarda-Costas, in June 1806. Written by one of the Sufferers who made his escape.

[The world knows little of the extraordinary expedition of General Miranda to the Spanish Main, in 1806; but it will be remembered that he arrived in the Gulf of Mexico with an armed Brig and two Schooners, and that in a rencontre with two Guarda-Costas, the schooners were both taken. We are now enabled to lay before our readers the particulars of the treatment their crews met with from the Spaniards—The trials tend also to throw some light on the Expedition itself.]

TOWARDS the end of June, the lieutenant governour of Caraccas, accompanied by four assistant officers or judges, together with an interpreter for each officer, arrived at Porto Cavello, for the purpose of taking the examination of the prisoners. They assembled in the guard house, within the walls of Castle St. Philip, in a large room fitted up for that purpose. In this room were placed five separate benches with desks; at one of which was seated the lieutenant governour, with an interpreter; at the other four, each of the other judges, with an interpreter also.

The ordinary appearance of the place, together with the undignified looks of the judges, could scarcely induce the prisoners to believe that this was the tribunal before which they were to be tried for their lives. Nor were they a little surprised, when they ascertained, by the course of the proceedings, that they were to be compelled to give evidence, under oath, against themselves, and against each other; and upon this testimony alone they were to be convicted.

The judges being ready to proceed, caused five of the prisoners to be brought up in the first place. They were informed of the charges exhibited against them, viz. piracy, rebellion, and murdering one of his Catholick majesty's subjects. They were then asked to describe the manner in which oaths are administered in their own country; which having done, they were requested to lay their hands upon the Bible and administer the oaths to themselves, agreeable to the manner in which they had been accustomed to swear.

The five prisoners were thus distributed, one to each judge, seated at his respective desk, all being in one room, and some little distance from each other.

In the middle of the floor, lay a number of arms and instruments of war, such as guns, rifles, axes, pistols, pikes, swords, and shovels; also, Miranda's colours, uniform clothes, and a number of his proclamations; all which were taken from on board of the schooners.

The judges commenced their examination by their interpreters, who put the questions in English, and gave the answers to the judges. They continued to examine them for the space of four or five hours, when they were returned to the prison, and five others brought up in their places. In this manner the examination proceeded for the space of two weeks before it ended.

The following were the general questions and answers, put to one of the prisoners, who has since regained his liberty.

Q. How old are you?

A. About twenty-two years.

Q. Where was you born, and where do your parents reside?

A. I was born in the state of Massachusetts; my parents reside in New York.

Q. Why did you leave New York?

A. To seek my fortune.

Q. Who engaged you to go on board of the Leander?

A. Colonel Armstrong.

Q. Where was you engaged to go?

A. To Jacmel, and from there to other places, not disclosed to me at the time of the engagement.

Q. Did you know that you was coming here?

A. No. Porto Cavello was not mentioned.

Q. Did Miranda also engage you to go on board of the Leander?

A. I did not know there was such a person until the Leander had left the port of New York.

Q. In what capacity did you enter on board of the Leander?

A. As a printer.

Q. How came you to change that capacity and accept of a military commission under Miranda?

A. From motives of personal convenience.

Q. Was you not a lieutenant in a rifle regiment, under Miranda, as mentioned in this paper? [showing him a list of officers commissioned by Miranda, and which was found in the possession of one of the officers.]

A. Yes; but did not know then that I was coming to this place.

Q. At what place did you stop on your voyage?

A. At St. Domingo and the island of Aruba.

Q. Did you not go on shore at Aruba in uniform, in company with other officers, and did you not manœuvre there for the purpose of making an attack upon the Main?

A. We manœuvred there, for the purpose of making an attack upon some place which Miranda had in view; but what place, many of his men did not know.

Q. Did you not come to the Main for the purpose of assisting Miranda in fighting against this government, and in revolutionising the country?

A. It was represented by Miranda, that no fighting would be necessary to effect the object, whatever it was, he had in view.

Q. What was the real object of Miranda in coming to the Main?

A. I do not know; but understood it was to better the condition of the Spanish people.

Q. Do you know the names of any persons here, who were expected would join Miranda?

A. I do not.

Q. Were there any private signals made to you from the shore, by any persons residing here?

A. I saw none.

Q. Was the Leander boarded on her voyage by any English vessel?

A. Yes; the Cleopatra.

Q. Was there any private conversation between the commander and Miranda?

A. Yes; but what the purport of it was I do not know.

Q. Did Miranda go on board of her and stay several hours?

A. He did; he stopped one night on board.

Q. Was the Leander armed, and loaded with arms and warlike stores?

A. Yes.

Q. How many stand of arms had she on board?

A. About twelve hundred.

Q. Did you not erect a printing press at Jacmel, and print a number of proclamations, and is not this one of them? [showing him one of the proclamations, in the Spanish language.]

A. Yes; and this may be one of them; but I did not know the purport of it, as I am ignorant of the Spanish language.

Q. Do you know what that word means? [pointing to the word, *Madrid.*]

A. It means, I presume, the capital of old Spain.

Q. Is that all you know of it here?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you know those articles? [pointing to the warlike instruments lying upon the floor.]

A. I have seen the like before; perhaps the same.

Q. Did not those persons who went on shore, go there for the purpose of distributing these proclamations?

A. No. They went for amusement.

Q. Is not that your regimental coat?

A. I do not know. It may be the coat I was obliged to wear.

Q. Did you understand that Miranda fitted out his expedition by the consent of your government?

A. No. He kept his object and operations concealed from the publick. It was a private undertaking of his own.

Q. Were not the principal persons who embarked in Miranda's expedition, bankrupts and broken merchants?

A. I was not acquainted with their circumstances: there might be some of this description.

A number of other questions were put, and answered; but being of a trifling nature, comparatively speaking, are not here inserted.

After they had finished examining the prisoner, he was then told by his judge, that if he would relate every thing he knew relating to the expedition, the names of those who were concerned in it, and those that were expected would join Miranda, his chains should be taken off, and he set at liberty, and sent home to America. To which he answered, that he had disclosed all he knew of consequence, or particularly recollected.

The following were questions put to another prisoner, who has also effected his return home.

Q. What religion are you of?

A. The presbyterian persuasion.

Q. Where was you born and brought up?

A. In New York.

Q. Who engaged you to embark in Miranda's expedition?

A. One John Fink, of New York, butcher.

Q. Did you know Miranda, in New York?

A. No. I did not know him until I was six days at sea.

Q. Where was you engaged to go?

A. I was engaged to go, in the first place, to Alexandria, where I was to land. From thence I was to march to Washington, where I was to be equipped with a horse, saddle, and bridle, and in company with other persons, I was to march to New Orleans to guard the mail.

Q. Was Miranda's expedition sanctioned by your government?

A. I do not know. I did not know there was such an expedition as it afterwards proved to be.

Q. Do you know the names of any Spaniards here, whom Miranda relied upon joining him?

A. I do not.

Q. Was you not occupied in Jacmel, in putting handles to pikes?

A. Yes; I was obliged to do it.

Q. Did you not bring those axes [pointing to some on the floor] for the purpose of cutting off our heads, and these shovels to bury us?

A. I never knew what use was to be made of them.

Q. Do not you think you deserve hanging?

A. No. What I did I was obliged to do, contrary to my will.

Q. Do not you think you ought rather to die than be compelled to commit a crime?

A. No. I have always understood that self-preservation was the first law of nature.

Q. Why did you not all rise and take command of the schooner, after you discovered her intention?

A. We did attempt it once, but failed. We had agreed to attempt a second time, on the evening of that day we were taken.

After the examination of all the prisoners was gone through, they were again brought up the second time, when similar questions were put to them as before, and similar answers made.

The examinations were then taken by the lieutenant-governour and judges to Caraccas, where, as was understood, they were laid before a military court, assembled for the purpose of pronouncing judgment. They remained under their consideration for several days, before any thing was determined upon.

During that time the prisoners remained in confinement, suffering almost every deprivation, and reflecting upon what would be their doom. Some were entirely indifferent, and were willing to meet death, rather than endure their situation. Emaciated, sick, and obliged to endure filth, bad air, and unwholesome food, many were tired of life.

On the 20th of July, about eleven o'clock in the morning, the prison doors were thrown open, which presented to our view a large body of armed soldiers, drawn up round the prison door with muskets aimed towards us, loaded, cocked, and bayonets fixed. All expected instant death. However, we were ordered out, and placed in a line for marching; the soldiers on each side with their muskets pointed towards us. There was

little danger of the prisoners escaping being in irons, and so weak and emaciated as to just be able to walk.

They were then ordered to march forward, which they did, though slowly, as their ancles were still in irons. In this situation they were marched into a yard, walled round, and ordered upon their knees; fronted by the soldiers at a little distance with their muskets still aimed at them and ready to fire. Every moment the word fire was expected.

Shortly appeared the interpreter, accompanied by one or two officers, and two or three Roman Catholick priests. The following persons being called:

Francis Farquarson,	Daniel Kemper,
Charles Johnson,	John Ferris,
Miles L. Hall,	James Gardner,
Thomas Billopp,	Thomas Donohue,
Gustavus A. Bergud,	Paul T. George.

The interpreter then read to them, from a paper which he held in his hand, the following sentence:

"In the morning of to morrow, at six o'clock, you and each of you are sentenced to be hung by the neck until dead; after which your heads are to be severed from your bodies and placed upon poles, and distributed in publick parts of the country."

The following persons were then called and sentenced to ten years imprisonment, at hard labour, in the castle of Omoa, near the Bay of Honduras, and after that time, to await the king's pleasure:

John T. O'Sullivan,	Henry Ingersoll,
Jeremiah Powell,	Thomas Gill,
John H. Sherman,	John Edsall,
David Heckle & Son,	John Hays,
John Moore,	Daniel M'Kay,
John M. Elliott,	Bennett B. Vegus,
Robert Saunders,	Peter Naulty.

The following persons were sentenced to the same punishment, for the same length of time, at the castle of Porto Rico.

Wm. W. Lippincott,	Stephen Burtis,
Moses Smith,	John Burk,
Matthew Buchanan,	Phineas Raymond,
Alex. Buchanan,	Joseph Bennett,
John Parsells,	Eaton Burlingham,
David Winton,	James Grant,
John Scott,	Frederick Riggus,

And the following persons were sentenced to the same punishment, at the castle of Bocca Chica, in Carthagena, except their terms of servitude were eight years instead of ten.

William Long,	William Cartwright,
Benjamin Davis,	Samuel Touzier,
Joseph L. Heckle,	William Burnside,
Henry Sperry,	Abraham Head,
Robert Steavison,	James Hyatt,
Benj. Nicholson,	William Pride,
Samuel Price,	Pompey Grant,
Elery King,	George Ferguson,
Hugh Smith,	Robert Rains.
Daniel Newbury.	

Those persons who were sentenced to Omoa, were principally officers and noncommissioned officers, under Miranda. Those sentenced to Porto Rico, were generally privates and mechanicks; and those sentenced to Bocca Chica, were generally seamen.

On the morning of the 21st of July, about six o'clock, the prisoners were alarmed by the noise of an assemblage of Spanish soldiers at the door of the prison; when presently the door was thrown open, and discovered to their view about three hundred soldiers, with muskets loaded, bayonets fixed, and arrayed in two lines on the right and left of the prison door, facing inwards, and in a position of charged bayonets.

The prisoners, after being ordered to put on what clothes they had (which were nothing more than a piece of shirt, and a pair of ragged pantaloons; some had not even those articles) they were lashed two together by the elbows, and placed in a line, between the soldiers, for marching. The ten prisoners to be executed were then brought out, and with their hands lashed fast before, and with white robes on, that extended from the lower part of their necks to their heels, and white caps upon their heads, were placed in front. In front of them, were placed the three catholick prisoners, attended by three priests, carrying in their hands the holy cross, and accompanied with attendants carrying the sacrament, wax candles, and other implements

of the church. In this situation the prisoners, with their irons upon their feet, marched slowly along between the lines of soldiers, out of the walls of the castle, to the gallows.

Castle St. Philip is situated upon a large, level space of ground, in the harbour of Porto Cavello, and separated from the town by a narrow arm of water. The walls are nearly a quarter of a mile in circumference; about fourteen feet high, and about thirteen feet thick, forming also the outward walls of the prison; mounted with about fifty pieces of large metal. Outside of the walls, and fronting the town, is a large area, for the purpose of exercising the soldiers, &c. Upon this spot the gallows was erected, being about forty rods from the prison.

The gallows was about twenty feet long and fifteen feet high, and separated in the middle by a post, making two divisions and two pair of steps, one for the Roman Catholick prisoners, as directed by the priests, and the other for the presbyterians, or hereticks, as they were called. Whence it appeared that they could separate their bodies, if they could not their souls afterwards. About half way up the middle post were placed Miranda's colours. Underneath them lay the instruments of war, taken from the schooners, together with the military coats, hats, and feathers of the officers.

After the procession reached the gallows, those to be executed were taken to the front. The other prisoners were drawn up in the rear, so as to be in front of each other as they ascended the steps. Immediately round the prisoners were drawn up two or three companies of uniform soldiers, principally Old Spainers. In the rear of those were several companies of militia, the greater part of whom were natives of the country. At a little distance, in the rear of these, were drawn up several companies of artillery; and along the shore of the town of Porto Cavello, were stationed a number of companies of cavalry. From this extensive military force, brought to attend the execution, some concluded that an opposition was feared from persons friendly disposed to Miranda; but nothing of that kind was manifested.

Being ready to proceed to the execution, the prisoners waited their fate with a composure of mind that seemed to evince a reconciled conscience. Not the least intimidated, they discovered a firmness and resolution indicative of soldiers.

Mr. Farquarson being first selected to meet his fate, was led to the steps of the gallows, by a negro slave, who acted as the jack ketch of the day, and for which he was promised his liberty. His irons were then knocked off, and he led up to the top of the scaffold, where he was seated, fronting his fellow prisoners. The ropes* being placed round his neck, he rose upon his feet and took a final farewell of his companions, wishing them a better fate. The negro then gave him a push from the top of the scaffold, and launched him into eternity. Immediately the negro let himself down upon the ropes, and seating himself upon the shoulders, with his feet hanging upon the breast, beat the breath out of the body with his heels; then jumping down, caught the body by the feet, and pulled it towards one end of the gallows to make room for another.

In the same manner they proceeded to execute Mr. Billopp, Kemper, Bergud, Hall, Johnson, and Ferris; after which they proceeded in a like manner to execute the three Roman Catholick prisoners, Gardner, Donohue, and George, who were constantly attended by their priests. They were taken to the other part of the gallows, where they again received

* The Spaniards use two ropes in their manner of hanging: one something smaller than the other, and a few inches shorter, which serves to break the neck, while the other sustains the weight of the body.

the sacrament, each one was accompanied to the top of the steps by his priest.

All of them, except one, had a few words to address to their companions, by the way of taking leave of them. Bergud, a native of Poland, and a brave fellow, evinced a great contempt of death. After the ropes were round his neck, he observed: "Fellow prisoners, we have all suffered much, but my sufferings will soon end. I die innocent, and relief will come from that source [pointing to Miranda's colours.] Miranda's arms will rid you of your chains, and triumph over your oppressors. When that shall happen, remember to avenge my death." Then, without waiting for the executioner, he jumped from the scaffold, and ended his existence at once.

Mr. Donohue, after his priest had left him, observed: "Fellow prisoners, I wish you a final adieu; [then pointing towards the Spaniards] these bloodhounds will pay ten-fold for this ere long."

Every one evinced a similar firmness of mind, and met their fate with an unchanged countenance, except Mr. George,* a young man, and the last one executed; who, instead of acquiring resolution, by the examples of intrepidity, which had been set him by his companions, was disheartened by the shocking sight which was left after life was extinguished. He sunk under the weighty thought of encountering an unknown eternity. He fainted just as he was about to ascend the steps. After some exertion he was brought to his recollection, and taken immediately to the top of the scaffold, the ropes put round his neck, and he swung off without saying a word.

After they were all hung, the executioner began at the first one, cut the ropes and let him drop to the ground, and passed on in the same manner through the whole. The fall, being some distance from the ground, broke many of their limbs, which piercing through the flesh, presented a shocking sight to their surviving countrymen. Each body was then taken, and laid upon a bench, with the head upon a block. The negro, with a chopping knife, cut the heads from their shoulders, and taking them by the hair, held them up, bleeding, to the view of the spectators. The rest were served in the same manner.

After this scene of blood was finished, Miranda's colours were cut down and triumphantly carried to a little distance from the gallows, where were placed in one pile, the uniform coats and hats of the officers, their commissions, arms, and implements of war, together with Miranda's proclamations. Upon this pile the colours were placed, and then set fire to and burnt to ashes.

Their heads afterwards were taken, agreeable to the sentence, and distributed to the different adjacent publick places. Three were put up at Laguira, two at Caraccas, two at Occomanus, two at Valentia, and one at Porto Cavello. They were put into iron cages, prepared for that purpose, placed upon poles, which were erected in conspicuous places, so as to strike the attention of the people.

This horrid scene of death and butchery being over, after having lasted from six o'clock in the morning, till about one o'clock in the afternoon, the remainder of the prisoners, with heavy hearts, were returned to their respective prisons, there to remain until the Spaniards were ready to transport them to their respective places of servitude.

After witnessing the execution of their ten companions, the prisoners

* This young man was by birth a Portuguese. He left a wealthy and miserly parent, in consequence of being too severely restricted in pecuniary indulgence, and came to New York. After spending some time in a state of idleness, and being short of money, he embarked in Miranda's expedition, flushed with the idea of making a fortune at one stroke.

remained in confinement without any alteration of their condition, except, from the heat of the weather, and the weight of their irons, their sufferings were more insupportable than they had been. They anxiously wished for the day when they were to be taken out for the purpose of being removed to their respective places of servitude; inasmuch as they cherished a hope, that some auspicious circumstance might favour an escape. The expected period arrived on the 7th of August, when they were all examined, their irons inspected, and more firmly rivetted upon them; and about four o'clock, P. M. taken out and carried on board of an armed merchant ship (the Prince of Peace) of ten guns, for the purpose of being conveyed to Carthagena, an extensive Spanish seaport town, situated on the Main, and about three hundred leagues from Porto Cavello. At the mouth of the harbour of this place, is situated Bocca Chica, whither a portion of the prisoners had been sentenced. At this place the remainder were to remain, until they could be conveniently transported to their destined places.

The prisoners were all placed between the decks, and guarded by about fifty soldiers, placed on board, exclusive of the ship's crew, for that purpose. In consequence of this guard, it was extremely difficult to put in execution any effectual plan for the purpose of regaining their liberty, notwithstanding the extreme indolence of the soldiers, who spent the greater part of their time either sleeping or smoking. Several schemes were concerted, and all frustrated. Preparations were made at one time for ridding themselves of their irons, which was to be effected during the night; when they were to rise upon the guard, take command of the vessel, and carry her into some port where they might escape. Had this bold attempt been undertaken without success, several lives, no doubt, would have been lost. Their situation was desperate; and desperate means were necessary to be attempted. Just before the appointed time arrived, they were surprised to see the number of the guards about their persons increased, themselves examined, and their irons thoroughly inspected. This excited a suspicion, that some one of their number, whose heart failed him, had betrayed them.

Two or three at a time had been permitted to go upon deck, during the day time, and remain an hour or two in the fresh air. These indulgences were attributed to the fear of the commander, of being captured by some English vessel with whom they might fall in during their voyage; when their severe treatment might be retaliated.

The prisoners, finding they had failed in one scheme, had recourse to another. It was proposed and agreed to, that in case they should not happen to fall into the hands of the English, before they should reach Carthagena, one of them, at a time to be agreed upon, should descend into the magazine room, and by means of a lighted cigar, set fire to the powder, and put an end, at once, to their sufferings, by blowing themselves and the vessel out of existence. This scheme met with the same ill success as the former.

They were now arrived in sight of Carthagena, and all hopes of being captured or of escape were gone. Just as they were making the port, an English frigate hove in sight, and in full chase after them—but she was too late. An uncommon fatality seemed to attend all their prospects of relief. They arrived in Carthagena on the 17th of August 1806, after a voyage of ten days.

On the next day they were all taken out and marched up through the gate of the walls of the town, and through the town to the prison, ready to receive them. The sorrowful appearance the prisoners made in marching along in their irons through the town (about 47 in number) not having any thing upon their heads, but exposed to the hot sun—

without any thing upon their feet, and in rags, drew forth a multitude of Spaniards to behold them. Surrounded with men, women, and children, it was with difficulty they could make headway through them. The shabby appearance of a majority of the inhabitants showed, that the prisoners were not entirely out of fashion in their tattered dress.

After arriving at the place of confinement, they were separated and put into three different rooms or holes, almost destitute of the light of the sun; cut off from the circulation of the air; hot, filthy, and without any thing to rest their heads upon but the bare ground. Whilst reflecting upon these sorrowful regions of despair, they were comforted by the information from their keeper, that these were only temporary places of confinement until another one was fitted up.

The prison which was fitted up to receive the prisoners was adjacent to, and formed a part of the walls of the town, or the walls of the town formed the back walls of the prison—the front facing in upon the town. The walls were made of stone and lime, about 12 or 13 feet thick. The rooms or cells, in which the prisoners were to be confined, were about 90 feet long and about 30 wide. There were no windows or holes to let in light, except through the gratings of the door, where the guard was placed—a few small air holes led through the back of the prison; and sentinels were placed upon the top of the prison walls. The floor of the prison was made of bricks, which formed the only pillows the prisoners had to lay their heads upon. To this prison all were removed after remaining several days in their temporary places of confinement, except those who were sentenced to labour at Bocca Chica. They were taken out and commenced their term of servitude, of which mention will be made afterwards. This prison, although of a similar make to the first, they were happy to find, afforded them more room, more air, and more light.

They were now reduced to the number of twenty-eight, who were all confined in one apartment. Their irons were examined and more strongly riveted upon them. Those irons consisted of two heavy clevises which were placed round the ancles, at the ends of which were holes, and through these ran an iron bolt, fastening them upon the ancles and joining one ancle with the other, at about six inches apart, just enabling them to limp along, by hitching one foot before the other. These irons weighed about 20 or 25 pounds weight. At first their ancles became so galled by them, which continually fretted the flesh whenever they attempted to exercise, that it was with difficulty they could walk about the floor of the prison. At length having grown lank and thin by the loss of flesh, they were enabled to raise the irons almost up to their knees, and by means of strings tied to the bolts and round their necks, kept them in that situation, by which they were much relieved in walking.

Their keeper was an Old-Spainer, and a sergeant of the guards. He was intrusted with the superintendence of all the prisoners in confinement. He kept a kind of provision shop, near the prison, and was the purveyor of the prisoners, and supplied them, in behalf of the government, with food. The prisoners were served twice a day, with a sort of fare, consisting of boiled plantains, rice, and water, and sometimes a small piece of fish. About one pint of this pottage was served out to each, in the fore part of the day; and towards evening the same repeated. In some seasons of the year, when vegetables and food were not so plenty, they were scanted to a little rice and water, or a boiled plantain or two, scarcely sufficient to support nature. Their allowance was eighteen pence per day. This was paid to the old sergeant, who for one shilling a piece, supplied

them with those two meals a day, and the surplus six pence he paid them. This money they either laid out in buying more food, or some kind of covering for their bodies, or laid it up till times of sickness. After a while, they were allowed the eighteen pence in money, instead of food, with which they were to support themselves.

In this situation they were to remain, as they were told, until they could be removed to their places of labour. It was, however, understood that they would not be removed during the war between England and Spain, as the harbour was continually blockaded by English vessels.

Those nineteen prisoners who were sentenced to the Castle Bocca Chica [Little Mouth] which is situated at the mouth of the harbour of Carthagena, were taken out and put to labour in the town of Carthagena; their irons were taken off—an iron band put round each of their ancles, with a staple in it, by which two persons were chained together, with a large ox-chain about 20 feet long, and weighing fifty or eighty pounds. —They were then put to labour with the common criminal convict slaves of the place. Their labour consists principally in digging, fetching, and carrying large stones and sand, for the purpose of building fortifications, &c.—this they do upon a handbarrow. After they get their load upon the handbarrow, they place upon it their chains, which would otherwise drag upon the ground, and proceed to carry it wherever it may be wanted.

When they were let out to labour, being almost naked, the scorching sun was so powerful, as to raise blisters upon the parts exposed to the heat; the middle of the day was almost insupportable, many would faint and fall under the load they were compelled to carry. This, instead of exciting pity, would only bring upon them the lash of the negro slave-driver, who attended them. At first they suffered much for want of hats. These they procured out of the money which was allowed them to live upon. The large straw hats were of great service in screening much of their bodies from the sun. After labouring in this manner for some time, they became more accustomed to the climate, their skins were soon tanned from white to brown, and the heat became more endurable. They are called up in the morning by their drivers, at daylight, and put to work. At noon and night they are permitted to eat whatever they can procure with their scanty pittance. At night they are locked up in a prison, where they rest till morning. They passed and repassed the prison where their fellow countrymen were confined, but were not permitted to have any access to them. Whenever any one was sick, he was sent to the slaves' hospital, where he remained till his health was recovered. In this manner they still continue to wear out their wearied lives.

Soon after their imprisonment, several were attacked with fevers, the flux, black jaundice, and other disorders that prevail during the sickly season. Their complaints were little attended to by their keepers. No assistance was offered them at first. They were obliged to endure their sickness, lying upon the hard tiles of the prison floor. At length one of the prisoners, by the name of John Burk, died. This excited more attention to their complaints, and shortly afterwards, they were indulged with the liberty of going to the hospital whenever they were unwell.

The prisoners seeing no prospect of meliorating their condition, turned their attention to the making of a breach in the wall of the prison. Every convenient moment that could be embraced, with safety, was appropriated to that purpose, not only during the night, but sometimes during the day. The person from whom detection was most to be feared, was the sentinel at the door, and by watching his motions through the grates,

they might direct the one at work, in such a manner as to avoid suspicion. During the night, a lamp was kept continually burning in the back part of the prison, for the benefit of the sentinel; and as the prisoners had little else to do in the day time, except indulge themselves in sleep and rest, it was generally the case that more or less of them were up during the night, walking the floor for exercise and air. This practice was now regularly pursued, that the noise of their irons and their talk, might drown the noise of the hammer. The hole where they were at work, was at the further end of the prison, and about 80 feet from the door, so that no uncommon noise beyond what was constantly made amongst so many prisoners, was required to deceive the ears of the sentinel. The wall, through which they expected to pass, was about thirteen feet thick, and was made of stones, bricks, and mortar cemented together. The stones were not of the hardest kind, but generally such as are found along the seashore, from whence they were brought. After one night's work was over, and just before morning, the pieces of stone, brick, and mortar, &c. which came from the hole, were by means of water and lime, which was privately procured, made into a kind of mortar, and replaced into the hole, the outside rubbed over with a little white-wash, and the old hammock hung before it as usual. So that the keeper when he came into the prison, seeing every thing in its proper place, his suspicion was not excited, nor had he any curiosity to make any particular examinations.

In this manner they continued to pursue their labour, alternately relieving each other, particularly those who made their escape; the principal part of the rest being averse to the attempt, conceiving it hazardous, and that it possibly might involve them in a worse situation. But Mr. Lippincott, Sherman, and Smith, were determined to persevere and take the risk and blame upon themselves. Sometimes the sickness and removal of several of the prisoners to the hospital, would cause a cessation of their progress for awhile; but it was again renewed upon their recovery.

In order to be prepared to rid themselves of their irons, by the time the hole through the walls should be completed, or upon any other favourable occasion, they procured (by certain out-door assistance) several old knives, which by means of a file they made into saws. With these, while some were engaged at the walls, others were busy sawing upon their bolts, which passed through their ancle irons, and connected them together. When they ceased sawing, the saw cuts, made in the bolts, they filled up with wax, by which means they could scarcely be discovered upon inspection. After several months sawing, occasionally in this manner, they had succeeded in sawing their bolts so far off as to be enabled, with their hands, by bending them backwards and forwards, to break them apart. This being done, they filled the cuts up with wax, and remained in that situation, prepared to throw them off whenever occasion required.

Those who were sick at the hospital, having recovered, returned to their prison, and commenced working at the breach in the wall, with all possible diligence. Mr. Lippincott and Mr. Sherman had previously received from a friend certain advances in money, for which they gave him their bills on their friends in America. This money was privately smuggled into their prison. To this they were in a great measure indebted for their subsequent success. They were now enabled to obtain many things in prison necessary for carrying on their operations. They procured knives, files, &c. and a sufficiency of provisions by which they were enabled to recover strength to encounter the intended attempt. Many other advantages they derived from this source,

which it is not conceived necessary, here to enumerate.

They had now, after about seven months' diligent labour, though interrupted at intervals, so far finished the hole as to reach the outside of the prison walls. A few minutes would complete it so as to enable them to pass out.

About this time one of the prisoners, Mr. Jeremiah Powell, received a pardon from the king of Spain, and was discharged from his imprisonment.

On or about the 7th of November, 1807, about 11 o'clock at night, after the usual hour of rest, they prepared to take French leave of their old sergeant. They divided the number of prisoners, who were willing to risk the danger, into different companies, for better safety after they were out. Mr. Lippincott and Sherman formed one company by themselves. They then drew lots to ascertain who should first venture out, and the order in which they should proceed. The principal immediate danger to be apprehended, was from the sentinels upon the top of the wall, who might not happen to be asleep upon their post. The person who drew the first chance to go out, happened to be a prisoner who was unwell, and accordingly declined going. Mr. Lippincott and Mr. Sherman agreed with him to take his chance off his hands. Mr. Sherman having taken off his irons, first went out. Immediately Mr. Lippincott followed, and the rest pursued in their order. No noise was made, and the sentry remained undisturbed. Lippincott and Sherman crept round the walls of the town, until they came to a river, on the other side of which was a small village. After travelling up and down the shore of this river, they discovered a canoe hauled up before the door of a Spanish hut. This with great difficulty they dragged into the river, notwithstanding they were molested by dogs, whose noise was near thwarting their attempt. After effecting this, they crossed over, landed near a guard-house, and were near falling into the hands of the guard. Owing to the darkness of the night, however, they avoided them. Here they travelled about in search of a place where they could be concealed for the ensuing day, until being weak and fatigued with the difficulties they had encountered, their strength failed them, and they sat, or rather fell down in the street. It was nearly daylight; and they had but a short time to provide for their safety. At length discovering a light, in a small hut at some distance, they approached it, made themselves known to the poor tenants, as prisoners in distress, and immediately offered them two or three pieces of gold. They shook their heads, but upon doubling the sum, they consented to receive, and secret them for a short time. They remained in this situation until the next night, when they made their escape to another place, where they remained secreted for several weeks, when they made another move, trusting to their friend, which they carried in their pockets.

The other sixteen prisoners took a course along the edge of the shore, except Moses Smith, who being somewhat unwell, and unable to proceed, concealed himself in the bushes, where he lay until the second night, during which time the cavalry and other soldiers passed by, and were near falling upon him in pursuit of the prisoners. He crept out, and taking the course that Mr. Lippincott and Sherman had taken, crossed the river, where he again concealed himself until the ensuing night, being two days without eating. The next day he came across a friend who informed him where he could find Mr. Lippincott and Sherman. They received him in with them and afforded him their assistance. Shortly afterwards all three, Mr. Lippincott, Sherman, and Smith, embarked on board of a boat, that they procured for that purpose, and put to sea in expecta-

tion of being picked up by some English vessel off the harbour. This expectation was realized, though not by an English vessel; and after a voyage of 31 days, they arrived safe in the United States in January 1808, when they proceeded to their homes at Philadelphia and New York, having been absent more than two years, and nearly two years in prison.

The other fifteen prisoners pursued the edge of the shore for about ten miles, when their progress was intercepted by a river or ferry. In pursuing this river up and down, in order to cross, they happened all to meet at an old Spaniard's house, for the purpose of procuring means to cross over. The Spaniard immediately knew who they were, and began to ask them some questions, and offered his services to assist them, which they gladly accepted. He engaged with them, that upon their giving him what money they had, he would conceal them that night, and the next ensuing night would carry them to the Indian Territory, about 40 miles from Carthagena, where they might easily make their escape. This agreement they concluded, and paid him what money they had, being in the whole about 50 dollars. The next day the Spaniard was informed that the governour had offered ten dollars a head for them. This reward he found would amount to more than he had received from the prisoners. Accordingly, he went and most treacherously made an agreement with the government to give them up. The next day, towards evening, he, together with two or three other Spaniards, took the prisoners on board of a boat to carry them to the place agreed upon. After passing along by the town, he rowed them to the shore, under some pretence or other, when immediately appeared about 50 armed soldiers and horsemen, according to appointment, ready to receive them, and instantly took them into custody, and carried them back to their prison.

Observations on the Stratagems, &c. of Apes and Monkeys in a Wild State, and in Captivity.

INDEPENDENTLY of the general form of these animals, and of their external and internal organization, which in many respects present a striking and humiliating resemblance to those of men, their playfulness, their frolicks, and gambols, have in all ages attracted the notice of mankind. Some naturalists have asserted, that they are capable of reasoning and reflecting; and that they are guided by an instinctive sagacity much superiour to that of the brute creation in general. They are, however, certainly destitute of every essential faculty of man: incapable as well of thought as of speech, there is an immense interval betwixt the creature formed in mind after the image of God, and these mere brutes, bearing some rude traits of the elemental parts of the human frame.

Every one will acknowledge that, in general, both apes and monkeys are excessively ugly. Their limbs are peculiarly strong; and they have great delight in breaking, tearing in pieces, or stealing whatever comes in their way. In all their operations and manœuvres, their agility is astonishing. Whenever any thing offends or throws them into a passion, they indicate their rage by chattering violently with their teeth. Many of them, if beaten, will sigh, groan, and weep, like children; but most of them, on these occasions, utter dreadful shrieks of distress. They make such ridiculous grimaces, place themselves in such strange and whimsical attitudes, and in other respects conduct themselves so singularly, that few persons, even of those who most dislike them, can, on these occasions,

refrain from smiling, and nearly all must be amused by them.

It is said, that there are some races of monkeys which keep up a certain discipline among themselves. Though active in the highest degree in pillaging plantations and cultivated grounds, they seldom go on important expeditions for this purpose but in numerous troops. If they meditate an attack, for instance, on a melon bed, a large party of them enters the garden. The animals range themselves, if possible, under a hedge or fence, at some distance from each other, and throw the melons, from hand to hand, with astonishing rapidity. The line they form usually terminates in a mountain or forest, and all their operations are executed during the most profound silence.

Wafer tells us, that when he was on shore in the island of Gorgonia, he observed several monkeys, of the *four fingered* species, come down, at low water, to the rocks of the seacoast, for the purpose of devouring oysters. They got at the food contained within the shells, by placing one oyster on a stone, and beating it in pieces with another. The *Malbrouk* of Bengal [*Simia Faunus* of Linnæus] is reported to do the same.

Many of these animals, and particularly the *preacher*, and *four fingered* monkeys [*Simia beelzebul* and *Simia paniscus* of Linnæus] have sometimes dreadful contentions, in which great numbers on both sides are frequently slain. They employ weapons in their combats; and often arm themselves with stones and pieces of wood, which they throw with sure aim, and astonishing violence, at each other. They have, on these occasions, neither deserters nor stragglers; for in times of danger they never forsake each other. They run along the plains, and even leap from tree to tree with surprising rapidity.

The instincts and sagacity of these animals are, in many instances, such as not to be injured or diminished even by captivity. In some houses we see the *Wanderu* [*Simia Silenus* of Linnæus) a cunning and audacious monkey, much inclined to ridicule and grimace. He may be taught to dress and undress himself; to spin; to poke the fire; to push a wheelbarrow; or play on a tambourine. He will wash earthen vessels or glasses without breaking them, and carry light burthens from place to place, whenever he is ordered to do so. A monkey of this species has been observed to turn a spit with one hand whilst with the other he held a piece of bread under the meat to receive the gravy. It is, perhaps, needless to remark, that he immediately afterwards devoured it.

A wanderu was exhibited at Bourdeaux, in the year 1762, which by his actions excited much astonishment in the spectators. When mounted on an extended cord, he first stretched out each of his feet to have them chalked; then, taking in his hand a pole weighted at each end, similar to the balance employed by rope-dancers, he walked backward and forward, cut capers, and executed numerous other tricks, with infinitely greater ease and celerity than the most expert rope-dancer that had before been seen.

The monkeys, however, that are trained and educated by some of the Indian buffoons, are reported to be by far the most agile and adroit of all animals that are reared in captivity.

Some of the apes, such as the *oran otans*, the *patas*, and the *dog-faced apes*, are said always to place a sentinel on the top of a tree, or on some other elevated situation, to keep watch when the rest are either about to sleep or to engage in any marauding expedition. The motions or the cry of this animal are a signal of danger, and immediately the whole troop scampers off with the utmost rapidity. It has been asserted, but few persons will be inclined to credit the

assertion, that the sentinels are often punished with death for neglecting their duty.

The Europeans at the Cape of Good Hope sometimes catch young apes by stratagem, or by previously killing their dam, and bring them up with care for the purpose of rendering them afterwards serviceable. When they have attained their growth, they are taught to guard the house of their owner during the night, and on all occasions of his absence. This they do with great fidelity; but as they increase in age, their mischievous propensities develop themselves, and they oftentimes become extremely illtempered and ferocious. These apes, which are of the *ursine* species, are so much inclined to imitation, that they seldom see any thing done without attempting to do the same. Some of them are very stubborn and perverse; but many are readily susceptible of education, learning, without difficulty, almost every thing that is taught them.

Condamine and Bouger saw, in Peru, some domesticated monkeys of large size, which had been admitted into the apartments of the academicians, during the time they were employed in making observations in the mountains. These animals greatly excited the astonishment of the academicians, by afterwards, of their own accord, going through a series of imitations. They planted the signals, ran to the pendulum, and then immediately to the table, as if for the purpose of committing to paper the observations they had made. They occasionally pointed the telescopes towards the heavens, as if to view the planets or stars, and performed numerous other feats of a similar nature.

The whimsical occurrence which took place before the troops of Alexander the Great, is too singular and too amusing to be passed over in silence. The soldiers under command of this monarch always marched in order of battle. They happened one night to encamp on a mountain, that was inhabited by a numerous tribe of monkeys. On the following morning, they saw at a distance what appeared to be an immense body of troops approaching them, as if with the intention of coming to an engagement. The commanders, as well as the soldiers, were in the utmost astonishment. Having entirely subdued the prince of the country, they could not conceive from whence this new force could have come. They had not previously been informed of any thing of the kind. The alarm was immediately given, and in a short time the whole Macedonian army was drawn up in battle-array, to combat with this unexpected enemy. The prince of the country, who was a prisoner in the camp, was interrogated respecting it. He was surprised to be informed of such a force in the neighbourhood, and requested permission to behold it himself. He smiled at the mistake; and the Macedonians were not a little chagrined that they should have been such fools as to take a troop of these imitative animals for a band of armed men.

All the apes and monkeys are reported to entertain a natural aversion and antipathy to the crocodile. It is said, that some of them will even faint at seeing or smelling the skin of one of these frightful reptiles.

The animals of that subdivision of the tribe denominated *sapajous* have long tails, which they can coil up, and employ in some respects, but particularly in descending trees, as a hand. By means of their tails, they are also able to swing themselves backward and forward amongst the branches of trees.

Monkeys are seldom known to produce young ones, except in hot climates. The *Barbary apes*, however, [*Simia inuus* of Linnæus] which are found wild at Gibraltar, bring young ones in great abundance amongst the inaccessible precipices of the rock. A female of this species has also been

known to produce offspring in a state of captivity, at one of the hotels in Paris. A *striated monkey* [*Simia jacchus*] brought forth young ones in the house of a merchant at Lisbon, and another in that of a lady in Paris.

Female monkeys generally carry their young ones nearly in the same manner as negresses do their children. The little animals cling to the back of their dam by their hind feet, and embrace the neck with their paws. When the females suckle them, it is said that they hold them in their arms, and present the teat as a woman would to a child.

Monkeys usually live in much more extensive troops than apes. The troops of *patas*, or *red monkeys of Senegal*, are reported to amount sometimes to as many as three or four thousand. Some naturalists believe that they form a sort of republick, in which a great degree of subordination is kept up. That they always travel in good order, conducted by chiefs, the strongest and most experienced animals of their troop; and that, on these occasions, some of the largest monkeys are likewise placed in the rear, the sound of whose voice immediately silences that of any of the others that happen to be too noisy. The orderly and expert retreat of these creatures from danger is an amusing sight to Europeans, unaccustomed to the native manners of such animals. The negroes believe them to be a vagabond race of men, who are too indolent to construct habitations to live in, or to cultivate the ground for subsistence. They sometimes commit dreadful havock in the fields and gardens of persons who inhabit the countries where they abound.

The different species of monkeys are seldom known to intermix or associate together; but each tribe generally inhabits a different quarter. The negroes who have not been taught the use of fire arms, are said to kill them by shooting them in the face with arrows. But it often happens, when the *sapajous* are shot, that in the act of falling from the tree they seize hold of a branch with their tail, and, dying in this situation, continue suspended even for a long time after death. When a monkey of some of the larger species is wounded, the rest will frequently collect together, and with great fury pursue the hunters to their huts or lodgments.

It was formerly supposed that man was the only animal which could be infected by the smallpox and measles; but it is now ascertained that monkeys, kept in houses where these complaints prevail, are also liable to receive the infection.

In the year 1767, the inhabitants of Saint Germain-en-Laie, near Paris, were witness to a monkey's catching the small pox, by playing with children who were infected, and the animal bore the marks of it for a considerable time afterwards. A circumstance nearly similar was observed also at Paris. M. Paulet, a medical man of some eminence, was called upon, in 1770, to attend a person who had the measles. As the disease was contagious, he requested that every possible precaution might be taken to prevent it from spreading; and particularly that a monkey, accustomed to play with the children of the house, should, on no account, have any communication with the invalid. The request was made too late. One of the sick person's sisters, and at the same time also the monkey, which had been accustomed to sleep at the foot of her bed, was attacked by the disease. The monkey, in consequence, was treated in the same manner as a human subject. M. Paulet, on examining the state of the animal's pulse, found it so quick that it was scarcely possible to count the pulsations. In the axillary artery these were much more sensible than in any other. And he declared that, as nearly as he could count them, they were about five hundred

in a minute. We ought to remark, that this monkey was of a very low stature, and that in all animals, the shorter they are the quicker is their pulse. These facts, which are well authenticated, sufficiently prove (independently of others) that the smallpox and measles are not diseases entirely confined to the human species; but that animals, as well as men, are liable to receive the infection from them. Numerous instances have occurred of the smallpox being communicated to and from animals. Those from cattle are now well known. A shepherd infected with the smallpox has been known to communicate the disease to his sheep, and these sheep to those of another flock. A horse has been observed to be covered with the pustules of the smallpox. Goats are sometimes attacked by it; and, when this is the case, great numbers generally perish. [*See Roder. à Castro, lib. 4. de Meteor. Microc. cap.* 6.] This dreadful contagion is likewise frequently known to extend to the flocks of raindeer in Lapland.

Such is the summary of the principal observations that have been transmitted to us by different travellers, respecting the manners and habits of life of the animals which constitute this interesting tribe; and from what has been said, it appears that they have a nearer alliance than any other quadruped, in the general conformation of their bodies, to the human race. They consequently have the art of imitating human actions better than any others, since they are able to use their fore feet as hands. From the general organization of the monkeys, they are likewise capable of an education nearer allied to that of man, than any other animal. Some naturalists have attributed infinitely too much sagacity to them, whilst others have certainly not allowed enough. The monkeys seem to do those things which mankind do before their reason is matured by age; and in this respect there is no other quadruped which bears any resemblance to them. Most animals seem at times to be actuated by the spirit of revenge. By the different means that are employed to gratify this passion, we may in a measure judge of the different degrees of their instinct; and every one knows how greatly the monkey exceeds all other brutes in its vindictive malice. There appears, in some measure, an analogy even betwixt the vices, if we may so call them, of the monkeys, and the disgusting brutality too often observable in the vitious and degraded part of mankind.

The animals of the monkey tribe differ very essentially from each other in their general manners and habits of life. The *oran otan* is susceptible of more considerable attainments than any of the others. The short muzzled monkeys, with long tails, such as the greater part of the *guenons*, *sapajous*, and *sagoins*, are for the most part exceedingly tractable, and receive a certain degree of instruction without much difficulty. But some of the apes, and baboons, with long muzzles, are so savage and ferocious as to be incapable of any education whatever.

The monkeys of the new continent, as might naturally be supposed, differ (at least in some degree) in their habits of life from those of the old world. The great Author of Nature has assigned to them several characteristicks that are peculiar to themselves: such, amongst others, are the situation and separation of the nasal orifices; and the presence of two additional grinders in each jaw. We, likewise, are acquainted with no species of monkey, belonging to the ancient world, that has a preheusile tail, or the bony pouch observable in the throat of the preacher monkey and the arabata [*Simia beelzebul* and *Simia seniculus* of Linnæus.]

In some countries monkeys, even in their wild state, are rendered serviceable to mankind. It is said, that in districts where pepper and cocoa

grow, the inhabitants, availing themselves of the imitative faculties and the agility of the monkeys, are able to procure an infinitely greater quantity of these articles than they could do by any other means. They mount some of the lowest branches of the trees, break off the extremities where the fruit grows, and then descend and carefully range them together on the ground. The animals afterwards ascend the same trees, strip the branches all the way to the top, and dispose them in a similar manner. After the monkeys have gone to rest, the Indians return and carry off the spoil.

In some places, it is this inclination to imitate human actions which leads to their destruction. The Indians carry in their hands vessels filled with water, and rub their faces with it in the presence of the monkeys; then substituting a kind of glue instead of water, leave the vessels behind them and retire. The observant creatures seize the vessels and do the same; when the glue, adhering strongly to their hair and eyelids, completely blinds them, and prevents every possibility of their effecting an escape.

In other places, the natives take to the habitations of the monkeys a kind of boots, which they put on and pull off their legs several times successively. These are then rubbed over in the inside with a strong glue; and when the monkeys attempt to do the same, they are unable to disengage themselves, and, consequently, are caught without difficulty.

Sometimes the inhabitants carry in their hands a mirror, and appear to amuse themselves by looking at it in different attitudes. In place of these they leave a kind of traps, not unlike the glasses in external appearance, which, when the animals take them up, seize and secure them by the paws.

The inhabitants of St. Vincent le Blanc catch monkeys in several kinds of traps and snares. Sometimes, when they have caught the young ones, they put them into a cage, and appear to teaze and torment them, in order that they may likewise catch the parents.

The hunters of some countries place near the haunts of monkeys vessels containing strong and intoxicating liquors. The animals drink of them, and in a short time become so drunk, as to lie down on the spot and fall asleep.

Some of the Indians ascend to the summits of the mountains in which the animals breed, and construct there a pile of wood, round the base of which they spread a quantity of maize. They place on the pile some substance, which, on being exposed to heat, explodes with tremendous noise. This is contrived to explode during the time that the monkeys are employed in devouring the maize, and, in the terrour and astonishment, the old animals scamper off on all sides with the utmost rapidity, leaving their young ones a prey to the hunters.

The dexterity of monkeys is such, that, although burthened by their offspring clinging to their backs, they can leap from tree to tree, if the distance is not very great, and secure their hold among the branches with the greatest certainty. When they perceive any person taking aim at them, either with a gun or bow, they cry out and grind their teeth sometimes in the most horrible manner. They are often able to avoid the arrows that are shot at them, and sometimes they even catch them in their hands. When any one of their community is shot, and falls to the ground, all the rest set up a dismal and tremendous howl, which makes all the adjacent mountains and woods resound. If a monkey is wounded, and does not fall, it frequently happens that his companions will seize and carry it off far beyond the reach of their enemy: and miserable is the fate of that hunter who is imprudent enough to venture near their haunts during that same day. When the

animals reascend the trees, they each carry a stone in their hands, and generally another in their mouths; and, in such case, these are thrown at their adversary with a correctness of aim that is truly astonishing.

The inhabitants of several countries derive a means of subsistence from the flesh of these animals. We are assured by Condamine, that in Cayenne the monkeys are the kind of game that is more frequently pursued than any other; and that the Indians of the country bordering on the river of the Amazons are peculiarly fond of their flesh. Their fat is esteemed a sovereign remedy for stiffness in the joints. In the Portuguese settlements in South America, powdered monkey's bones are considered an excellent sudorifick, and likewise as anti-venereal. In the gall-bladder of one or two of the Indian species, but particularly of the *dorick* and *wanderu*, a kind of gall-stone is sometimes found. These, says Tavernier, the natives have been known to sell for as much as a hundred crowns each. They will not, in general, permit them to be exported out of their country as articles of commerce, but chiefly preserve them as an invaluable present to foreign ambassadours residing amongst them. They are considered to possess all the properties that have been attributed to the most precious of the bezoar stones.

W. BINGLEY.

Christ Church.

DIAMONDS.

BY W. WOOD, F.L.S.

THOSE persons who are totally unacquainted with the operation of chymistry, will not readily believe that the most precious stone in the world, is nothing but modified charcoal; and that, far from being indestructible, it may be entirely consumed by fire. Such, however, is the fact; for the knowledge of which we are particularly indebted to the decisive experiment of Mr. Tennant; though other chymists have not been deficient in their operation on the same subject. It was found, from some experiments which preceded those of Mr. Tennant, that the diamond, though it was capable of resisting the effects of violent heat in a close vessel, might be consumed when exposed to the joint action of heat and air. These experiments, however, if we except those by Lavoisier, only proved the inflammability of the diamond. Mr. Tennant and, we ought to add, Mr. Guyton, went further, and not only proved its combustible nature, but likewise ascertained its component parts. According, therefore, to the present arrangement of minerals, this substance is placed among the combustible bodies: nevertheless, we have taken the liberty to leave it at the head of the precious stones, as a more natural, though less scientifick, situation than the other.

Diamonds, when brought to Europe in their rough state, are said to be either in the shape of roundish pebbles with shining surfaces, or in octaëdral crystals; but they are not entirely confined to this form, as they vary in several respects, and sometimes occur with twenty-four, and even forty-eight sides.

These precious stones are principally found in the East Indies, in the kingdoms of Golconda and Visapour in the peninsula on this side the Ganges, nearly eighteen degrees from the line. They are likewise in the kingdoms of Pegu and of Siam, in Brasil, and in South America. One circumstance is worthy of remark respecting the situation of diamond mines. It is, that those of America are at the same distance in the southern hemisphere that the Asiatick

mines are in the northern. The diamonds of India are, in general, larger, and of a finer water, than those of Brasil, but by no means so abundant. As a proof of this, Patrin tells us, that when the mines of Brasil were first discovered, the Portuguese were so successful in their researches, that in 1730, the Rio Janeiro fleet brought away eleven hundred and forty-six ounces. This prodigious quantity, brought immediately into the market, so reduced the price of diamonds, that, to prevent their becoming too common, the court of Portugal afterwards confined the employment of diamond hunting to a certain number of persons.

The account which Tavernier has given us of the diamond mines of Asia is very circumstantial, and deserves our particular attention, as being written by a person who travelled so many years for the sole purpose of collecting diamonds. The first mine he visited was at Raolconda, in the kingdom of Visapour; and the account he gives of this place is nearly as follows:

"Round about the place where the diamonds are found, the ground is sandy and full of rocks, which contain veins from half a finger to a finger wide. These veins are full of earth, or sand, which the miners pick out with instruments on purpose, and carefully deposit in a tub, as it is amongst this earth that the diamonds are found. They are sometimes obliged to break the rock in order to trace the veins for the sake of the earth; and as soon as this is accomplished, and all the sand removed, it is carefully washed two or three times and the diamonds, if there be any, picked out. There are several diamond cutters at this mine, but none of them have above one mill, which is of steel. They never cut more than one stone at a time upon each mill, and use oil and diamond powder to facilitate the operation, at the same time loading the stone with a heavy weight."

According to this account of Tavernier's, the Indian lapidaries are very expert in cutting the diamonds, and will frequently undertake to divide a stone, which, from its unfavourable appearance, the Europeans will not venture upon.

Speaking of the government of the mines, Tavernier says, they trade very freely and honestly, the king receiving two per cent. on all that are bought, besides a certain duty from the merchants for leave to dig. When these traders have fixed upon a spot, they begin their search, and employ a number of miners, in proportion to the hurry they may be in.

Sometimes a hundred men are employed at once; and when this is the case, the merchant pays four pagodas to the king for every day they work, and two when the number is not so great.

When Tavernier visited these mines, the poor people never got above three pagodas* for the labour of a year, though they understand their business extremely well. These trifling wages, and the distress they suffer in consequence, make them hide a stone whenever they can find an opportunity. This, it must be confessed, is but seldom, as, besides being strictly guarded, they work almost naked; and therefore, not having any outward protection for their stolen goods, they are sometimes induced to swallow them. When any of these people chance to meet with a large stone, they carry it to the master of the work, who rewards them accordingly.

Every day, after dinner, the master of the miners brings the diamonds to the lodgings of the merchants, in order to show them; and if the stones are large, or sufficiently numerous to amount to more than the sum of two thousand crowns, he will leave them for some days, that the merchants may have time to consider their value, and agree about the price. This, it seems, they are

* About 1*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

obliged to do before the return of the owner, who will never bring the same stones again, unless mixed with others.

It appears from Tavernier's account, that the diamond traffick is carried on by persons of all ages, and that even children are taught to barter for them. "It is very pleasant," says the traveller, "to see the young children of the merchants and other people of the country, from the age of ten to fifteen or sixteen years, who seat themselves on a tree that lies in a void place in the town. Every one of them has his diamond weights in a little bag hanging at one side; on the other his purse, with five or six hundred pagodas in gold in it. There they sit, expecting when any person will come to sell them some diamonds. If any person brings them a stone, they put it into the hands of the eldest boy amongst them, who is, as it were, their chief, who looks upon it, and after that gives it to him that is next him; by which means it goes from hand to hand, till it returns to him again, none of the rest speaking a word. After that he demands the price to buy it, if possible; but if he buy it too dear, it is upon his own account. In the evening the children compute what they have laid out; when they look upon their stones, and separate them according to their water, their weight, and clearness. Then they bring them to the principal merchants, who have generally great parcels to match; and the profit is divided among the children equally, only the chief among them has a fourth in the hundred more than the rest. Young as they are, they so well understand the price of stones, that if one of them has made any purchase, and is willing to lose one half in the hundred, the other will give him his money."

The secrecy which the Indians observe in their dealings with each other is singular enough; for they will contrive to sell the same parcel of diamonds several times to each other without speaking a word; so that no by stander can possibly tell what they have been doing. The manner in which this is accomplished has been thus described by Tavernier: "The buyer and seller sit one before another like two tailors; and the seller, opening his girdle, takes the right hand of the purchaser, and conveys it, together with his own, beneath his girdle, where the bargain is secretly driven in the presence of many merchants, without the knowledge of any one. The parties never speak or make any signs with their mouths or eyes, but only converse with their hands; and this is managed in the following manner:—When the seller takes the purchaser by the whole hand, it signifies a thousand; and as often as he squeezes it, it means so many thousand pagodas or rupees, according to the money in question. If he takes but half, to the knuckle of the middle finger, that is as much as to say fifty; the small end of the finger to the first knuckle signifies ten. When he grasps five fingers, it signifies five hundred; but if one finger, one hundred."

Seven days journey from Golconda, towards the east, there is another diamond mine, called Gani, or, in the Persian language, Coulour. This mine is said to have been discovered by a countryman, who, digging a piece of ground to sow millet, found a pointed stone that weighed above twenty-five carats. This, being carried to Golconda, immediately induced the inhabitants to search further; and such was the success of their industry, that not only many other stones of considerable size were found, but the wonderful diamond, weighing nine hundred carats, which Mirzimala afterwards presented to Aureng-zeb.

When Tavernier first visited this mine, there were about sixty thousand persons at work, consisting of men, women, and children; the men being employed to dig, the women and children to carry the earth. When

the miners have fixed upon the place where they intend to dig, they level another, somewhat larger, in the same neighbourhood, and enclose it with a wall about two feet high, only leaving apertures from space to space, to give passage to the water. The place being thus prepared, the people that are to work meet all together, men, women, and children, with the workmaster, his friends and relations But before any thing is done, a superstitious ceremony is performed to render their labours propitious. The only passive personage in this ceremony is a little household god which the master brings with him, and before which the people prostrate themselves three times, while the *brahman* says a certain prayer.

This being ended, he marks the forehead of every one with a kind of glue, made of saffron and gum, and is careful that the spot is large enough to hold seven or eight grains of rice, which he sticks upon it. Their bodies are then washed with the water which every one brings in his pot; after which they arrange themselves in order to partake of the repast which the workmaster has prepared for them. This is merely a plate of rice to each person, with the addition of a quarter of a pound of butter melted in a small copper pot with some sugar.

After the feast is finished, every person proceeds to his business; the men digging the earth in the place first discovered, and the women and children carrying it off into the other, or walled, enclosure. When they find water they cease to dig; and the water thus found washes the earth two or three times; after which it is let out at an aperture reserved for that purpose. When the earth has been washed again, and well dried, they sift it in a kind of open sieve; which operation is repeated before they begin to look for diamonds.

Another mine which Tavernier speaks of as famous for its diamonds, is the bed of the river Goual, near Soumelpour, a large town built entirely of earth, and covered with branches of cocoa trees. The river Goual runs within a mile of the town, in its way from the mountains towards the Ganges. All our fine diamond points or sparks, called natural sparks, are brought from this river, where they are collected as soon as the great rains are over, which is about the end of December.

As soon in January as the water is grown clear, eight or ten thousand persons, of all ages and both sexes, come out of Soumelpour and the neighbouring villages. The most experienced among them search and examine the sand of the river, going up from Soumelpour to the very mountain whence it springs. Those who are used to this business know by the sand whether any diamonds are likely to be found or not; and judge it a favourable sign when they find a number of those stones which we call thunder stones at the bottom of the river. When they have reason to believe that the produce will pay them for their labour, they proceed to take up the sand, first making a dam round the place with stones, earth, and fascines, and then lading out the water. After this is done, they dig about two feet deep; and the sand thus procured is carried into a place walled round on the bank of the river, where it is washed and sifted in the same manner as at Coulour.

Magellan tells us, that the greatest diamond ever known in the world is one belonging to the king of Portugal, which was found in Brasil, and is still uncut. This gentleman was informed, from good authority, that it was once of a larger size, but that a piece was cleaved or broken by the ignorant countryman who chanced to find the gem, and tried its hardness by a stroke of a large hammer upon an anvil. This prodigious diamond weighs 1,680 carats;* and although

* A carat weighs four grains.

it is uncut, Romé de l'Isle says, it is valued at 224 millions sterling.

This appears to be an incredible sum, and probably the valuation is erroneous: but even supposing that to be the case, and that we employ the usual methods laid down for computing the worth of these jewels, the sum will be immense; as, in this way, it will amount to at least 5,644,800 pounds sterling!

The diamond which is next in value adorns the sceptre of the emperour of Russia, and is placed under the eagle at the top of it. This stone weighs 779 carats, and is worth, at least, 4,854,720 pounds sterling, although it hardly cost 135,417 guineas. A singular history is attached to this diamond. It was formerly one of the eyes of a Malabarian idol, named Scheringham. A French grenadier, who had deserted from the Indian service, contrived to become one of the priests of that idol, and, watching his opportunity, stole its eye, and ran away to the English at Trinchinapeuly, from whence he carried it to Madras. A ship captain bought it for twenty thousand rupees; afterwards a Jew gave seventeen or eighteen thousand pounds for it; at last, a Greek merchant, named Gregory Suffras, offered it to sale at Amsterdam, in the year 1766, where it was bought by prince Orloff for his sovereign, the empress of Russia. The figure and size of this diamond is preserved in the British Museum.

The diamond of the Great Mogul weighs 279 carats, and is said to be worth 380,000 guineas. This diamond has a small flaw underneath near the bottom. Before this stone was cut, Tavernier tells us it weighed 900 carats; consequently its loss in cutting must be considerable.

Another diamond, in the possession of the king of Portugal, which weighs 215 carats, is extremely fine, and worth at least 369,800*l.*

The famous diamond which belonged to the late king of France, called the *Pitt*, or *Regent*, weighs nearly 137 carats, and has been valued at 208,333 guineas, although it did not cost above half that sum. This beautiful gem was found in the diamond mines at the foot of the Gaut mountains, about twenty miles from Golconda. Another diamond belonging to the same monarch, called the Sancy, was reckoned a very fine stone, though it weighs only 55 carats. It cost 25,000 guineas, but is said to be worth a much larger sum. We must not omit to mention the diamond of the emperour of Germany, which weighs 139 carats, and is valued at 109,520 guineas. It is of a light citron colour.

It is well known that the diamond is the hardest of all precious stones, and only to be cut by the assistance of its own powder. We are informed, that to bring it to the degree of perfection which so much augments its price, they begin by rubbing several against each other while rough, after having previously glued them to the ends of two wooden blocks, thick enough to be held in the hand. The powder which is rubbed off the stones in this operation is caught in a little box provided for that purpose, and afterwards used to grind and polish the stones. From the extreme hardness of these stones it has been alleged, that rubbing them against each other is the only way to reduce them to an impalpable powder; but this is not strictly the case, as the jewellers are in the habit of pounding small pieces in steel mortars fitted with a pestle exactly the size of the interiour, so that none of the diamond can escape. A few blows with the hammer upon the head of the pestle completely powder the stone.

Diamonds are more or less valuable according to what is called their water. Those of the first water are in the greatest degree of purity and perfection, while those of less brilliancy are said to be of the second or third water; and thus they proceed till the

stone becomes coloured; for there are diamonds of all colours, though faintly tinted. Thus we have some of a rose colour; others green, blue, brown, black; and some are marked with black spots.

FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY AND BOSTON REVIEW.

Letter from an American Traveller in Europe to his Friends in this country.

Rome, January 30, 1805.

SINCE I last wrote you, we have retraced our steps to this city, and are now as busy as the worst weather will permit us *in reviewing* the most select and interesting parts of its antiquities and curiosities, or in visiting those which escaped us before. Never, perhaps, at so short a distance, and under the same climate, was a difference so striking in the manners and habits of cities, as that which exists between Naples and Rome.

The former is *the most* busy, lively, crowded, gay, dissipated city in the world. The latter resembles the still, grand, but interesting solemnity of some ancient but splendid *abbey*. Every thing in the former exhibits man as he is, a bustling, active, thoughtless being, pursuing phantoms, seeking pleasure which he never can find, and driving away, by the hurry of the present, the thought of the future. All the objects in the latter recall man as he has been; his former greatness; his present humility; his false grandeur; his proud but vain desire of terrestrial immortality; his luxury and his poverty; his power and weakness; the durability of Providence, and the perpetual mutability of man. At Rome every thing is still, quiet, solemn as the sepulchres of the kings and heroes which it encloses. The society at Naples is vastly more interesting, particularly for the English residents. Many English or American families, whose manners correspond to our own, and whose houses are seats of general hospitality, make the time pass off very agreeably. Its climate attracts strangers from every part of Europe, and you meet, on a footing extremely pleasant, gentlemen and ladies of rank and character from almost every nation. Amidst a great variety of characters which one would expect to find in a place so mixed, there were two whose history attracted my notice, and whose biographical sketches were to us extremely interesting.

One is an old octogenarian gentleman, who is still known by a title, which he had, I presume, about fifty years ago, *Governour Ellis*. This title he derived from having been a governour of Georgia, in the United States, under the royal government. He served many years as a naval officer under the grandfather of George III. who, you will recollect, is now turned of sixty. He performed a circumnavigatory voyage before *Cook*, and that celebrated navigator served under him in an inferiour station. His voyages will be found under the name of Ellis's Voyages round the World, in Mavor's collection, and I dare say, that many of us, in reading it, have supposed the man to have been buried for half a century past.

For the last thirty years he has retired to Naples to pass the *residue* of his life. Till within a few years he has passed his summers in journies to Russia and the north, and his winters in the south, preserving by that means a perpetual summer, extremely favourable to longevity. For the last twenty years he has abstained from animal food, but has supplied the want of it by a very strong soup, which, with a single glass of wine, forms his constant diet.

He is extremely fond of society, and whenever there is a ball or *con-*

verzazione the governour generally passes an hour in it. He retains his faculties fully, which are of a superiour grade. He is an elegant classick scholar, and his language in common conversation is a perfect model for an accomplished man. He has a great turn for poetry, which he repeats with astonishing memory whenever requested. He did me the favour to lend me a *satire on manners*, which he has just finished. He lived in the house with a Russian princess, whom I shall soon notice. She was no youth, having nearly reached her ninetieth year. The gallant old gentleman wrote a few couplets in compliment to his youthful neighbour, at which she, however, took offence, observing that she did not choose to be the subject of publick notice, even in complimentary canzonets. I heard the old gentleman complain of this failure of return for his gallantry.

This princess was as extraordinary a character as the governour. She like him had retired to milder skies to reinvigorate her decaying fabrick. She was the most hospitable foreigner at Naples. Her house was one of the pleasantest resorts for all strangers of character who visited the city. Her ruling passion was *gay society*, and never did a woman exhibit the truth of Pope's sentiment more truly. Hers was never stronger than in *death*. For many weeks before her death, it was known to herself and every one around her, that she would soon die; but she expressed a strong wish that she might survive the first day of the new year, *because she was resolved to give a brilliant fête* on that day. She died, I believe, before; but as she was in the habit of receiving her friends on certain days, who amused themselves with cards, &c. she insisted that it should be continued during her illness; and in fact after she was speechless, the night of her death, she had a party who took leave of her, and she died before morning!!! To finish the scene, as it commenced, according to the fashion of great people in this country, her body was exposed in state, as it is termed, for three days, and was there visited by *those friends* whom her living hospitality had contributed to *amuse*.

I met several times in Naples a young German officer, whose history was very interesting to me, not only as it was wonderful in itself, but as it proves that the Austrians did not yield the palm to the French in point of bravery. I have always believed, that numbers, rather than courage or conduct, achieved the victories of France. This young officer was of the first family in Germany. He is one of the princes of the Lichtenstein family. He commanded a regiment of cavalry in the Austrian service, and as he was of high rank, his regiment was a large one. It consisted of eighteen hundred men. As it suffered in engagements, it was constantly *recruited;* so that in the course of *that short war* he lost out of that regiment, whose complement was only eighteen hundred men, *nine thousand seven hundred;* I repeat it, nine thousand seven hundred; and he and another officer are the *only ones surviving* in the regiment, who first engaged in it this last war. The prince has received many severe wounds, and is now in Italy for his health. He is not, I think, more than thirty years of age. I think these three characters well worthy of no tice. They certainly do not occur at every corner.

ANECDOTES.

The following anecdotes respecting Scottish manners are extracted from Hall's Travels in Scotland, a late work.

IT was, and still is a custom in many places in the Highlands, that whoever comes into a house after a person dies, and before such person is interred, as also after a child is born till it is baptized, must eat and drink in the house before they leave it. This being the custom, to save expenses, and because they think it disrespectful to God to have an unbaptized child in the house, poor people generally have their children as soon baptized as possible. But it happened once to a poor man in this part of the country, that a river, as is often the case, ran between his house and the clergyman's, so that neither the poor man could get to the clergyman, nor the clergyman to the poor man's, in order to have the child baptized. The river was swoln by the gradual melting of the snow, and there was no bridge within twenty miles. The poor man's cheese, his bread, &c. was nearly expended. He, therefore, on the one side of the river, and the clergyman on the other, consulting what was to be done, agreed that the child should be brought to the river side; that the father, presenting the child, should take on the vows, as they term it, and the minister with a scoop, or Dutch ladle, should throw over the water: which was done, though with difficulty, owing to the breadth of the river; after which, the clergyman pronounced the name; prayed aloud, so as to be heard by the parent and his attendants on the other side; after which each went to their respective places perfectly satisfied with this new mode of baptism, and that, if the child died in infancy, it would go to heaven.

Being invited to dine with a gentleman near Auldern, when I was praising the sallad, which I found extremely good, he said, smiling: "You need not be afraid, it is not dressed with castor oil." Upon inquiring what he alluded to, he told me that a gentleman and his lady, in the neighbourhood, who sometimes, as is the case in inland places, where there are no resident doctors, when any of their tenants are sick, recommend an emetick, or the like, to them, and at their own expense afford the medicine. This gentleman, having an appeal to the house of peers, about a large estate, was at London; and, as he gained the process, and was about to return to Scotland, he bought some gallons of castor oil, to lie at his house, and be served out as occasion should require. Upon his arrival in Scotland, as it is natural, all the nobility and gentry, who were acquainted with him, came to dine with him, and congratulate him and the family on so many thousand pounds yearly being added to their fortune. When mostly all the genteel families for twenty miles round, had paid their compliments to him in this manner, and he and his lady found leisure to hear the complaints of those sick people that applied to them, he found that some castor oil might be useful to a person that had come to consult them. Upon this, he rang the bell for John, the servant, who appearing, and being desired to bring some castor oil, replied: "It is all done." "Done!" replied the gentleman, "do not you know there is a keg of it lately come from London?" "Yes, but if it please you honour, that one is done too." "How can that be?" replied the gentleman, in a passion. "Why, sir, you have had such a round of company almost every day since it came, and always sallad at table, that it is all gone." "Don't you know, it is castor oil I want, and that the name is written in large letters on the cask?" "So it is," replied the servant, "but as your honour knows, it was for the CASTORS, and dressing the sallad: it is all gone." "O you

scoundrel, now I understand you; so you have been dressing the sallad all this time with it. But harkee, John, for God's sake do not mention it." The truth is, all the company were highly pleased with the sallads, and had often spoke in their praise; and the gentleman and his family had never in their life a better summer's health, nor the people that visited him.

It is strange that the magistrates of Edinburgh, who are, in general, men of parts and discernment, should appoint any one to the office of town-crier that can read neither Scotch nor English. I heard one of them, when reading an advertisement, blunder almost at every word, and pronounce the very first word advertisement, laying the accent on the third syllable, when it should have been on the second, and confounding the word shops, where goods are sold, with the word chops, meaning the mouth and jaws. Indeed, at Aberdeen, till lately, they generally pronounced both these words the same way. Upon the eve of a king's fast day there, about a year ago, one of the town-criers proclaimed, that, as to morrow was a fast day, by order of the magistrates, no one within the liberties of the city, under pain of fining and imprisonment, should open their shops, but he pronounced it chops, from morning till night. An Englishman, who happened to be there, imagining that the magistrates had ordered that none should open their mouth to eat all that time, left the city, swearing, for his part, he would not obey them; and that, as the magistrates were fools for issuing such an order, so he thought the people would be fools if they obeyed it.

ANECDOTE OF MILTON.

[*Not generally known.*]

The freedom and asperity of his various attacks on the character and prerogative of Charles I. rendered him peculiarly obnoxious when the restoration was accomplished. To save himself, therefore, from the fury of a court which he had so highly incensed, and the vigilance of which, from the emissaries employed, it was become so difficult to elude, he connived with his friends, in effecting the following innocent imposture:—The report of his death was industriously circulated, and the credulity of the people swallowed the bait prepared for them. The coffin, the mourners, and other apparatus of his burial, were exhibited at his house, with the same formality as if he had been really dead. A figure of him, as large and as heavy as the life, was actually formed, laid out, and put in a lead coffin, and the whole funeral solemnity acted in all its parts. It is said, when the truth was known, and he was found to be alive, notwithstanding the most incontestible evidence that he had been thus openly interred, the wits about the court of king Charles II. made themselves exceedingly merry with the stratagem by which the poet had preserved his life. The lively and good natured monarch discovered too, himself, not a little satisfaction, on finding, that, by this ingenious expedient, his reign had not been tarnished with the blood of a man already blind, by application, infirmity, and age, and who, under all his dreadful misfortunes, had written Paradise Lost.

A sapient question, put to Miss Taylor, on her examination at the bar of the house of commons, relative to the charges against the duke of York:

Question.—Might not your father take the name of Chance, without your knowledge?

Answer.—Then how should I know that he did?——[*a laugh.*]

In a debate on the same business, in the house of commons, Mr. Fuller, a warm advocate for the duke of York, said, that he had received a number of anonymous letters, calling him a *black-hearted* fellow, and this

thing, that thing, and t'other thing. [*Loud Laughing.*] He did not like to have the duke of York sent away like a whale, with a harpoon stuck in his side. Many complaints, he said, were made against this country; but, in his opinion, the country was better than any country upon earth; and "he that don't like England, d—n him, let him leave it." [*A roar of laughter and groans.*] He apologised for the last expression; said he had heard it as a toast in a publick company!

REPARTEE.—"I cannot"—said a lady, who was leaning upon a *rail* at the opera-house during a little confusion—"I cannot, for the soul of me, *catch a note.*"—"Never mind that, my dear," replied her companion, "so long as you have got hold of a *bar.*"

ERASMUS.

The following epitaph was written upon him:

Hic jacet Erasmus, qui quondam bonus erat mus;
Rodere qui solitus; roditur a vermibus.

When the author was asked, why he had made *ver* in *vermibus* short: he replied, because he had made *bo* in *bonus* long.

POETRY.

The following is the form in which Burns's song of Bonie Doon was originally written.

YE flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause love was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

Translation by Cowper of a Latin Sonnet by Milton.

Fair Lady! whose harmonious name the Rhine,
Through all his grassy vale delights to hear,
Base were indeed the wretch who could forbear
To love a spirit elegant as thine,
That manifests a sweetness all divine,
Nor knows a thousand winning acts to spare,
And graces, which Love's bow and arrows are,
Tempering thy virtues to a softer shine.
When gracefully thou speak'st, or singest gay,
Such strains, as might the senseless forest move,
Ah then—turn each his eyes, and ears away,
Who feels himself unworthy of thy love!
Grace can alone preserve him, ere the dart
Of fond desire yet reach his inmost heart.

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Dr. Adam's work on Epidemicks, is nearly finished at the press. It is an Address to the Publick, on the Laws that govern those Diseases, and on the late Proposals for Exterminating the Small-pox.

Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, with some of the Letters of her Correspondents, will shortly be published by Mathew Montague, Esq. M. P. her nephew and executor.

SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR AUGUST, 1809.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Philip Sidney. By Thomas Zouch, D. D. F. L. S. Prebendary of Durham. pp. 398. 4to. London, 1808.

THE period in which sir Philip Sidney flourished, considered, as it relates to manners, is reproached with a fondness for the fopperies of chivalry. But we must not confound the fugitive customs of the age, with that spirit which fashions the minds of men, and reaches beyond the date of those artificial customs that rather disguise than produce it. The passion of arms, gallantry, and devotion, in its minutiæ and excess, may make men fight more than they need, love more than they ought, and pray, perhaps, at unsuitable times; but valour, sensibility, and patient suffering, are the noble results.

The universal favourite of this age was sir Philip Sidney, the most accomplished character in our history, till lord Orford startled the world by paradoxes, which attacked the fame established by two centuries. Singularity of opinion, vivacity of ridicule, and polished epigrams in prose, were the means by which this nobleman sought distinction. But he had something in his composition more predominant than his wit; a cold, unfeeling disposition, which contemned literary men, at the moment that his heart secretly panted to share their fame; while his peculiar habits of society deadened every impression of grandeur in the human character.

Three volatile pages of petulance, however, have provoked the ponderous quarto before us. Biassed as we are in favour of Sidney, we find this a case of criticism somewhat nice to determine; for though we are willing to censure his lordship for being much too brisk, we do not see that, therefore, we are to excuse his antagonist, for being much too saturnine.

The materials of these memoirs present scarcely any thing new. They have already been used by Arthur Collins, in his account of the Sidney family, prefixed to the Sidney papers; and by Dr. Campbell, in the Biographia Britannica. The only novelty, is a long and uninteresting manuscript in the British Museum; a kind of biographical homily, containing an account of Sidney's death.

The life of Sidney, who died at little more than thirty, was chiefly passed in his travels; and had no claims on a volume of this size. Dr. Zouch has the merit, however, of giving a luminous disposition to his scanty materials. With these before us, we shall track him in his work, and ascertain whether his industry

has always been vigilant, and his judgment enlightened by taste.

Sir Philip Sidney derived every advantage from two noble and excellent parents. His father, sir Henry, was a sage, a statesman, and had even been a hero; but at this early period of life, the character of the mother is of some importance. She is thus described by Dr. Zouch.

"Nor was his mother less illustrious, or less amiable. Mary, the eldest daughter of the unfortunate duke of Northumberland, alienated from the follies and vanities of life, by those tragical events in her own family, of which she had been an eye-witness, she devoted herself, like Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, to an employment equally pleasing, useful, and honourable—the instruction of her children. It was her delight to form their early habits; to instil into their tender minds the principles of religion and virtue; to direct their passions to proper objects; to superintend not only their serious studies, but even their amusements." p. 17.

We do not reproach this passage with a want of elegance, but of definitive ideas. We find in this work, too many of these lax and general descriptions, which delineate nothing that is individual. The above description of sir Philip Sidney's mother may be let out for the use of any other: like those epitaphs on tombstones, which are used by the whole parish in turn. Biographers too often fail in the nice touches of the pencil, and Dr. Zouch has here dropt an affecting trait in the portrait of this mother, which sir Fulke Greville has feelingly copied from the life. Alluding to the tragical events in her own family, the companion and the biographer of Sidney adds:

"She was of a large, ingenuous spirit, *racked with native strength*. She chose rather to *hide herself* from the *curious eyes* of a *delicate time*, than come upon the stage of the world, with any manner of disparagement—the mischance of sickness having cast such a kind of veile over her excellent beauty, as the modesty of that sex doth."—Again—"This clearnesse of his father's judgment, and *ingenious sensiblenesse* of his mother's brought forth so happy a temper in their offspring."

Here are distinctly indicated, the high spirit of *ancestry*, and the tender *melancholy* of the mother; features entirely lost in the portrait blurred over by Dr. Zouch. He should have inquired whether the maternal character did not considerably influence that of sir Philip himself. We have no doubt that it did. In his defence of his uncle, lord Leicester, he alludes, with this high-toned feeling to his descent: "I am a Dudley in blood, the duke's daughter's son—my chiefest honour is to be a Dudley."

Sidney resembled "the melancholy Gray;" like him, too, he seems never to have been a boy. The language of sir Fulke Greville is that of truth and of the heart. "I lived with him, and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him *other than a man*, with such staiednesse of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind; so as even his teachers found something in him to observe, and learn, above that which they had usually read or taught. Which eminence by nature and industry, made his worthy father style sir Philip in my hearing (though I unseen) *Lumen familiæ suæ*, the light of his family."

His father "designed him for foreign travel and the business of a court very early." He drew up a compendium of instruction, which Dr. Zouch has judiciously preserved; and accompanied it by a continued and ingenious commentary from two similar compositions of sir Walter Rawleigh, and sir Mathew Hale. The English wisdom of these three venerable fathers we love infinitely more, than we admire the polite cynicism of Rochefoucault and Chesterfield. This oldfashioned, massy sense will, in every age, be valued by its weight.

The academical education of Sidney was completed at both the universities, and such was his subsequent celebrity, that his learned tutor chose to commemorate on his tomb, that "He was *the tutor of sir Philip Sidney.*" The same remarkable testimony to this extraordinary character, was given by his friend, sir Fulke Greville, lord Brooke, on whose tomb was inscribed, as the most lasting of his honours, "Fulke Greville, servant to queen Elizabeth, counsellor to king James, and *friend to sir Philip Sidney!*" When afterwards we find, that there was a long publick mourning observed for his death, and that the eulogiums bestowed on him by the most eminent of his contemporaries, at home and abroad, are positive and definitive, it seems but an idle labour to refute the malicious ingenuity of Walpole—that light work of spangles and fillagree, truth shivers at a single stroke into glittering atoms!

At this momentous period of life, when youth steps into manhood, was Sidney a most diligent student, a lover and a patron of all the arts; but his ruling passion was military fame. This he inherited from his father, who had distinguished himself on many occasions, and particularly, in single combat with a Scottish chieftain, whom he overthrew and stripped of his arms.

He left the university to commence his travels. Dr. Zouch informs us of a wise precaution of our ancestors on this head.

"In those days, when travelling was considered as one of the principal causes of corrupt morals, a wise and sound policy dictated the expediency of observing the most rigid circumspection in permitting the English nobility and gentry to visit distant countries; and in general, no persons were permitted to go abroad, except merchants, and those who were intended for a military life."

The royal license was granted by the queen on the 25th of May, 1572, and runs in this manner. "For her trusty and well beloved Philip Sidney, esquire, to go out of England into parts beyond the seas, with three servants and four horses; to remain during the space of *two years*, for his attaining the knowledge of *foreign languages.*"

The earl of Leicester recommended him to sir Francis Walsingham, our ambassadour in France, whose daughter Sidney afterwards married. Charles IX. received him with unusual kindness, and made him a gentleman of his chamber. This must have been one of the artifices to trepan the protestants; for Sidney had scarcely taken the oaths to his perfidious master, ere he became a spectator of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Dr. Zouch has, with much curiosity and judgment, collected the numerous catholick testimonies, many of them written by eminent scholars, approving and applauding this sanguinary scene. Let the lesson perpetually instruct. He accounts for the seeming apathy of the court on the occasion, by the political wisdom of Elizabeth: but the emphatick language which her ministers employed, expresses their abhorrence of the crime. We regret that we cannot transcribe the fine picture of the silent resentment of the English court when the French ambassadour passed through the circle, as described by himself.

At Paris, Sidney was seen and admired by Henry IV. the young king of Navarre. "He used him," says Fulke Greville "like an equal in nature, and fit for friendship with a king."

At Frankfort, he lodged at the house of Andrew Wechel, one of the learned printers of the sixteenth century. Here he found Hubert Languet, and here he formed his memorable friendship with that bright ornament of literature, who was then resident minister from the elector of Saxony. It was usual at this time for scholars to lodge in the houses of eminent printers. Robert Stephens had fre-

quently ten learned men in his house, all of them foreigners, who occasionally corrected his proofs.

Languet combined with universal erudition, that keen sagacity which discovers the real characters of men. His expertness in the conduct of political affairs, placed him in the confidence and employment of several princes, while the suavity of his manners, and the classick elegance of his style, won him the hearts of all literary men. Such was the person whom young Sidney (for he had not yet reached his twentieth year) adopted as his friend, and revered as his master. Their communication suffered no interruption from time or place. His pupil thus elegantly commemorates, in his unfinished Arcadia, the wisdom and the learning of his friend, while he paints himself with the most delicate modesty.

" The song I sang, old *Languet* had me taught;
Languet, the shepherd best swift Ister knew,
For clearkly reed, and hating what is naught,
For faithful heart, clean hands, and mouth as true.
With his sweet skill, my skilless youth he drew,
To have a feeling taste of him that sits
Beyond the heaven; far more beyond your wits.
* * * * * *
With old true tales he wont my ears to fill,
How shepherds did of yore, how now they thrive——
He liked me, but pitied lustful youth;
His good strong staff my slippery years up bore;
He still hoped well, because I loved truth."

The character of Languet has not been ill drawn by Dr. Zouch; but towards the conclusion he is not fortunate. He first compares Languet to Socrates, and Sidney to Alcibiades. Then seized by an orgasm for parallels, he proceeds to another which he likes better, namely, of Languet to Mentor, and Sidney to Telemachus. Elsewhere he compares Sidney to Alexander the Great, inasmuch as they died at the same age. All these parallels are not in the manner of Plutarch. There is too much of this grave trifling. We hope the author's sermons are more lively.

At Vienna, Sidney seems to have perfected himself in those noble accomplishments of the cavalier, with which count Balthassar Castiglione has adorned his courtier. He practised manly and martial exercises, tennis, and musick; and he studied horsemanship with particular attention. In his " Defence of Poetry," he alludes to the partiality of his equestrian preceptor, Pugliano, in favour of his own professional occupation.

This man, who had the place of an equerry in the emperour's stables, spoke so eloquently of that noble animal, the horse, of his beauty, his faithfulness, and his courage, that his pupil facetiously says: " if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse." In the second book of the Arcadia, he has finely described the management of this animal. The works of a man of genius are thus frequently the records of his own feelings; these self-notices, in which our best writers abound, have not been gleaned with sufficient care by their biographers.

From Venice, the seat of libertinism, Sidney soon retired to Padua, where he applied to the sciences of geometry, and astronomy. His constitutional delicacy, and his disposition tinged with thoughtful melancholy, induced Languet to admonish him not to neglect his health, " lest he should resemble a traveller, who, during a long journey, attends to himself, but not to his horse."

We have now a specimen of the *new mode of writing history*, which enables the ingenious inventors to give us the particulars of an event that never took place. Our author,

having discovered that Tasso resided at Padua when Sidney was there, by the assistance of a certain historian (whose name appears to be LITTLE DOUBT) has boldly described their interview. The reader may take the following extract, as a fair specimen how the secret history of Queen Mab, may yet be written in the most authentick manner!

"The celebrated Tasso was then *resident at Padua*, and there is LITTLE DOUBT Mr. Sidney visited this seat of learning, with a desire *to partake of the conversation of our poet*. The ardour with which they met, may be more easily conceived than described. Both of them glowing with all the fire of native genius, and equally emulous to excel in every thing honourable, &c. &c. How fervent, &c. &c. must their friendship have been!" p. 66.

"Sidney," says Dr. Zouch, "left Venice and came to Padua, June 1574." p. 65. "The celebrated Tasso was then resident at Padua." p. 66. Now we must inform Dr. Z. that in 1574, Tasso was "resident" at Ferrara. A meeting took place there between Henry III. then returning to France, and Alphonso, the patron of Tasso; and the poet accompanied the duke to Venice, July 1574. There he indulged in the festivities of the place, to the neglect of his "Jerusalem," till he was seized with a quartan fever. From Venice he went back to Ferrara, and was confined there all the winter by extreme debility. All this appears in a letter of the poet to the pronotary Porzia, inserted in Serassi's elaborate and most interesting "Life of Tasso."

Tasso was, indeed, at Padua, during the month of March, 1575, consulting the criticks of the academy there; and we are inclined to suspect that criticism contributed even more than love, to derange the irritable faculties of this too feeling poet. Now Sidney, by the doctor's own account, p. 82, returned to England, through Germany, passing through various cities, in May, 1575. So that the whole of this rapturous superstructure is overthrown. We are sorry thus to differ from Dr. Zouch; but our duty to the publick will not permit us to see this LITTLE DOUBT, under the sanction of his authority, ranked among the Bayles, the Johnsons, or even the Birches of the day. We are convinced that *Sidney never had an interview with Tasso*. An event so interesting in the life of a poet, he who commemorated characters and events of less importance, had certainly not buried in silence.

We are informed of a fact highly curious and characteristick of the age, that when Sidney conversed with the literati of the church of Rome, his English friends, as well as Languet, suspected that he was becoming a proselyte. The latter conjured him not to go to Rome, that seat of ancient glory, which had inflamed the curiosity of his classick mind. Sidney followed the harsh counsel, and regretted it ever after. Since Rome was forbidden, he projected a journey to Constantinople, in which Languet acquiesced; and probably would have preferred that Sidney should become a Turk, rather than a Papist!

Languet darkens the Italian character. He trembles for the purity of Sidney's morals, "now whiter than snow," and describes the subtle craftiness of the Genoese; the dissolving libertinism of the Venetians; and the theological Machiavelism of the Romans.

There is no reason to think that the mind of Sidney was ever tainted. He followed his pious father's admonition: "To be always virtuously employed."

On his return to England, he became the admiration and delight of the English court. The queen called him her "Philip."* Elizabeth, with such ambiguous coquetry, gratified

* In opposition, perhaps, to her sister's Philip; for Sidney's father had given him this name to flatter Mary's fondness for her husband.

at once her political sagacity and her feminine vanity. All her favourites had some endearing nickname, or shared in some tender caress of royal courtesy. Sidney made his gratitude picturesque, in a masque of "The Lady of the May!"

In 1576, at an age not much exceeding twenty years, Sidney was appointed ambassadour at the court of Vienna. The ostensible purpose was to condole with the emperour Rodolph, on the demise of his father. The concealed one, was more important. It was to unite the protestant princes in the defence of their common cause against Rome and the overwhelming tyranny of Spain, at this period the terrour of Europe.

The choice of young Sidney to fill this situation is the clearest evidence of his distinguished character; and, indeed, his successful termination of the embassy confirms it.

Dr. Zouch observes: "The queen's own penetration and discernment had promoted him to this appointment. It is remarked of this princess, that in the choice of her ambassadours, she had a regard not only to the talents, but even to the figure and person of those to whom she consigned the administration of her affairs abroad."

Our young ambassadour has given a full narrative of his embassy in an official letter to Walsingham, and it will be considered as a splendid testimony of political address and maturity of genius, very far above his years. He extorted unqualified approbation from Burleigh, the jealous rival of his uncle Leicester. After describing his interviews with the emperour, and the rest of the imperial family, he proceeds thus:

"The rest of the daies that I lay there I informed myself as well as I could of such particularities as I received in my instructions; as 1 of the emperour's disposition; and his brethren; 2 by whose advice he is directed; 3 when it is likely he should marry; 4 what princes in Germany are most affected to him; 5 in what state he is left for revenews; 6 what good agreement there is betwixt him and his brethren; 7 and what partage they have. In these things I shall at my return more largely declare. The emperour is holy [wholly] by his inclination given to the warres, few of wordes, sullain of disposition, very secrete and resolute, nothing the manners his father had in winninge men in his behaviour, but yet constant in keeping them: and such a one, as, though he promise not much outwardly, but as the Latins say, *aliquid in recessu*; his brother Earnest much lyke him in disposition, but, that he is more franke, and forward, which perchance the necessity of his fortune argues him to be: both extremely *Spaniolated*." p. 93.

These are some of the mysteries of diplomacy; high matters, which serve to prove (if proof were necessary) that an ambassadour in all ages, is, as some one has coarsely said, a privileged spy.

Sidney had not yet attained his twenty-fifth year, when he was known to the most eminent personages in Europe. William the first, prince of Orange, emphatically described him "as one of the ripest and greatest counsellors of state at that day in Europe." The correspondence between these two great men turned on the political state of Europe, and we have to regret its loss.

Sidney must indeed have been the extraordinary character which history records; since he could even extort admiration from Don Juan of Austria, the Spanish viceroy in the Netherlands. A man haughty with military fame, and whose banner floated with an inscription of Extermination to the Protestant faith. Dr. Zouch thus gives his character.

"Nothing could be more discordant than this man, and the English ambassadour. At first he looked with contempt on his youth, and with all the insolence of national pride, scarcely deemed him worthy of his notice. Yet such are the charms of intrinsick merit; so attractive the beauty of genuine excellence, that we find the haughty and imperious Spaniard struck, as it were, with reverential awe, at the view of pre-eminent goodness, and contributing a just and involuntary applause to the fine talents, and high endowments of our ancient countryman."

Here, however, we find the fault, which prevails throughout this work; an indistinctness of description, which loses itself, in what we may term, the *volubility of the pen.* Had the author freed himself from some of this redundance of language, he might have found leisure to give us the fact to which he alluded. We recollect what Philip of Spain, no admirer of hereticks, declared on the death of Sidney, that "England had lost in one moment, what she might not produce in an age!"

Sidney distinguished himself as the advocate of his father, against a faction who had drawn up articles of impeachment on his administration in Ireland. His father was reinstated in the queen's favour. But the fervent spirit of Sidney, in every thing which touched his romantick feelings of honour, had nearly involved him in an open quarrel with the earl of Ormond. He chose to be sullenly silent when the earl addressed him. But the earl conducted himself more nobly, by saying, "he would accept no quarrel from a gentleman, who is bound by nature to defend his father's cause, and who is furnished with so many virtues as he knows Mr. Philip to be."

When Elizabeth's proposed marriage with the duke of Anjou divided the nation into two parties, Sidney was foremost among the strenuous opposers of that mischievous design. He addressed a letter to her majesty, which Hume has justly characterized for its elegance, and its forcible reasoning. The head of the French faction (for even in better times, France found a faction among the dissolute and the desperate part of the nation) was the earl of Oxford, a man of ruined fortune, and blasted reputation. Some altercation ensued, in which the earl scornfully called Sidney "a puppy!" A challenge passed between them, but the queen interposed. Her argument must have mortified the haughty spirit of Sidney. It turned on "the difference in degree between *earls* and *gentlemen*;" and "how the *gentleman's* neglect of the *nobility* taught the *peasant* to insult both." Sidney, with adroit flattery, converted the argument of her majesty to its own confutation, by appealing to her, who "had willed that her sovereignty should be guided by the same laws as her people.—The earl of Oxford was a great lord; yet he was no lord over him,—and therefore the difference of degrees between *freemen*, could not challenge any other homage, than precedency." The queen was not displeased with this elevated strain from her knight. Sidney, however, incapable of submission, retired from court. Some of these particulars may be found in the narrative of Fulke Greville. They are not detailed in Dr. Zouch.

In his retreat at Wilton, the seat of his brother-in-law, the earl of Pembroke, he planned his "Arcadia," and on the pannels of one of the apartments several of its scenes were painted. "The Defence of Poetry" was the more perfect fruit of those happy and comtemplative days.

Languet had often seriously exhorted his young friend not to imitate his royal mistress in her preference of a life of celibacy. In 1583, Sidney married the daughter of Walsingham, whom Jonson congratulates in one of his epigrams. He was also knighted, an honour which, like all others, the queen "bestowed with frugality and choice."

Sidney had not yet obtained, what he seems to have long desired—some splendid occasion to manifest his heroick disposition. When sir Francis Drake returned from his first expedition, the novelty of his discoveries, and perhaps the treasures he poured into the queen's coffers, inflamed the nation. Foreigners, indeed, considered Drake as the greatest pirate that ever infested the seas; but in England, he was admired as a new Columbus. Shakspeare alludes to this temporary passion of the times:

"Some to the wars to try their fortune there;
"Some to discover islands far away."
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Weary of inaction, and inspired by a romantick fancy of founding a new empire of his own, of which sir Fulke Greville has given a most extraordinary account, Sidney secretly planned with Drake, to join him in his second expedition. Dr. Zouch tells but half his tale. Sir Fulke Greville has supplied many curious particulars. After giving a sketch of this wild design, he details the shrewd inventions which Sidney condescended to practise, to reach Plymouth, "overshooting Walsingham in his own bow;" and his bold contrivance to intercept the queen's messenger, by employing two soldiers in disguise, to take his letters from him; nor would he leave Plymouth till the queen despatched a peer to command his immediate return. These and other facts, which Dr. Zouch seems purposely to conceal in his perpetual panegyrick, are surely of importance. They let us a little into the character of Sidney—his sullen conduct to the earl of Ormond; his letter to his father's steward, threatening his life, on a rash supposition that he betrayed his correspondence; his virulent defence of his uncle; all these were the sins of his youth. His infirmity was rashness and impetuosity of temper.

An honour, less ambiguous than a West India expedition, was reserved for Sidney. His friends abroad named him as a competitor for the elective crown of Poland, in 1585. That character must approach to excellence, which could create a party among distant foreigners, uninfluenced by corruption, to offer a crown to an English knight!

The queen, however, one historian writes, was "jealous of losing the jewel of her times;" and another, that "she was jealous that any of her subjects should be kings." "I will not allow," said Elizabeth, "that my sheep shall be marked with a stranger's mark; nor that they follow the whistle of a foreign shepherd!"

The queen opened a fairer field of honour in appointing Sidney to the government of Flushing, having resolved to assist the protestant inhabitants of the Netherlands against Spanish oppression. His uncle Leicester, who afterwards disappointed England and her allies, by his want of wisdom and military skill, followed, with an army. On this intercourse of the English with the Flemish, Dr. Zouch appositely observes from Camden, that "the English, which of all the northern nations had been the least drinkers, learned, by these *Netherland wars*, to drown themselves with immoderate drinking, and by drinking to other's health, to impair their own." A philosophical antiquary may discover, in our continental wars, the origin of many of our worst customs, and not a few of our vices.

In this first and last campaign of the young hero, he marked his short career, by enterprise and invention—combining these ardent military qualities with that penetration and prudence, which form a great general. Before he entered into action, he warmed his soldiers by a patriotick address. He revived the ancient discipline of order and silence in his march; and when he was treacherously invited to take Gravelin, he only ventured a small detachment of his army, by which means, the rest were saved. He was the soldiers' friend, and remunerated them, in proportion to their merits, out of his private fortune.

In the hope, but scarcely having yet attained to the pride, of military fame, fell the Marcellus of his country and his age! In a skirmish before Zutphen, "so impetuous that it became a proverbial expression among the Belgian soldiers to denote a most severe and ardent conflict," Sidney, having one horse shot under him, and mounting a second, rushed for-

ward to recover lord Willoughby, surrounded by the enemy. He succeeded, and continued the fight till he was wounded by a bullet in the left knee.

The most beautiful event in his life, was his death. From the moment he was wounded, and thirsty with excess of bleeding, when he turned away the water from his own lips, to give it to a dying soldier, with these words: "Thy necessity is still greater than mine!" to his last hour, he marked the grandeur, and the tenderness of his nature.

Dr. Zouch informs us that "an ode which was composed by him on the nature of his wound, discovered a mind perfectly serene and calm." We wish our author had been satisfied with having informed us of this fact; but he proceeds with a strange and superfluous apology for a dying poet composing an ode.

"These efforts of his expiring muse will not surely *subject* him to *censure* and *reproach*. It is *impossible* to *suggest* that they were disfigured by any sentiments of *rashness* and *impiety*. They were exercised on a subject of the most serious nature, on a wound which was likely to terminate in death."

This paragraph is a fair specimen of the literary merits of this work. The author is never satisfied with telling all he knows—for he seems oppressed by a flux of phrases. It is a ridiculous anxiety, to be alarmed for the *piety* of his hero, in writing a death-bed ode. Were not the odes of David composed by the same feelings, under the influence of the most trying occasions?

Other particulars are recorded of his death, which give a most interesting picture of his heroism, his philosophy, and his religion.

The night before he died, leaning upon a pillow in his bed, he wrote a short, but pathetick, note to a physician; and an epistle to a divine, in elegant Latin, which for "its pithiness of matter," was presented to the queen.—He conversed on the immortality of the soul, and compared the conjectures of the pagan philosophy with the truths of revelation. On the day he died, he affixed a codicil to his will; and called for musick, and particularly for the ode which has made Dr. Zouch so uneasy, "to procure repose to his disordered frame." With the same dignified composure he bade adieu to his brother; and exhorted him to cherish his friends: "Their faith to me may assure you that they are honest." He made an extempore prayer before his death—a circumstance which renews the doctor's uneasiness. He conjures up a question, which he cannot lay, concerning "publick worship led by a layman." "We are *not hence to conclude*," he writes, "that Sidney professed a religion peculiar to himself; nor that he derived any singular sentiments from Languet, &c."—by which means, we are furnished with a page of articles that we are not to conclude about.

Of the interminable narrative of Sidney's death, written by Mr. George Giffard, a preacher of the times, we should have been thankful to Dr. Zouch had he taken the pains to have read and not printed it. But to the eyes of an antiquary, there is something magical in a MS.

We regret to find that the last moments of Sidney were disturbed by the misdirected piety of this Mr. Giffard, who never ceased "proving to him by testimonies and infallible reasons out of the scriptures" every thing that came into his head. When Sidney was in the last agony (says the MS.) and all natural heat and life were almost utterly gone out of him; that his understanding had failed, and that it was *to no purpose to speak any more to him*—"then it was that the aforesaid Mr. Giffard made a long speech, and required the expiring Sidney 'to hold up his hand,' which we thought *he could scarce have moved*." Documents of this kind are more fanatick than historical; and more tedious than fanatick.

The manes of Sidney received every honour, publick and private, domestick and foreign. Never died an Englishman so universally lamented. All the world remembered him but his own family—and no monument was raised to his name. Men like Sidney, indeed, build their own monuments; yet we cannot admit that considerations of this nature furnish a legitimate plea for the parsimony of their heirs.

Such was sir Philip Sidney. But was this singular character exempt from the frailties of human nature? If we rely on Dr. Zouch, we shall not discover any. If we trust to lord Orford, we shall perceive little else. The truth is, that had Sidney lived, he might have grown up to that ideal greatness which the world adored in him; but he died early—not without some errours of youth. His fame was more mature than his life, which, indeed, was but the preparation for a splendid one. We discern that future greatness (if we may use the expression) in the noble termination of his early career, rather than in the race which he actually ran. The life of Sidney would have been a finer subject for the panegyrick of a Pliny, than for the biography of a Plutarch. His fame was sufficient for the one, while his actions were too few for the other.

It may be useful to notice some of the aspersions of lord Orford on our favourite character.

"He died with the rashness of a volunteer," says he, "after having lived to write with the *sang-froid*, and prolixity of mademoiselle Scudery," and he quotes the observation of queen Elizabeth on Essex: "We shall have him knock'd o' the head, like that rash fellow, Sidney." On the day Sidney received his fatal wound, it appears that observing the marshal of the camp lightly armed, he threw off his cuisses, merely, according to sir Fulke Greville's account, "to venture without any inequalitie." p. 143. Dr. Zouch has not given the occasion of this act, which we see was a mere heroick bravado, which sober criticks like ourselves do not presume to comprehend. Dr. Zouch has made an ingenious observation on the defect of our military institutions in the sixteenth century, at page 336; but he has not defended his hero from this accusation of rashness. Yet this may still be done; for the valour of Sidney was founded on *fatalism*, like that of many other eminent military characters. William III. used to say, that every bullet had its billet; and that this was the opinion of Sidney, appears by what he affirmed after he had received his wound: "That God did send the bullet, and commanded it to stryke him." The system of *fatalism* must not be discouraged among our heroes; and it will sufficiently defend Sidney from "the rashness" attributed to him by one who was no hero himself.

When lord Orford apologized, in his second edition, for having past by Sidney's "Defence of Poetry," he acknowledged "that he had forgotten it; a proof," he adds, "that I at least did not think it sufficient foundation for so high a character as he acquired." This is mere malignity. Sidney had diligently read the best Latin and Italian commentaries on Aristotle's Poeticks, and these he has illustrated with the most correct taste and the most beautiful imagery. It is a work of love; and the luminous order of criticism is embellished by all the graces of poetry.

The Arcadia is a posthumous and unfinished work, and was composed, as he himself tells his sister, "in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest by sheets sent unto you as fast as they were don. For severer eyes," he adds, "it is not; being but a trifle, and triflingly handled." It was his earnest request on his death bed, that the Arcadia should be destroyed. The countess of Pembroke collected and published the fugitive leaves, and

with a sisterly fondness, called them "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia." Such is the history of a work, which the gallantry of criticism should have spared.

Of this romance Dr. Zouch has given a curious and copious account. It was read with avidity and delight in an age when pageants and pastorals were familiar to the eye and the ear. Even in the present times, congenial fancy can kindle over Arcadian scenery; and a poet never dies, while there lives another poet of his nation.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

The Last Years of the Reign and Life of Louis XVI. By Francis Hue, one of the Officers of the King's Chamber, named by that Monarch, after the 10th of August, 1792, to the Honour of continuing with Him and the Royal Family. Translated by R. C. Dallas, Esq.

THE misfortunes of the great never cease to interest; whether it be that there is a natural pleasure which we take in beholding our fellow creatures under affliction, when not allied to us by the ties of consanguinity or feeling; or that the sort of pleasure which arises from the contemplation of fallen grandeur, is of that tender yet consolatory cast that it seems to indemnify us for the evils of our own station in society. The mind is never wearied with reading accounts of the sufferings of lady Jane Grey, of Mary Queen of Scots, of Charles, or of Louis. They are inexhaustible themes of eloquence for the historian, of admonition for the moralist, of application for the poet. Their sufferings have been, in themselves, small, very small compared to those of private individuals; but it is comparison that aids our sympathy, and we do not sigh over the sorrows of the man, but of the prince. Philosophy would behold nothing peculiarly acute in a human being reposing on a bed of flock, with a tattered blanket thrown across for warmth, in feeding on plain fare, and enjoying but a limited extent of walk. But when we consider that he who endures this, once slept on beds of down, in vaulted chambers of golden roofs; that he rioted in the choicest gifts of nature, and his table was crowned with the produce of every clime; that he ranged at will wherever pleasure called him, we are led to wonder how he bears the reverse, and pity him, not so much for what he suffers, as for what he has lost. To this feeling we must attribute the eagerness with which we hunt after such details; and hence the melancholy pleasure which we have felt in reading the present work. There was no studied barbarity; there was no species of despicable insult; no manner of humiliation which the French nation did not employ towards the unfortunate Louis. The most abhorred tyrant that ever disgraced the annals of society could scarcely have merited more than was shown towards one whose greatest failing was too much lenity, and whose only crime, being born the king of a people destined to murder him.

M. Hue was mentioned with honour, and in a manner that will convey his name down to posterity, by his unfortunate monarch in his will. He was an eye witness of nearly all that he describes; he accompanied the king to the temple after the tenth of August; he suffered imprisonment for his attachment; he escaped numerous perils during the bloody proscriptions of the revolution; he accompanied Madame Royale to Vienna in 1796; and he has now given to the world, documents that will be of lasting importance to future historians.

This work would of itself be incomplete without the *Journal of Occurrences*, &c. of Clery. Together, they form a full picture of all that relates to Louis from the fatal 6th of October, 1789, to the 22d of January 1793. M. Hue was removed from about the person of the king, after he had been with him a short while in the temple, and was succeeded by Clery, whose journal, therefore, of what he witnessed, commences precisely where M. Hue's account, under the same circumstances, leaves off. Neither of these works, therefore, can be complete without the other. And M. Hue himself has said, p. 403, " from the 2d of September, the day I was first imprisoned, the narrative of the occurrences in the tower has been published by M. Clery who succeeded me."

It must be evident, that in this work of M. Hue's, a number of new facts are stated, and much light thrown upon old ones. As it would now be a waste of time to comment upon events that have so long passed, we shall perform a more acceptable office to our readers, by selecting such information as will be new to them. We will, however, just observe, that our author's love of the monarch he served, has sometimes led him into expressions respecting monarchy itself, which savours a little of despotism ; as at p. 2, where he says publick opinion was *too much respected* by Louis. M. Hue, also, is completely a Frenchman. We do not use the name insultingly; but mean that his patriotick feelings obscure his judgment, and lead him to lament certain events produced by the revolution, which were, in fact, such as every wise and good man wished for, had they been unpolluted by such horrid excesses.

Louis wanted active magnanimity of character. He endured insults which a truly noble mind must have resented, though immediate annihilation had been the consequence. His enemies saw that, and acted accordingly. Many instances are related, in the course of this volume, of the king's acquiescence to personal degradations, which do not tend to exalt our opinion of the elevation of his mind. We may admire his forbearance, and his patience, and his resignation; but these are equivocal qualities; while energy and intrepidity speak a language that no tongue can misconstrue.

We shall commence our extracts with M. Hue's account of the proceedings on the 6th of October, 1789.

" How dreadful a night was the 6th of October! The closing hours of it spread its shades over the most horrible of sacrileges! Then began outrages of the blackest die! At the breaking up of the nocturnal sitting, which the assembly had held, the conspirators repaired to the parish church of St. Louis. By 12 o'clock at night, the church, vestries, rooms, passages, and all the offices, were thronged with national guards, and people with pikes. In the church, for pastime, they lighted the tapers, and walked in mock procession; and at times, orators went up into the pulpit, and made horrible motions.

" At five o'clock, the vicar* was applied to, to know if a mass could be performed, and he offered to celebrate it himself, on condition of having a guard to protect him. This was granted.

" While preparing for the celebration of the mass, the vicar was requested to pray for the success of the project meditated: but he replied that, being fearful of criminal designs, at least, in some present, he could not, without impiety, comply with what was asked. ' I will pray to God,' added this respectable man, ' to vouchsafe to grant to all, the grace necessary for them. This reply satisfied them, and the mass was heard with tolerable decency. When it was over, the conspirators shook hands, swore to be true to one another, and flew to carnage.

" Scarcely did the dawn of day cast a dim light on the sacred residence of our kings, when a legion of brigands, men and women, led by deputies in women's

* This was M. Jacob. He confirmed to me the particulars I here relate, and told me that the seditious, forgetting for a moment their fury against the royal family, joined him in singing the *Domine salvum*, a prayer said daily for the king.

clothes, broke into the palace, and in an instant crowded the terrace of the garden and the courts. Terrible howlings announced the banditti. They cried out: 'The queen's head! Down with the queen! Louis shall no longer be king. We will not have him. We want the duke of Orleans; he will give us bread.'

"Fishwomen, furies bellowed: 'Where is this jade? Let us carry her, alive or dead. We will look you in the face, Marie Antoinette. You have danced for your own pleasure—you are now going to dance for ours. Let us cut her throat; let's cut off her head; let us eat her heart.' One of these devils drawing a sickle from under her apron, there was a cry of: 'That will do to despatch her?'

"The horrible menaces and howlings of these wild beasts were mixed with shouts of '*Vive d'Orleans! Vive notre père d'Orleans!*' Decency will not permit me to mention the obscenities that accompanied these infamous expressions. A price, then, had been set upon the heads of the royal family! Towards her apartment the assassins rushed. It is said, that a deputy dared to point with his finger to the door. The sentry, M. Durepaire, one of the body guards, defended it: but assailed by a multitude, and covered with wounds, he was soon stretched upon the floor. Miomandre de Ste. Marie took his post, made a bar to the entrance of the bedchamber with his musket, and, opening one of the folding doors, called, in a loud voice: 'save the queen!' At these words, he received several blows which felled him to the ground. The moment he was down, one of the wretches made the crowd stand back, and, coolly measuring his distance, struck the guard so violent a blow, with the but-end of the musket, that the lock stuck in his head.* Some of the queen's women,† whom their attachment had kept all night with their august mistress, having hastily awaked her, her majesty hurried on a petticoat, threw a counterpane over her shoulders, and, by a passage of communication, escaped to the king's apartment. In the way, she heard these cries: 'She must be hanged; her throat must be cut.' At the same instant, a gun and pistol were fired. The queen was hardly out of her chamber, when the door was forced in. The assassins, enraged at their disappointment, vented their fury in a thousand imprecations.

"Trembling for his son's life, the king ran to his chamber, and carried him away in his arms.* In his way the light went out. 'Take hold of my nightgown,' said the king, calmly, to the woman who attended the dauphin. Having groped his way back to his apartment, he there found the queen, Madame Royale, Monsieur, Madame, Madame Elizabeth, and the Marquise de Tourzel. Thus united, the royal family waited with less terrour the fate which threatened them.

"At the commencement of the attack, two young men of the body guards suffered themselves to be assassinated, rather than abandon their post.† Their bloody heads were carried about on pikes in triumph, and their bodies left on the parade to the fury of the populace. Several of the cannibals were seen rubbing their hands and face with the blood of their victims.

"The chopper-off of heads, a man with a long beard, of a savage aspect, his arms naked up to the elbow, his eyes sparkling, his hands and clothes smeared with gore, was seen brandishing his axe, the instrument of his cruelties. This monster, whose name was Nicholas Jourdan, served the Academy of Painting and Sculpture as a *model*. From his feats on this day, he was surnamed *Coupe-tête*.‡

* M. Miomandre de Ste. Marie lay senseless, and weltering in his blood. The banditti thought him dead, and left him, after robbing him. He afterwards recovered.

† Madame Thibaud and Madame Oguier.

* The king, to get to the dauphin's apartments, and avoid being seen by the brigands, was obliged to go through a dark, subterraneous passage.

† M. Deshuttes and M. Varicourt.

‡ In some accounts, this Nicholas Jourdan has been confounded with the author of the massacres at Avignon. They had no relation, but in barbarity and the mere name. In 1789, thousands of ruffians, coming from Marseilles and the coasts of Africa and Italy, spread themselves throughout the province. Sacrilege, rape, and murder, marked their way. At Avignon, headed by one Jourdan, they massacred many of the inhabitants, sparing neither age nor sex; broke open the prisons, killed the prisoners in cold blood; crowded the victims marked out for their fury into the town ice-house; put them to death by unheard-of tortures; mutilated them, cut them in pieces, and scrambled for the flesh. Never did the world exhibit a more horrible scene. The river within Avignon was coloured with human blood, and full of dead bodies.

Who can read the following anecdote, and not confess, with Burke, that the days of chivalry were gone? The days of chivalry; the days of common manhood were passed, and demons ruled triumphant.

"At night, the king and the royal family were taken back to their lodging under a strong guard. They always met with new insults. One night, as they were going through the garden of the convent, a young man, well dressed, went up to the queen, and, doubling his fist at her, said: 'Infamous Antoinette, you wanted to bathe the Austrians in our blood: your head shall pay for it.' The queen treated this atrocious speech with silent contempt."

Louis was of opinion that the predisposing causes of the revolution were to be found in the writings of the French philosophers, as they were called. He one day said to M. Hue, in a low voice, pointing to the works of Rousseau and Voltaire: "Those two men have ruined France."

The dangers of M. Hue himself were not small, as the following narrative will testify, after being dragged away from the service of the king and sent to prison.

"In entering my dungeon, I saw, by the light of the turnkey's lanthorn, a sorry bed. I groped my way to it. Oppressed with fatigue, and at length overcome by sleep, I had become for a moment insensible of my dangerous position, when I was suddenly awakened by a confused noise. I listened, and distinctly heard these words:* 'Wife, the assassins have done in the other prisons, and are coming to those of the commune. Quick, throw me our best things: come down, and let us fly.' At these words I started from my bed, fell on my knees, and raising my hands to heaven, waited in that posture the blow that was to put an end to my life. In about an hour I heard myself called. I made no reply. I was called again. I listened. 'Come to your window,' said somebody, in a low voice. I advanced. 'Do not be afraid,' added the voice, 'several people here are taking care of your life. After my enlargement, I made fruitless inquiries to discover this generous protector. Compassionate man! whoever you are, wherever you reside, receive the tribute of a gratitude which, while I live, will know no end!

"Six-and-thirty hours passed without any person coming into my cell, without food, or the hope of any. I knew that the warden and his wife had fled. I imagined that the turnkey had done the same. On this reflection, the remainder of my fortitude forsook me. A cold sweat, a shivering all over, and the pangs of death came upon me: I fell into a swoon. When I came to myself, I was ready to call the assassins, whom, by the light of the lamps, I saw passing and repassing in the court. I was going to beg them to put an end to my protracted agonies, when a faint light coming through the boards above me struck my eyes. By means of a wretched table and two stools, which I piled one upon the other, I raised myself high enough to reach the top of the cell, and I rapped several times at the spot through which the light came. A trap door opened, and some person in a mild voice said: 'What do you want?' I replied in the accents of despair, 'Bread or death.' It was the warden's wife* who spoke to me. 'Recover yourself,' said she, 'I will take care of you.' She immediately brought me bread, a bit of meat, and some water. While I remained confined in this place, this compassionate woman had the goodness to supply me with nourishment. She furnished me with a wickered bottle, which, whenever I wanted water, I presented at the trap door, and she filled it. By this means the door of my cell was seldom opened, and I remained the better concealed.

"Nevertheless, men whose arms and clothes were smeared with blood, came up at times to the window of my cell, looking to see if any victim were lodged there. But the darkness of the place, increased by the interposition of their bodies, prevented their observing me. 'Is there any one here to be worked?'† said they, in their horrible jargon. As soon as they were gone, I peeped out to see what was passing in the court. The first thing I saw was the assassins profaning with their filth the statue of Louis XIV. which lay overturned upon the ground, and playing with the bloody remains of their victims. They were relating to one another the details of their murders, showing the

* It was the warden, whose name was Viel, speaking to his wife.

* Madame Viel, whose goodness I can never acknowledge too much.

† To *work*, in the revolutionary language of that time, was synonymous to *massacreing*.

money they had earned,* and complaining of not having received what had been promised them."

There is no part of the present volume more interesting than the conversations between M. Hue and the great and good Malesherbes, whose loyalty made him a volunteer in defence of his king, and whose magnanimity enabled to effect his wishes. Though he perished on the scaffold for his generous conduct, yet he has left a name behind him dear to posterity. M. Hue was confined in the same prison [Port Royal] with this venerable man, and they solaced their confinement by discoursing upon the sufferings and virtues of Louis. M. Hue has preserved the conversations of Malesherbes, with the apparent accuracy of a Boswell; and we wish we had room to extract them all. We shall select, however, some of them.

"My friend,' said he to me one day, 'You, I hope, will long survive the death which awaits me. Store up then in your memory, what you deserve to hear. To the points of view in which you have beheld the most virtuous, the most undaunted of men, add those which I shall describe to you.' Some days after, M. de Malesherbes, yielding to my entreaties, had the goodness to give me a manuscript containing in substance the different conversations I am going to report.

"'I saw Louis mount the throne,' said M. de Malesherbes to me, 'and though at an age when the passions are strongest, and the illusions of the imagination most powerful, he carried with him pure morals, a contempt of pomp, a wise bias to toleration, and an inexhaustible desire of doing good. His respect for religion was equal to the firmness of his belief. More than once expressing to me, how much he wished me to be of his religious opinions, he said: 'Without religion, my dear Malesherbes, there is no true happiness for men, either in society, or as individuals. Religion is the strongest bond between man and man. It prevents the abuse of power and strength, protects the weak, consoles the unhappy, and ensures, in the social system, reciprocal duties. Believe me, it is impossible to govern the people by the principles of philosophy.' This conviction was the firm basis of the virtues of Louis XVI. It made him a king just, clement, humane, and beneficent: it rendered him a faithful husband, a tender father, an affectionate brother, a good master; in a word, a paragon of moral and domestick virtues.

"At my introduction into the ministry, wishing to ascertain the motives of the *lettres de cachet*, previously issued, I conceived the plan of visiting the state prisons. I wanted the king himself to visit some of them, and that he should become acquainted with their situation and internal government: and I was particularly desirous that such prisoners as had been too lightly or too long confined, should receive the news of their liberty, from the mouth of the monarch himself. The king was highly delighted with the object of my plan, ordered me to put it in execution, and to employ in it the intendants of the provinces. 'But as for me,' added he, 'I will not visit any prison. Let us do good, M. de Malesherbes; but let us do it without ostentation.'

"Thus did the king throw over his virtues a veil which he even extended to his understanding. This was wrong. A king should display both. One day, being with his majesty on business, I was surprised at the extent of the knowledge he discovered. The king perceived it. 'I was sensible,' said he to me, 'at the finishing of my education, that I was far from having completed it; and I resolved to acquire the instruction I wanted. I wished to know the English, Italian, and Spanish languages. I learned them by myself. I made a sufficient progress in the Latin to translate the most difficult authors. Then, diving into history, I went back to the earliest ages of the world, and, descending from century to century to our own times, I applied myself more particularly to the history of France. I undertook as a task to clear up its obscurities. I studied the laws and customs of the kingdom; I compared the measures of the different reigns; I investigated the causes of their prosperity and of their disasters. With this regular study, I united the perusal of all works of merit that appeared: particularly those on government and politicks; on which I made my own remarks.'

"This avowal of the king's,' continued M. de Malesherbes, 'gave me a high opinion of the steadiness of his disposition, and of his capacity. While I was in the

* Those municipals of the commune of Paris, who more particularly exercised the power, had agreed with the men who massacred in the prisons, to pay them a stated sum in money.

ministry I daily had occasion to observe, that the timidity habitual to this prince was owing to too great a share of diffidence, which kept him constantly on guard against presumption, and made him think that, in business, his ministers possessed discernment superiour to his own. It was this that made him so easily give up his opinion to that of his council. He was also apprehensive that he did not express his thoughts clearly. He said to me one day: 'I would rather leave my silence to be interpreted than my words.'

"To the same stock of diffidence, is to be attributed the undecisive character which you have perhaps sometimes heard mentioned as a reproach to him. I was a daily witness of it in the council, and saw that it arose from his balancing what part was best to be taken, and from the many difficulties that occurred. He often said: 'What a responsibility! every step I take affects the fate of five-and-twenty millions of men.' If, in the course of the revolution, it has sometimes happened that he decided wrongly, it was upon grounds, as he has said to me, which would have rendered his decision right, had it not been for acts of treachery, against which the most consummate prudence could be of no avail.

"The king was particularly pleased at the contempt I had for those outward forms which the world call graces, but which are too often the masks of deceit. 'M. de Malesherbes,' said he to me, 'you and I are ridiculed here for adhering to the manners of old times; but are not they better than the present fine airs? There are often vile things under their varnish.' The king was not ignorant of the jokes which the youth at the court took the liberty of casting on his manners; but he despised their opinion.

"While I was in the ministry, I never knew him order or approve any superfluous expense. He used to say to his ministers: 'Let us be frugal dispensers of the publick treasure. It is the product of the sweat, and sometimes of the tears, of the people.' Unfortunately, all his ministers were not of that opinion.

"The first time that, as his counsel, I was admitted into the tower of the temple, the king no sooner saw me, than he came up to me, and, without giving me time to finish my bow, took me into his arms: 'Ah! is it you, my friend?' said he, with the tears in his eyes: 'You see to what the excess of my love for the people, and that self-renunciation which induced me to consent to the removal of the troops intended for the defence of my power and person against the enterprises of a factious assembly, have brought me to. You are come to assist me with your advice. You are not afraid of exposing your life to save mine; but it will be all in vain!'—'No, sire,' replied I; 'I do not expose my life; and I even hope that your majesty's is in no danger: your cause is so just, and the means of your defence so clear!'—'No; they will put me to death. But no matter; it will be gaining my cause to leave a spotless name. Let us occupy ourselves on my means of defence.' The king afterwards spoke to me about M. Tronchet and M. de Sèze, my coadjutors. The former, having been a member and president of the constituent assembly, was known to him. He asked me for some account of M. de Sèze, whom he knew only as a celebrated lawyer.

"When the king was taken before the assembly, called the National Convention, to be examined, he was made to wait three-and-twenty minutes in a hall leading to the bar of the assembly. His majesty walked backwards and forwards: M. Tronchet and M. de Sèze, as well as myself, kept at a little distance from the king. As he spoke to me at times, in my answers I made use of the words, *Sire*, *Your Majesty*.—Treilhard, one of the deputies, came suddenly in, and, enraged on hearing the expressions I used in speaking to the king, put himself between his majesty and me: 'And what makes you so hardy,' said he to me 'as to utter, in this place, words proscribed by the convention?'—'Contempt for you,' I replied, 'and a contempt of death.'

"I, at first, thought that the national convention, not daring to pronounce a sentence of death upon the king, would banish him. On that supposition, I asked him what country he would prefer for his residence. 'Switzerland,' replied he: 'what history reports of the lot of fugitive kings ....'—'But, sire,' said I, 'if the French people, coming to themselves, should recall you, would your majesty return?'—'Not to please myself; but as a duty, I would. In that case, however, I should stipulate for two conditions on my return: the one, that the Apostolick and Roman Catholick religion should continue to be the religion of the state, not excluding, however, other modes of worship; the other, that if a national bankruptcy were inevitable, it should be declared by the usurping power; for that power having made it necessary, should bear the shame of it.'

"One day, the conversation turning upon the different parties in the conven-

tion: 'Most of the deputies,' said the king, 'might have been easily purchased.' —'What, sire, could have been your reason for not doing it? Were the means wanting?'—'No; I had the means; the money was lent me; but it must, one day, have been repaid from the publick stock. I could not prevail upon myself to use it for corruption. The funds of the civil list, being the substitute for the funds from my own domains, left me, perhaps, more at liberty; but the irregularity of the payments, and my necessary expenses, would not allow of it.'

"Another day, the king mentioned to me the total want of money in which he had been kept since his imprisonment. 'Your two colleagues,' said he, 'have devoted themselves entirely to my defence. They give me all their time and attention, and, in the situation in which I am, I have not the means to remunerate them. I thought of leaving them a legacy; but would it be paid?'—'It is paid, sire....! By choosing them for your defenders, you have immortalized their names.'

"Finding, in this conversation, that the king was very much affected at not having it in his power to bestow the slightest bounty on any person whatever, I went to the temple, the next day, with a purse full of gold. 'Sire,' said I, presenting it to him, 'permit a family, whose riches are partly owing to the bounty of yourself and of your ancestors, to lay this offering at your feet.' The king, at first, refused it; but yielded to my entreaties. I have since learned that, after his death, the purse was found unopened among his effects. He had taken the precaution to affix to it a label, on which was written, in his own hand, 'Money to be returned to M. de Malesherbes.' A notice that was not attended to.

"One day, when I went to the temple, after having passed, with scarce any intermission, six-and-thirty hours in several committees of the convention, the king reproved me. 'My friend,' said he, 'why exhaust yourself thus? Even were this labour sure to gain my cause, I would forbid it, though you would not obey me. But when I am convinced that it is unavailing, I beg you to be more prudent. The sacrifice of my life is doomed; preserve yours for a family that love you.'

"The king was so persuaded that he was to die, that on the very first day I was admitted to him, he took me aside, and said: 'My sister has given me the name and place of abode of a non-juring priest, whom I wish to assist me in my last moments. Go and see him for me, and persuade him to give me his assistance. This is a strange commission for a philosopher: but were you in my situation, how should I wish you to think like me! I repeat it to you, my friend, that religion comforts in a very different manner from philosophy.'—'Sire,' replied I, 'this commission is not so pressing'—'For me, nothing is more pressing,' said he. Some days after the king showed me his will and a codicil, both written by his own hand. His majesty allowed me to take a copy, on which there are some corrections in his own writing. I took these papers away with me, and sent them out of France, and I have heard of their safe arrival.

"From the first of my going to the temple, the king had expressed a wish to read some journals. I took the earliest opportunity to gratify his desire. I often witnessed the coolness with which he read the motions that were made against him in the tribune. However, among the many epithets bestowed upon him, that of *tyrant* always hurt him. 'I a tyrant!' said he. 'The whole concern of a tyrant is for himself. Has not my concern been always for my people? Do they or I hate tyranny most? They call me tyrant; yet know as well as you what I am.' I likewise carried him a copy of the ballad composed at that time and sung in every part of Paris. It was called: *Louis XVI. to the French*; and was a parody of the passage in Jeremiah, beginning, *Populo meus! quid feci tibi....? O my people! what have I done to you....?* In the perusal of it, the king experienced some moments of consolation.

"One morning, as I was waiting in the council-room till I could be admitted into the tower, I looked over some periodical papers; on which a municipal, addressing himself to me, said: 'How can you, a friend of Louis, think of showing him papers in which he is always so ill treated?' —'Louis XVI.' I replied, 'is not a man like many others.' This municipal had been a gentleman.

"The king saw, with a mixture of surprise and pain, persons of noble descent meanly serving the enemies of the throne and of the nobility. 'That men,' said he to me, 'who are born in an obscure condition, that even they who were nobly descended, but who had never had an opportunity of knowing me, should have trusted and blindly followed the enemies of my authority, does not astonish me. But that men placed about my person, and loaded with my favours, should have increased the number of my persecutors, is what I

cannot comprehend. God is my witness, that I cherish no hatred towards them, and even, that if it were in my power to do them any good, I still would.'

"I have not yet spoken to you,' said M. de Malesherbes, 'upon a cruel subject, which went to the king's heart; the injustice of the French towards the queen.' 'Did they know her value,' has he often repeated to me, 'did they know to what perfection she has exalted herself since our misfortunes, they would revere, they would cherish her; but, even before the period of our adversity, her enemies and mine had the art, by sowing calumnies among the people, to change to hatred that love of which she was so long the object.' Then entering into a detail of the things that were imputed to her, he defended the queen.

"You saw her,' said he to me, 'arrive at court. She was little more than a child. My mother and grandmother were both dead. She had, indeed, my aunts; but their rights over her were not of the same nature. Placed amidst a brilliant court, and having before her eyes a woman maintained there by intrigue, the queen, then dauphiness, was the daily witness of her pomp and prodigality. What must not she, who united in her own person so many advantages, have conceived of her own power and rights!'

"To have associated with the favourite, would have been unworthy of the dauphiness. Compelled to enter into a kind of retirement, she adopted a mode of life exempt from ceremony and constraint, and continued in the habit of it after she came to the throne. Those manners, new at court, were too suitable to my own taste to be opposed by me. I was not, at that time, aware how dangerous it is for sovereigns to allow themselves to be seen too nearly. Familiarity banishes the respect which is necessary to those who govern. At first, the publick applauded the dropping of the old customs, and afterwards made it a crime.

"It was natural for the queen to wish to have friends. She distinguished the princess de Lamballe most. Her conduct, during our misfortunes, has fully justified that choice. The countess Jules de Polignac pleased her; she made her also her friend. At the request of the queen, I bestowed upon the countess, since dutchess of Polignac, and her family, favours that excited envy. The queen and her friend became the objects of the most unjust censure.

"There was nothing,' added the king, 'not even her affection for the emperour Joseph II. her brother, that calumny did not attack. At first, it was whispered, then printed in several journals, and, at last, confidently asserted in the tribune of the national assembly, that the queen had sent to Vienna, and given to the emperour innumerable millions. An atrocious assertion, which the abbé Maury clearly refuted.

"The factious,' continued the king, 'are thus inveterate in decrying and blackening the queen, only to prepare the people to see her perish. Her death is determined. They fear that, if she lives, she will vindicate me. Unfortunate princess! My marriage promised her a throne. Now, what a prospect does it offer her!' Saying these words, the king pressed my hand, and shed tears.

"The day before this, the king asked me, if I had met *the white woman* in the temple. 'No, sire,' answered I. 'What,' replied he, smiling, 'do not you know that, according to vulgar tradition, when any prince of my house is going to die, a woman, dressed in white, wanders about the palace?'

"When, in spite of the exertions of my colleagues and myself, the fatal sentence was pronounced, they entreated me to take upon me the mournful commission of breaking it to the king. I see him still. His back was turned to the door: his elbows rested on a table: and his face was covered with his hand. At the noise I made in entering, his majesty rose. 'For two hours,' said he, looking stedfastly at me, 'I have been endeavouring to recollect if, in the course of my reign, I have willingly given my subjects any just cause of complaint against me: and I protest to you, from the bottom of my heart, that I do not deserve any reproach from the French. I never had a wish but for their happiness.'

"I then disclosed to the king the sentence passed by the convention; and, repressing the grief with which I was penetrated—'One hope,' said I to him, 'yet remains—An appeal to the nation.' A motion of his head expressed to me, that he expected nothing from that. His resignation and his courage made a very strong impression upon me. The king perceived it. 'The queen and my sister,' said he to me, 'will not show less fortitude and resignation than I do. Death is preferable to their lot.'

"In spite of the king's opinion,' continued M. de Malesherbes, 'I had still some hope in an appeal to the nation; but his majesty knew his implacable enemies better than I did. I depended, likewise,

upon some favourable commotion. In returning with my colleagues from the assembly, where we had been to give notice of the king's appeal, several persons, with whom I was acquainted, surrounded me in the lobby of the hall, and assured me, that some faithful subjects would rescue the king from his executioners, or perish with him.' 'Do you know them?' said he. 'No, sire; but I may meet them again.' 'Do endeavour to find them out; and tell them, that I thank them for the zeal they show for me, but that they must repress it. Any attempt would expose their lives, without saving mine. When the use of force might have preserved my throne and life, I refused to resort to it; and *shall I now cause French blood to be shed?*'

"After this painful interview, I had the honour of one more conversation with the king. In taking leave of him, I could not restrain my tears. 'Tender hearted old man,' said his majesty, pressing my hand, 'do not weep. We shall meet in a better world. I grieve to part with such a friend as you. Adieu! When you leave my room, restrain your feelings—You must. Consider that you will be observed.—— Adieu!——Adieu!'

"I left the temple with a broken heart. An Englishman of my acquaintance, meeting me the day before the sentence was passed by the convention, said to me: 'Good citizens have yet some hope, as the most unfortunate of kings has a defender in the most virtuous of men.'—'If Louis XVI. falls,' I replied, 'the defender of the most virtuous of kings will be the most unhappy of men.' My reply has been realized."

The translation is not well executed. There are many errours of grammar and inelegancies, such as *justest*, p. 25, and "had *broke* up" for broken, p. 62.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Memoirs of Maria Antoinetta, Archdutchess of Austria, Queen of France and Navarre; including several important Periods of the French Revolution, from its Origin to the 16th of October 1793, the Day of her Majesty's Martyrdom; with a Narrative of the Trial and Martyrdom of Madame Elizabeth; the Poisoning of Louis XVII. in the Temple; the Liberation of Madame Royale, Daughter of Louis XVI. and various subsequent Events. By Joseph Weber, Foster Brother of the unfortunate Queen, formerly employed in the Department of the Finances of France, and now Pensioner of his Royal Highness the Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen. Translated from the French, by R. C. Dallas, Esq. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 472, sewed.

VERY different accounts have been given of the conduct and character of the exalted but unfortunate subject of the present work. Some have charged her with gross and open profligacy; others have been contented to impute to her those irregularities only which were but too common among the higher ranks in France; while a few have contended for the correctness of her private deportment. In this class stands the writer now before us; who, it cannot be disputed, had means of information not inferiour to those of any of her panegyrists, or of her accusers. A great part of his life was spent near her person; he appears to have been honoured in a considerable degree with her regard, and to have mixed in her private societies; and though he writes under a strong bias, and his enthusiasm seems to acknowledge no bounds, his relations have a simplicity and a consistency which speak strongly in favour of their authenticity. In his pages, the actions of the ill fated princess prove her to have been compassionate, placable, beneficent, and generous; an affectionate wife, a tender parent, and a gentle mistress. The attachment shown to the queen in adverse fortune, by those who had shared her protection in her prosperous days, is urged by the author as a proof of the fidelity of the picture which he has drawn of her; and in support also of this representation, he addresses to his readers the following interrogatory:

"She was," he tells us, "the bosom friend of that princess so virtuous, mild, and pure, who seemed to be an angel, stationed by Heaven amidst the royal fa-

mily to console them in the hours of affliction; the bosom friend of madame Elizabeth, in whose face were united the queen's beauty with the benignant features of her august brother. That princess, of unblemished morals and exemplary piety, that celestial mind was attached with the tenderest affection to MARIA ANTOINETTA. Will it ever in future be believed, that this adorable woman could have vowed and preserved the unalterable attachment she manifested for the queen, had there been the slightest foundation for the least of the charges that have been advanced or insinuated by her enemies against her conduct? The constant friendship of madame Elizabeth would be an answer to every calumny, a refutation of every libel, were it necessary to answer or refute them."

The author's account of the origin and progress of the revolution is given in a neat and luminous manner; but we discover in it no new facts. We shall therefore pass it over, and confine our attention to a few of the incidents which are stated as occurring in the prosperous days of the queen, and which preserve some of her characteristick traits.

In the subsequent extract we are informed of the interest which her departure excited in her native city, and of the enthusiastick welcome with which she was received in her adopted country:

"The archdutchess left Vienna. The people all flew to the way she was to take; and at first their grief was dumb. She appeared; and was seen, her cheeks bathed in tears, lying back in her coach, covering her eyes sometimes with her handkerchief and sometimes with her hands; now and then putting her head out of the carriage, to take another look at the palace of her ancestors, which she was never more to enter; and making signs of regret and acknowledgment to the truly worthy people, who were pressing in crowds to bid her adieu. They now no longer answered with silent tears; the most piercing cries arose from every quarter. Men and women expressed their grief alike. The avenues as well as the streets of Vienna resounded with their cries; nor did they return home till the last horseman in her suite was out of sight, and then but to bewail with their families the common loss. The melancholy impression lasted for a long time; and long did the capital of Austria wear the appearance of a general mourning, instead of the hilarity of a marriage. Alas! already was the day marked in futurity when that mourning was to be a dreadful one!

"Every tribute of respect, all the charms of hope, all the intoxication of publick love, attended the entrance of the daughter of MARIA THERESA, the young and beautiful dauphiness of France, on the French territory. On her way, she every where captivated all hearts. Nature, as was said by madame Polignac, had formed MARIA ANTOINETTA for a throne. A majestick stature, a noble beauty, and a manner of holding her head difficult to describe, inspired respect. Her features, without being regular, possessed, what was far superiour, infinite grace. The clearness of her complexion set them off, and gave a dazzling lustre to her countenance. The most engaging manners still heightened all these charms; and, in the bloom of youth, the elegance and vivacity of her motions, with the frank and lively expression of a good heart and native wit, were particularly calculated to delight the French of those days. She charmed her husband, she charmed the king and all his family, the court and the town, the high and the low, each sex, all ranks, and all ages."

The ensuing anecdote indicates elevation of mind, as well as a forgiving temper:

"The marquis of Pontécoulant, major of the life-guards, had been so unfortunate in the lifetime of Louis XV. as to incur the displeasure of the dauphiness. The cause was not a very serious one; but the princess, resenting it with the hasty vivacity of youth, declared *she would never forget it.* The marquis, who had not himself forgotten this declaration, no sooner beheld MARIA ANTOINETTA seated on the throne, than he conceived himself likely to meet with some disgrace, and resolved to prevent it; for which purpose, he directly gave in his resignation to the prince of Beauveau, captain of the guards, at the same time frankly giving him his reasons for so painful a procedure on his part, adding, that he would greatly regret being under the necessity of quitting the king's service; but if his majesty would be pleased to employ him in some other way, he should be very happy. The captain of the guards perceiving the distress of the major's mind, and well acquainted with his merits, took upon himself to present his resignation to the king; but, previously waiting upon the queen, he represented to her the affliction with which the marquis of Pontécoulant was overwhelm-

ed, recounted the usefulness and number of his former services, and then concluded by asking what orders she would be pleased to give, with respect to what was to be done with the resignation. The sight alone of the prince of Beauveau was sufficient to excite generosity in the heart of another, and that of MARIA ANTOINETTA already fostered the principle in its fullest influence. 'The queen,' said she, 'remembers not the quarrels of the dauphiness, and I now request that the marquis of Pontécoulant will no longer recollect what I have blotted from my memory."

Another incident shows with what favour she was regarded at that time by the fickle Parisians:

"The queen came to Paris to see the play of Iphigenia in Aulus. The emperour sate next to her at the theatre, and the royal family filled up the box. The audience received them with the liveliest testimonies of joy; but all this was trifling when compared to the transport which was excited by an incident in the piece. At that part in which the young and beauteous Iphigenia passes in triumph through the midst of the Grecian camp, a chorus of Thessalians exclaims,

Que d'attraits! Que de majesté!
Que de grâces! Que de beauté!
Chantons, célébrons notre reine.

Behold her beauteous and majestick form!
What grace divine our youthful queen displays!
Loud swell the strain to celebrate her praise.

Scarcely were these words uttered when the allusion struck the minds of all. Not only were the eyes of the whole theatre turned towards the young and beautiful MARIA ANTOINETTA; not only was every applauding hand directed towards the place she occupied, but even the chorus was encored, a thing unheard of in this drama. The actor, who performed the part of Achilles, overjoyed at seeing himself all at once made the organ of the sentiments of the French people, pointed directly to the queen's box, repeating to his Thessalian followers,

Chantez, celebrez notre reine.

The people in every part of the theatre stood up, and joined their voices with those of the actors. The queen, who was standing, leaned upon her brother, entirely overcome by her sensibility, and the grateful pleasure that filled her breast. She endeavoured to withdraw herself from the homage so eagerly pressed upon her; and, although amid the confused sensations that rushed in upon her at once, she was incapable of giving expression to her feelings, she nevertheless succeeded most effectually in manifesting them to all, for not a gesture escaped her, not a tear fell from her eye, that did not contribute to augment the enthusiastick ardour with which her every motion was attended to. Her brother, and the princes of the royal family, bowed by turns to the audience, acknowledging the justice of their allusion; and then, turning to the queen, congratulated her upon the splendid triumph she enjoyed, professing themselves delighted at the idea of adding to it by their presence. Along the passages, upon the stairs, and to the very door of the theatre, was this chorus repeated; every place rang with those favourite words,

Chantons, célébrons notre reine.

What a moment must this have been for MARIA ANTOINETTA! How deep must she have drunk of the cup of joy!"

A domestick scene next presents itself:

"Three hours after the birth of the dauphin, three hundred couriers set off from Versailles, to bear the news to every part of the kingdom, and to all foreign courts. The capital was very soon informed of it. Scarcely was the cry of *a dauphin, a dauphin,* heard in the palace, ere it echoed through Versailles, made its way along the publick roads, and resounded in every corner of Paris.

"The shops were instantly shut; every one rushed to the places of worship to offer up thanksgivings to Heaven; dances were formed in the open streets; alms were delivered to the poor; and prisoners were set at liberty. The king, transported with joy, gave the most ingenuous proofs of it to the court and all his people. Like Henry IV. he appeared at the windows with the child in his arms, showing him to the crowd that flocked in repeated multitudes to shower their blessings upon it and the father. He received the deputations of sovereign courts, of municipalities, and of all the trading companies.* High and low, rich and poor,

* "The king was very fond of mechanicks, and his usual work of recreation was making of locks. The company of locksmiths, belonging to Versailles, came upon this happy occasion to pay their dutiful congratulations, presenting him at the same time with a production of their trade, which they denominated a *masterpiece.* It was a secret lock. The king desired that he might be left to find out the secret himself. This he did; but at the instant that he touched the spring, there darted, from the centre of the lock, a

were all alike permitted to draw near to him with their felicitations; his happiness was the happiness of all, and the joy which he witnessed in others increased his own.

"The queen, in the mean while, had not lost sight of what might be termed her favourite deed of piety. She had already sent to give freedom to a hundred women, who were confined in consequence of not being able to defray the expense of nursing their children. She yet, however, knew only that she was a mother, but was ignorant whether of a prince or princess. The king, with his wonted tender solicitude, had requested her to consent to remain ignorant of her infant's sex till the second day, fearful that joy or disappointment might have an equally bad effect upon her constitution; but, on the other hand, the continuance of her anxiety might also be dangerous. At length, after having himself struggled for several hours with the secret, he found that he could no longer withstand the entreaties of the beloved of his soul. Seated on the bed near the queen, he listened while she declared to him with the most enchanting complacency of manner, that if indeed her wish had always been for a son, it was a wish inspired by her anxiety for the commonweal, and the satisfaction of the king. So resigned did she appear, so determined to receive without a murmur whatever Heaven had given, and so perfectly convinced was she that it was a daughter, from the mysterious silence preserved, that the king could no longer contain himself. He rose, and called aloud to the attendants, *to bring M. the dauphin to the queen.* At these words the grateful—shall I say the happy? yes, that moment happiness was her's; the happy MARIA ANTOINETTA raised herself up in the bed, and spread out her arms towards the king, when this august pair, locked up in each other's embrace, mingled tears so full of rapture, that even the dauphin was allowed to remain beside them for some minutes without being perceived."

Another anecdote shows that this fascinating princess must have been eminently amiable and charitable.

"It happened when Louis XV. was hunting in the forest of Fontainbleau, that a furious stag, having been several times wounded, leaped over the low wall of a little garden at Achere, and springing on a peasant, who was digging on the ground, thrust his horns into his bowels. Some of the neighbours who saw the sad accident, finding that the poor gardener was expiring, ran to tell his wife, who was working in the fields, at the distance of a mile and a half from the place. The unhappy woman rent the air with her cries, and gave every mark of the most violent despair. The dauphiness, who was passing in a chariot at the time, not far from the spot, in her way to the rendezvous of the chace, hearing the cries of the disconsolate woman, stopped her carriage, and darting from it, flew across the vineyard, to the assistance of the sufferer, whom she found in fits. She made her smell some hartshorn, and in the mean while inquired into the nature of the accident that had just happened. The poor woman, on recovering, found herself in the arms of the dauphiness, who was weeping. This young princess endeavoured, by every tender consideration which her heart could suggest, to console this victim of calamity, and gave her all the money her purse contained. When the dauphin, the count and countess of Provence came up, they mingled their sympathy with her's, and followed the example of her bounty. She then ordered her carriage to the spot, and obliged the miserable woman to get in, with her child, and two other villagers; at the same time giving strict charge to one of her servants to carry the wife with all speed to her husband, and the poor child to its father, and then to return as quick as possible to give her an account of the state in which the wounded man was. Whilst the dauphiness was waiting in all the agony of suspense for the footman's return, the king joined her, and, hearing what had happened, exclaimed—'What a shocking thing it would be if this man should die! How shall we ever console his wife and child?' 'How otherwise, my dear father,' replied the dauphiness, 'than by striving to relieve their distress? for shall we not, by that means, in some degree lessen the bitterness of their lot!' The king immediately promised to give them a pension, and ordered his first surgeon to visit the wounded man every day, who, by such care, was, at length restored to his family, to bless his illustrious benefactress."

In the following passage, a claim is urged in favour of the queen, to which her right, we believe, is not generally known:

dauphin admirably worked in steel. The king was much delighted, and with a full heart declared *that the ingenious present of these worthy people gratified him much,* and with his own hands he made them a handsome remuneration."

"France prides herself at present, and justly, on possessing the first Lyrical Theatre of Europe. The master pieces of musick with which the collection of the Royal Academy of Paris has been enriched for fifteen years past, secure it an incontestable superiority over those of all other capitals. This justice is paid to it by all travelers and people of taste. It would be very difficult, not to say impossible, to estimate the sums which this dramatick preeminence has drawn to Paris, and scattered over France, by the concourse of opulent strangers which it has contributed to bring or detain in the country. Now, it is a fact which every one must acknowledge, that the musick of France, before the arrival of MARIA ANTOINETTA, was semi-barbarous. This science was still in its infancy, while all the others had passed the period of their maturity. As soon as MARIA ANTOINETTA had been at the opera, she resolved to improve the national taste. To her it is, to her enlightened love of the arts, that France is indebted for the revolution which was then effected in musick. She it was who brought from Vienna to Paris, who encouraged, who protected against all cabals, the chevalier Gluck, who had had the honour to give her lessons, and who was the first that could place the dagger of Melpomene in the hands of Euterpe. He gave to the serious opera the true tone of tragedy. Boileau said of the opera of his day:

Jusqu'à *je vous hais*, tout s'y dit tendrement.

And e'en *I hate you* glides a tender strain. A critique which, with very few exceptions, was still applicable to the opera, as MARIA ANTOINETTA found it at her arrival in France. In a few years it felt her happy influence; and could Boileau have revisited the world, he would have found that my illustrious countryman, Gluck, as poetical in his musick as Corneille and Racine were harmonious in their poetry, had, in his operas, put in practice the precepts of the legislator of Parnassus, and that at his touch, *each passion spoke its proper language.* MARIA ANTOINETTA not only invited to Paris the genius who was the boast of Vienna, but also those excellent composers whose works were the delight of Italy. Piccini and Sacchini were desired and encouraged by MARIA ANTOINETTA to come and enrich the French stage. In this they succeeded, by following the path marked out by the German Orpheus; and if the competition of these three celebrated masters occasioned some warm disputes among the French, it at least proved useful to the art. In fact, it is to that fermentation, and to the discussions it produced, that the world are indebted for those master pieces *Dido*, *Œdipus*, *Armida*, and *Alcestes*, which will remain for ever the glory of the Lyrical Theatre of Paris, and be lasting models for future artists. This is one of the permanent benefits which France has derived from MARIA ANTOINETTA. As long as the French are sensible of the effects of harmony, of the charms of melody; as long as a taste for the beautiful prevails in France, it will be as impossible to forget the fifteen years reign of MARIA ANTOINETTA, as it is now to forget the glorious age of Louis XIV. and perhaps the favourites of Euterpe, in speaking of the period when *that magick spectacle in which poetry, dancing, and musick combine a hundred pleasures in one*, attained its greatest glory, will one day call it *the age of* MARIA ANTOINETTA."

Happy had it been for this high personage, for France, and for the world, had she confined herself to the cares, occupations, and scenes with which and in which she is here represented as busied. But unfortunately she was induced to interfere in publick affairs, for which province she was totally unfit. The fact clearly appears from the present work, though it is but slightly touched.—The unpopularity of her later years is ascribed to the machinations of the duke of Orleans, and to a most unfounded suspicion that she sacrificed the interest of France from affection to her brother. The hostility of the duke is attributed to the queen having discountenanced his profligate manners by refusing him admission to her parties at Versailles and Trianon, "*in which gayety and sprightliness never intrenched on the forms of decency and propriety*," and to the heterodox political principles which he had imbibed in his education, and in his visits to England.

Mr. Weber alludes to the famous affair of the necklace, without elucidating it; and though he confidently asserts the innocence of the queen, and her total ignorance of the transaction, he omits to state the grounds on which his opinion is formed. He

is more successful in vindicating his royal mistress from the charge of betraying the interests of her country to family considerations. Indeed, of this accusation, so vehemently urged, and so frequently reiterated by the demagogues of the revolution, we have never seen any thing approaching to proof; and it is in the highest degree improbable.

The parts of this work which relate to the queen are very interesting; and the narrative of political affairs is only irksome because it has been so often told. As to the real *truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth*, respecting the ill fated Maria Antoinetta, we suppose that we are not yet to obtain it. For us it is in course impossible to pronounce it, or to gain it even by comparing different accounts. We have readily inserted a number of those statements which are made in this volume by one who *must know something*, but perhaps *will not tell all*; and these relations, as we have already observed, and as our quotations prove, are highly honourable to the object of the writer's adoration. It is, however, obvious to remark, that the admission of some virtues implies not the exclusion of all crimes; and that those feelings of the heart, which are here attributed to the late queen of France, are not incompatible with that indulgence of the passions which has by others been ascribed to her. M. Weber's devotion has induced him to delineate a *goddess*, and the malignity of political enemies has excited them to paint a *demon*. The truth, as in other cases, most probably lies between the two extremes:

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. Our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues."

SHAKSPEARE, *All's well that Ends well.*

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Dissertations on the Gipsies: representing their Manner of Life, Family Economy, Occupations and Trades, Marriages and Education, Sickness, Death, and Burial, Religion, Language, Sciences and Arts, &c. &c. &c. with a Historical Inquiry concerning their Origin and first Appearance in Europe. From the German of H. M. G. Grellmann. London. 1807.

HUMAN nature in every state is an object of rational inquiry: polished nations delight us by their refinements, savage tribes excite our curiosity by their rudeness; man seems to approach to the nature of angels here, while there the difference between man and brute is scarcely perceptible. Which of these extremes is most natural?—that in which every faculty of his mind is exalted, and the soul triumphs, as it were, over the tabernacle of clay; or that in which the clay fabrick envelopes completely the ethereal inhabitant, and man is evidently allied to the dust of the earth? If man was formerly a demigod, the mighty is sadly fallen; if he was formerly a brute, he is wonderfully improved by his diligence, and is become no unworthy spectacle to beings of a superiour class. Angels may well

——Admire such wit in human shape,
And show a NEWTON as we show an ape.

It is probable, that if we could examine the history of the world completely, we should find nations, as well as individuals, formed by circumstances either to honour and dignity, or to depravity and disgrace. The triumphs of a single hero have often been the means of spreading calamity among thousands and tens of thousands of his fellow men; and while the loud clarions have proclaimed his triumphs, the sighs of suffering humanity, the desolations that have marked his course, the privations under which the vanquished

have sunk, have appealed to heaven against him, in clamours far louder than those re-echoed around his throne. The effects of such convulsions we discover in the expatriation of various tribes, and in their migrations to distant lands. Such appears to have been the origin of those roving families, that, happily for our country, seldom go in bodies sufficiently numerous to disturb the publick peace, though they pilfer whatever their hands can reach, as individuals, or in groups terrify the lonely traveller, now and then, into acts of involuntary charity. On the continent, their depredations are not always equally moderate. They do mischief on a larger scale, and have been known to require the interposition of a military force to reduce them to submission.

We have very little doubt of the Gipsies being a cast of the population of India; and whoever has perused Dr. Buchanan's Travels in Mysore with attention, will find sundry tribes to which they bear a marked resemblance. We may add, that some of our officers, returned from India, have readily understood the language used by this people, and have been understood by them. Such is our information, from competent authority. The hint may be pursued by whoever desires conviction on the subject. This is the opinion also of M. Grellmann, who has compiled a vocabulary of the Gipsy language, the words of which he compares with the Sanscrit, and other dialects of Hisdoostan. He supposes, with great probability, that these tribes were expelled from their original country by the famous Timur Beg, in 1401.—[How far did Timur penetrate into Hindoostan?]—They first appeared in Germany about 1407, and they are now found in all countries of Europe. Their numbers cannot be less than 7 or 800,000 persons. Their manners are every where unsettled, sordid, thievish, rude, idle, and profligate. They are ignorant, cunning, adroit, even ingenious, yet unwilling to work. Their tempers are hasty and violent. They are cowardly, some say cruel; and though they have chiefs to whom they submit, yet they pay little or no obedience to law; and all the endeavours of the governing powers, wherever they reside, cannot make them good soldiers, agriculturists, or craftsmen. They are a people apart, and apart they are likely to continue.

The volume before us has already appeared in an English dress. We remember it many years ago. The title may serve as an analysis of it. We shall do no more than transcribe a few extracts, some of which may contribute to increase the caution of our readers, should they ever have any intercourse with Gipsies.

"The art of goldwashing is brought to much greater perfection in Transylvania. In the description of the process adopted in that country, it is said that all the rivers, brooks, and even the pools which the rain forms, produce gold. Of these the river Aranyosh is the richest, insomuch that the historians have compared it to the Tagus and Pactolus. Excepting the Wallachians, who live by the rivers, the goldwashers consist chiefly of Gipsies. They can judge with the greatest certitude where to wash to advantage. The apparatus used by them for this work is a crooked board, four or five feet long, by two or three broad, generally provided with a wooden rim on each side. Over this board they spread a woollen cloth, and scatter the gold-sand, mixed with water, upon it. The small grains of the metal remain sticking to the cloth which they afterwards wash in a vessel of water, and then separate the gold by means of the trough. When larger particles of sand are found in their washing, they make deeper channels in the middle of their crooked boards, to stop the small pieces as they roll down. They closely examine these small stones, and some are frequently found to have solid gold fixed in them."

. . . . . .

"In the year 1557, during the troubles in Zapoly, the castle of Nagy Ida, in the county of Abauywar, was in danger of being besieged and taken by the imperial troops. Francis Von Perenyi, who had the command, being short of men, was obliged to have recourse to the Gipsies,

of whom he collected a thousand. These he furnished with proper means of defence, and stationed them in the outworks, keeping his own small complement of men to garrison the citadel. The Gipsies imagined that they should be perfectly free from annoyance behind their intrenchments, and therefore went courageously to their post. Every thing was in order when the enemy arrived, and the storm commenced. The Gipsies, behind their fortifications, supported the attack with so much more resolution than was expected, returning the enemy's fire with such alacrity, that the assailants, little suspecting who were the defendants, were actually retreating. They had hardly quitted their ground, when the conquerors, elated with joy on their victory, crept out of their holes, crying after them: 'Go and be hanged, you rascals! Thank God we had no more powder and shot, or we would have played the very devil with you!'—'What!' replied the retiring besiegers, as they turned about, and, to their great astonishment, instead of regular troops, discovered a motley Gipsy tribe, 'are you the heroes? is it so with you?' Immediately wheeling about to the left, sword in hand, they drove the black crew back to their works, forced their way after, and in a few minutes totally subdued them."

This history shows sufficiently the inaptitude of Gipsies for a military life; yet in some Hungarian regiments, one eighth of the corps is of this cast. Equal difficulty attends the supposition that they will ever produce men of learning; since they have no letters. They are also strangers to religion, and religious rites. They suffer their children to undergo baptism several times, if the prospect of profit presents itself. However, they appear to be fond of their children. We are not willing to enlarge on the vices and horrid crimes imputed to them. After all, the strangest circumstance attending this people is, the attention paid to their jargon and predictions by the credulous among ourselves. That to these evidently ignorant wanderers should be attributed the faculty of foreknowledge, a faculty from which truly wise men shrink, must be considered as a folly in which our nation is not singular, and little other than a reproach on the human mind itself.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

An Account of the Application of Gas from Coal to Economical Purposes. By W. Murdoch. Communicated to the Royal Society by Sir Joseph Banks.—Phil. Trans. for 1808.

Considerations on the Nature and Objects of the intended Light and Heat Company London, 1808.

A National Light and Heat Company, &c. with four Tables of Calculations, &c. And various other Pamphlets. By F. A. Winsor.

THE first in this list is a very interesting paper. It consists only of a few pages; but the facts it contains are curious; and it leads to the consideration of a subject, which has excited a good deal of attention in the metropolis, and is soon, it is said, to undergo a parliamentary discussion. We have neither the power nor the wish to prejudge the cause; nor would we willingly hurt the feelings of any individual. Our object is little more than a simple statement of facts. We have witnessed some obscure attempts to light with gas, that did not succeed. And we have read pamphlets on the subject, circulated, perhaps, to allure subscribers, which are as full of extravagance as they are void of science. But, in spite of these failures, and amidst all the nonsense that has been published, and all the ridicule, in a great measure merited, that has been thrown on some of the projects, still we think there is discernible a basis

of sound and practicable improvement, to the development of which a small portion of our time may be usefully devoted.

As the subject has been involved in much confusion, and, to many of our readers, must be altogether new, we shall first endeavour to state, in a brief and popular way, the chymical composition of coal, before we detail the new applications that are proposed to be made of its ingredients.

Pit-coal exists in this island in strata, which, as far as concerns the hundredth generation after us, may be pronounced inexhaustible; and is so admirably adapted, both for domestick purposes and the uses of the arts, that it is justly regarded as a most essential constituent of our national wealth. When exposed to heat, as we see it every day in our grates, it is manifestly composed of a fixed base of carbonaceous matter, and a variety of evaporable substances, which are driven off in the form of smoke and flame. But, instead of being consumed in this open way, the coal may be distilled, and these evaporable matters collected in proper vessels, and examined. They are then found to contain, besides a considerable quantity of matter, which is condensed by cold into tar and alkaline liquor, an invisible elastick fluid, or gas, which no cold nor effusion of water can condense or absorb. It is a compound of two highly inflammable gases, which chymists call the light hydrocarbonate, and the heavy hydrocarbonate, or olefiant gas; and this mixture burns with a very brilliant and beautiful light. It is this gas which furnishes the flame in our common fires;* but its beauty is there impaired by the unavoidable alloy of smoky vapour. A separation, however, may be effected by the distilling process, which leaves the pure aërial fluid such as we have described. All the new plans for lighting with coal gas, proceed upon the principle of purifying this fluid, collecting it in reservoirs, and distributing it in tubes. From the furnace where the coal is distilled, a main pipe may convey *all* the evaporable matter into a large reservoir or gasometer, where, by various means, chiefly, we believe, by washing with water, it may be freed from impurities, and propagated through the tubes in every direction by its own elasticity. If nothing confine it, it will issue from the extremities in an equable flow, but still invisible, till a lighted taper be applied, when it bursts into flame, and continues to burn as long as the gas is supplied. Mr. Accum found, by a comparison of shadows, in the manner suggested by count Rumford, that the light of a gas flame is to that of an equal-sized flame of a candle or lamp as 3 to 1;* or, in other words, that to light up a certain space, one gas flame will give as much light as three candles burning with a flame of equal size. The products of the combustion are in both cases the same—water and carbonick acid gas; but with this mate-

* There are, in fact, according to Mr. Davy, three inflammable gases given out in our fires—the two we have mentioned, and the gaseous oxide of carbon, which is known by its blue flame. They are all distinctly perceptible. The light hydrocarbonate forms the main body of the flame; the olefiant appears in brilliant jets; and the gaseous oxide is occasionally seen near the root of the flame, or in contact with the coal. It is possible that a small portion of this oxide may mix with prepared gas.

* We should have suspected the proportion was overrated, had not the same accurate experimenters assured us, "that 500 cubick inches of gas, burnt from the orifice of a jet, so as to produce a flame equal in size to that of an ordinary candle, consumed 1076 cubick inches of oxygene gas in the same time that a candle kept burning in the best possible manner, consumed only 279. And we know, that the intensity of any artificial light depends on the rapidity with which oxygene is absorbed.—See Appendix to Report of the Committee, &c.

rial difference, that candles frequently, and lamps always, give out a quantity of smoke and soot; whereas the combustion of the gas is perfect, and leaves no sensible residuum—nothing that can soil the most delicate white. Its effects on the air of a room are, therefore, less insalubrious than those of a candle, since the only noxious substance it yields is carbonick acid gas; and this it produces in smaller quantity than our common lights. From the inflammable properties of the gas, explosions, bursting of tubes, and other dangers might be apprehended. But there is no ground for such fears. On the contrary, nothing can be more simple or easy in the management The gas may be confined by a stop-cock with perfect safety, and issued as occasion requires. When it is exhausted, the flame goes out as quietly as the flame of a candle does, when the tallow is spent.

Such are the nature and properties of this curious and beautiful substance, when examined in a small way in the laboratory of the chymist. But it frequently happens, that theories perfectly just and elegant in themselves, and confirmed by expements on a small scale, with a nice apparatus and skilful management, are yet, when attempted in the large and wholesale way, utterly incapable of being reduced to practice; and thus, many a promising plan has ended with performing nothing. But, in the case before us, there are facts, of the description we want, to be collected from different quarters, and furnished by individuals unconnected with each other, which fully verify the anticipations of theory, and the conclusions of more limited experiment.

The first, and by far the most valuable of these facts, is contained in Mr. Murdoch's paper; the chief object of which is to describe the mode of lighting the cotton-mill of Messrs. Philips and Lee, at Manchester. From this account we learn, that "the whole of the rooms of this, the most extensive cotton mill in the kingdom, with the counting house and store-room, and the adjacent dwelling house of Mr. Lee, are now, and have been for several years, lighted up with the gas from coal, to the exclusion of all other artificial light." The manner in which the gas is procured and distributed, we shall quote in his own words.

"The coal is distilled in large iron retorts, which, during the winter are kept constantly at work, except during the intervals of charging: and the gas, as it arises from them, is conveyed by iron pipes into large reservoirs or gasometers, where it is washed and purified, previous to its being conveyed through other pipes, called mains, to the mill. These mains branch off into a variety of ramifications, forming a length of several miles, and diminish in size as the quantity of gas to be passed through them becomes less. The burners, where the gas is consumed, are connected with the above mains by short tubes, each of which is furnished with a cock, to regulate the admission of gas to each burner, and to shut it totally off when requisite. This latter operation may likewise be instantaneously performed throughout the whole of the burners in each room, by turning a cock, with which each main is provided, near its entrance into the room."

By a comparison of shadows, the whole light of the gas flames used was found equal to that of 2500 candles of 6 to the lib. We cannot enter into all the items of expense:* they are given with the most scrupulous accuracy; and the economical statement for one year stands thus. The cost of the cannel coal which he used to furnish the gas, is 125*l.* and of common coal to carbonize it, 20*l.* in all, 145*l.* from which deduct the value of the coke, 93*l.* and the whole expense in coal is reduced to 52*l.* The interest of capital sunk in the apparatus, with a liberal allowance for tear and wear, is stated at 550*l.* making the total expense of lighting the manufactory about 600*l.* a year. That of candles, to give the

* Vide Nicholson's Philosophical Journal for October last.

same light, would be about 2000*l.* If the comparison were made on the average of three hours a day, which, in most cases, would perhaps be nearer the truth, the advantage would be still more in favour of the gas lights. The interest of capital and tear and wear, remaining nearly the same as in the former case, the whole cost would not exceed 650*l.* while that of the tallow would be 3000*l.* Here, then, we have a saving of three parts in four; and it is not likely, as we shall see hereafter, that Mr. Murdoch has reached the utmost point, either of economy in his process of distillation, or of simplicity in the construction of his apparatus. "The peculiar softness and clearness of this light," says Mr. Murdoch, under whose direction the whole was completed, "with its almost unvarying intensity, have brought it into great favour with the work people: and its being free from the inconvenience resulting from the sparks, and frequent snuffing of the candles, is a circumstance of material importance, as tending to diminish the hazard of fire, to which cotton mills are known to be much exposed."

The next fact we shall bring forward is important, inasmuch as it shows, that the superiority of gas lights is not confined to great manufactories, but is equally apparent in those on a small scale; thus opening a much wider range for the possible application of the new mode. We are indebted for this fact to a Mr. Cook,* a manufacturer of metal toys at Birmingham; a clear headed, practical man, not apt to be dazzled by a fanciful theory, but governed in his transactions by a simple balance of profit and loss. There is a *naïveté* in his own account of this process, which will amuse as well as instruct the reader.

"My apparatus is simply a small cast iron pot, of about eight gallons, with a cast iron cover, which I lute to it with sand. Into this pot I put my coal. I pass the gas through water into the gasometer or reservoir, which holds about 400 gallons; and, by means of old gun barrels, convey it all round my shops. Now, from twenty or twenty-five pounds of coal, I make, perhaps, six hundred gallons of gas; for, when my reservoir is full, we are forced to burn away the overplus in waste, unless we have work to use it as it is made: but, in general, we go on making and using it, so that I cannot tell to fifty or a hundred gallons. And, in fact, a great deal depends on the coal, some coals making much more than others. These twenty-five pounds of coal put into the retort, and say twenty-five pounds more to heat the retort, which is more than it does take one time with another —but I am willing to say the utmost, are worth four pence per day. From this four pence we burn eighteen or twenty lights during the winter season."

In this manner are the candles which he used to employ, and which cost him three shillings a day, entirely superseded. But, besides his expense in candles, oil and cotton for soldering used to cost him full 30*l.* a year, which is entirely saved, as he now does all this soldering by the gas flame only. For "in all trades in which the blowpipe is used with oil and cotton, the gas flame will be found much superiour, both as to quickness and neatness in the work. The flame is sharper, and is constantly ready for use; while, with oil and cotton, the workman is always forced to wait for his lamp getting up; that is, till it is sufficiently on fire to do his work. Thus, a great quantity of oil is always burned away useless; but, with the gas, the moment the stopcock is turned, the lamp is ready, and not a moment is lost." We must refer to Mr. Cook's letter, for the details of expense, which he gives with faithful minuteness, and always leaning to the side unfavourable to the gas. The result of the whole is, that he saves 30*l.* out of the 50*l.* which his lights formerly cost him. And, when we consider that his calculation allows the gas lights to be burnt the whole year, and the candles only twenty weeks, there can be little

* Philosophical Journal for December 1808.

doubt, that the savings in this case follow nearly the same proportion as in the former. If the apparatus be erected on a still smaller scale, "the saving," Mr. Cook assures us, "will be equally great: for the poor man who lights only six candles, or uses one lamp, if the apparatus is put up in the cheapest way, will find it only cost him 10*l.* or 12*l.* which he will nearly, if not quite, save the first year."

The last trial of gas lights we shall mention, though not the most satisfactory, has made the greatest noise in the world, and was, indeed, what first led us to think upon the subject. During one of those excursions to the metropolis, with which we occasionally treat ourselves, after a long period of northern rustication, our attention, at such a time alive to every thing, was arrested by a new and singular spectacle. The whole range of Pall Mall, from St. James's to Cockspur street, was lighted up by means of lamps, fed with gas instead of cotton and oil, and certainly in a style of much superiour brilliancy. We found, upon inquiry, that the conductor of this remarkable illumination was a Mr. Winsor, acting under the auspices of a committee of subscribers; and that it was executed by them as a grand experiment to convince parliament and the publick of the national importance of their intended Light and Heat Company. Subscriptions had been collected, to a very large amount, to carry into effect Winsor's *discovery;* and 20,000*l.* vested in a committee, to assist him in his experiments, and make application to parliament for a charter of incorporation. In prosecution of these objects, we afterwards learned, that a correspondence was opened with the chancellor of the exchequer in the month of March last; but he, alleging partly the advanced state of the session, which did not allow a private bill to be presented, and partly his own doubts as to the utility of its object, declined promising his support to the measure. Since that time, a general meeting, it seems, has resolved not to regard the answer of Mr. Perceval as a final rejection, but to come forward with their claims for a charter, during the present session. On what grounds these claims are founded, it is not very easy to discover. It is possible that government, foreseeing that the new mode of lighting would render less productive the taxes raised on the common materials, might think it wise to sanction some publick establishment, by way of securing to itself a share in the profits. But it is the title of Mr. Winsor and his friends to an exclusive privilege, that puzzles us. We attempted to look for it in his pamphlets; but encountered, at every step, such ignorance, quackery, extravagance, and false calculation, that we had scarcely patience to wade through them. As, however, we are in search of *facts*, we shall, in mercy to a foreigner and an enthusiast, who talks about his *new light* with all the ferver of a fanatick, pass over his wild reasonings in bad English, and state briefly whatever there is of value in his plans and processes.

We must premise, however, that we cannot allow him the credit of being a great discoverer—a name which he is suspiciously fond of arrogating to himself. That coal yields an inflammable gas has been long known; and its nature is particularly described by Dr. Clayton in the Philosophical Transactions for 1735. With regard to the useful application of it, Mr. Murdoch was undoubtedly the first who conceived the idea of conveying it through tubes, and employing it for artificial light; and we embrace, with pleasure, this opportunity of doing justice to the modest fame of our countryman. This was as early as the year 1792, long prior to the period from which Winsor himself dates his discovery. We fear, therefore, that the bugbear of his patent right, which he holds out *in terrorem*, wi

avail him little, and that it is impossible to give him or his friends the monopoly of a practice, which is already adopted by several persons who pretend to no secret or mystery in the art. We cannot discover that there is any decided superiority in Mr. Winsor's gas lights over those of Mr. Murdoch. It is asserted, indeed, in "Considerations," &c. that it is necessary to take to pieces, now and then, the tubes in Mr. Lee's manufactory, to clear them from impurities; while those of Mr. Winsor contract no soil by any length of use. But Mr. Murdoch expressly assures us, in his paper, that all inconveniences of this kind are now entirely done away. Winsor's Analysis of New Castle Coal is certainly very complete. The gas flames he exhibits in the different apartments of his house are extremely brilliant; and the variety and neatness of their application worthy of praise.

He deserves credit too, we think, for calling the publick attention, more than had been done before, to the peculiar advantage of coke as a cheap and agreeable fuel. This substance is the residuum that is found after all the evaporable matter has been expelled from the coal by heat. It comes out from the distilling process in large, spongy masses, greatly diminished in weight, but increased in bulk nearly one third. Though somewhat more difficult of ignition than coal, it burns longer, and gives out a steadier and more intense heat. That it should do so, will not appear strange to our chymical readers (and who is there now that does not know something of chymistry?) when it is considered that the quantity of matter, which, in the combustion of coal, is changed from a solid to a state of elastick fluidity, must necessarily carry off much calorick in a latent state; while the glow of the coke radiates with an intensity unimpaired by any demand of this kind. The same respectable chymist we formerly mentioned, bears testimony to the superiority of coke. "I have learned," says Mr. Accum,* "that the heat produced by coke, when compared with that which can be obtained from coal, is at least as 3 to 2." Thus he found, that it required three bushels of coal to distil a given quantity of water, and only two of coke. He tried the two substances also by combustion, with a certain measure of oxygen gas, by the fusion and the reduction of metals, &c. and the same result was obtained; a result certainly not unimportant; since it proves that, by being forced to yield the material of a beautiful light, coal is actually improved very considerably in its power of giving heat. We have not the least doubt that this coke, as Winsor produces it, and as we have seen it used in his house, might be introduced to form, if not the whole, at least four fifths of our common fires, with a very great addition of comfort, cleanliness and economy. Let it be observed, however, that we possess no facts that warrant us in pushing this conclusion any further than regards the coke of Newcastle coal. Mr. Murdoch, though he makes proper allowance for the coke produced in his process, does not enlarge at all on its qualities; and it is probable, that some species of coal generate coke too dull and difficult of ignition for consumption in our grates, and only fit to be used in stoves and furnaces where there is a strong draught. But we are persuaded, that the greater proportion of the other varieties in the island will be found, on trial, to yield the same sort of coke as Winsor's, and that it can never be produced in such quantity, by the extended use of the gas lights hereafter, that the demand will not fully and rapidly absorb it. Its merits have long been acknowledged in many processes of art; and it is prepared from coal with the loss of all the volatile ingredients in the great manufacturing districts; and if the

* Appendix to Report of the Committee.

price were lowered, by turning the gas to account, it could hardly fail to become a favourite fuel.

We have taken no notice of the tar and alkaline liquor which are copiously produced in the distillation; because we have few facts to go upon in estimating their value. The former is useful as a coating to preserve, from the worm and rot, timber exposed to the air, or lying under water. And it is not unlikely, that other more important uses may be found for it. As to the liquor, we believe it to be of no use whatever. And it is one of the absurdities of Winsor's calculations, to reckon at one shilling per gallon, a substance, of which, we are convinced, no man in London would purchase a hogshead at the expense of warehouse room.

When we said that the facts of Mr. Winsor and his friends are less satisfactory than the others we recorded, we alluded to the circumstance, that, while he makes us stare at the unparalleled extravagance of his tables, where he gravely strikes a balance of annual profit to the nation at large, of one hundred and fifteen millions, and while, by a singular effort of moderation, he reduces the gains of his subscribers to the "absolute certainty" of only "600*l.* a year for every 5*l.* adventure," he cautiously avoids detailing minutely the expense of the apparatus, or taking, as an *item* on the debtor side, the interest of capital sunk, which, in Murdoch's statement, exceeds the annual expense, in the ratio of 11 to 1. We need not add, how much this must falsify all his conclusions, even if he had not disproved them himself by a *deductio ad absurdum*. The committee, composed, as their report shows, of sensible, but not scientifick men, do away half the value of their experiments, when, in a memorial addressed to the king, they candidly subjoin to their account of them: "Their present experience does not enable your majesty's memorialists to calculate the expenses of the process, of management, of tubes, and pipes, &c. with any tolerable degree of precision." p. 19. The experiment in Pall Mall, therefore, proves, as yet, nothing more than the possibility of lighting up a street with gas; a curious fact, without doubt; but we cannot call it a very important one, till we be enabled to add, that this can be done at a cheaper rate than with oil. It is not unlikely that it may; and we strenuously advise the committee, while they have the command of money, instead of basking in the sunshine of delusive hopes, to institute another trial, in which all these expenses shall be rigidly noted, and faithfully carried to account. It is a point which it is desirable to ascertain, though we by no means agree in the common opinion, that on its decision depends the question of the economical advantages of the gas lights. The committee were unfortunate in choosing this for their *experimentum crucis*. The lights required in streets are at considerable intervals, and, consequently, the range of tubes is extensive and costly; and, going to a great distance from the centre of supply, must be subject to accident and derangement. In lighting the streets, too, the gas must beat out of the market the coarsest and cheapest of all materials; so that we can imagine a failure, in this instance, not inconsistent with its producing great national and individual benefit.

There is one circumstance in which, as far as we can judge from our imperfect knowledge of Winsor's process, it is superiour to Murdoch's. The latter seems to follow the usual mode of distillation, by putting the vessel that contains the coal into the centre of a furnace. But Winsor puts the fire in the centre, and (leaving only space sufficient for a draught of air) surrounds it with the coal that is to be carbonized; the evident advantage of which is this, that the least possible heat is wasted, as, in flying

off, it encounters the coal on every side. Accordingly, we find, that in Murdoch's statement, a sixth part of the annual expense goes for the purchase of common coal to distil the cannel which he employed; while Winsor's carbonizing process is performed by the refuse cinder of a former operation; and as this cinder does not appear in the estimate of coke produced, it may, in fact, be considered as costing nothing. Before taking leave of Mr. Winsor, we shall present the reader with the results of his analysis of coal, which, from the specimen he has given us, of his powers of exaggeration, we should have been cautious of admitting among authentick facts, had not the committee declared, that the experiments were repeated in their presence, and that they corroborated Winsor's printed statement in the most satisfactory manner. Two pecks of Newcastle coal, weighing 36 lib. produced 3 pecks of coke, weighing 24 lib. 2 oz. about 3 ½ lib. of oily tar, and about 4 ½ of alkaline liquor; and, as the only other product was gas, it is concluded that gas constituted the remainder of the weight, amounting nearly to four pounds.

From the foregoing facts and reasonings, we think ourselves entitled to draw the following conclusions.

I. In all manufactories, whether on a large, middling, or small scale —in all publick offices, printing houses, theatres, lighthouses, &c.—in short, wherever much light is required in a given space, the gas lights may be introduced with very great advantage. We need not remind the reader, how large a proportion of the artificial light used in this manufacturing country is comprehended in this description. It may be objected to the universality of our conclusion, that the price of coals differing very much in different places, will occasion a variation in the expense of procuring gas. But there are two reasons why this should have less effect than at first sight might be imagined. In the first place, we find, upon examining Mr. Murdoch's statement, that of 600*l.* the estimated yearly expense of lighting the cotton mill, 550*l.* consist of interest of capital, and tear and wear of apparatus, leaving the cost of coal only 50*l.* a sum so trifling, when we reflect, that it replaces 2000*l.* worth of candles, that the price of coal, even where it is highest, can but slightly effect the general profits. Secondly, the coal, by yielding the gas and other volatile products, is converted into a substance, increased in bulk, and in the power of producing heat. And as a manufactory generally requires heating as well as lighting, there will be a gain both ways. By distilling his coal, instead of burning it as it comes from the pit, the manufacturer will save his candles, and improve his fuel. One effort at the outset, in erecting a proper apparatus, will reduce his annual disbursement, for these two articles of prime necessity, much in the same manner, though in a far greater degree, as the farmer gains by building a thrashing machine, and laying aside the use of the flail.

II. When we reflect on the small number of trials that has yet been made, and the expensiveness and awkwardness of first attempts, we may reasonably expect considerable improvements as the practice becomes more general, so as to turn the scale still more decidedly in favour of the gas lights. Anxious as we are to avoid the charge of visionary speculation, we cannot help anticipating the pretty extensive introduction of them into private houses. Mr. Lee has set the example. The whole of his house at Manchester, from the kitchen to the drawing room, is lighted solely by gas. Its properties render it particularly fit for ornamental illumination. As there is nothing to spill, the flame may be directed either downwards, upwards, or horizontally. And the points from which it issues may be disposed in

any form that taste or fancy may suggest. We are perfectly aware of the difficulties that oppose such an application of the gas; but we have unbounded confidence in the skill and ingenuity of our countrymen, when they are once fairly brought into action. The gigantick steam engine has been reduced to a convenient, and even portable size; and its power made so divisible, as to be dealt out in portions to petty manufacturers, who know nothing of the machine, but by the power which they hire. It has been proved, we think, that, in the case before us, there are materials to work upon; and, whenever this becomes the general opinion, we shall not be afraid of the best means being adopted to turn them to account. Whether ingenuity should be left to its own workings, and the stimulus of private gain, or restrained and directed by the interference of government, is a question which we do not feel ourselves called upon to decide.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Fragments in Prose and Verse. By a Young Lady, lately deceased. With some Account of her Life and Character. By the Author of "Sermons on the Doctrines and Duties of Christianity." Fourth Edition. 8vo. 227 pp. 1808.

AT certain protracted intervals of time, some extraordinary phenomenon makes its appearance in the intellectual world, so gifted and so distinguished above its fellows as to excite one universal feeling of wonder and admiration. No one will presume to deny that this has happened more frequently in one sex than in the other; and that though many females have appeared, whose claims to genius and learning also will never be denied, there have been no rivals to the illustrious names of Homer, Plato, Archimedes, to Newton, Locke, or Milton. Never, however, since the time of madam Schurman, have we heard of a woman whose endowments, natural and acquired, have been equal to those of the individual, the Fragments of whose writings are here preserved, and edited with great modesty, though with a becoming animation of friendship.

Of what kind they are, and how generally acceptable, is sufficiently apparent from their having already passed through three large editions. Who, from authority less strong and less satisfactory than that which is in this small volume before the reader, could believe that a very young woman should be, not superficially, but thoroughly and familiarly acquainted with Hebrew, Arabick, Persick, Latin, Greek, Erse, and all, or almost all, the languages of Europe; that she was expert in mathematicks, perspective, musick, dancing, drawing, and, to crown the whole, a charming poet. That she was not equally and alike accomplished in all these branches of art and science may easily be imagined, and her warmest admirers may readily concede; but sufficient proofs remain that she was elevated in powers of mind, natural and acquired, above all general competition.

Her life, we are sorry to add, was short, and checkered by misfortune. All that seems necessary on our part is, first, to thank the editor for the part she has acted, in erecting this durable mausoleum to her friend; and, in the next place, by a selection from the Fragments, to enable the reader to judge how far the high commendations which precede, are to be justified.

The first feature which presents itself, is that of poetical taste and talent. In these accomplishments,

Miss Smith, for so we understand this excellent young woman was named, might, by cultivation, have attained the greatest reputation. The following ode will sufficiently prove, that in making this assertion, we do not pass the limits of truth.

"A supposed translation from a Welsh Poem, lately dug up at Piercefield, in the same spot where Llewellyn ap Gryffyd was slain, Dec. 10th, 1281.

"Round Snowdon's shaggy brows grim darkness hung,
Save that the moon, the gathered clouds among,
Shot forth at times a dimly-gleaming ray,
Then watery, pale, turned her sad face away.
In Merlin's cave I sate,
And marked her tearful eye:
Which seemed to mourn the fate
Decreed for some on high.

"What fate's decreed by heaven, blest beam of night,
That so disturbs thy sweetly-smiling light?
No more it shines;—Thou turn'st thy face with scorn,
And darkly leav'st me, wretched and forlorn.
Down the steep the torrent roars,
Loud the thunder rings from far,
Billows shake the rocky shores,
All resounds the din of war.

"But hark!—This elemental war is drowned
In one more great, and more terrifick sound;
A sound high Snowdon from his base to tear,
A sound the spirits of the dead shall fear!
Spirits of my sires, attend!
Down from your clouds, ye blest ones, bend!
Tell me, whence these shrieks of wo
With cries of death confusedly flow?

"Great Merlin, thou, the chief of prophets, hear!
To thy own cave 'mid stormy winds draw near;
Pour on my darkened soul thy light divine,
And give it in fair truth's bright blaze to shine,
He comes, he comes, in mist arrayed,
Slow and solemn glides the shade!
And while he speaks, the earth stands still,
Listening to his mighty will.

"Heaven-favoured bard, my words attentive hear,
Words such as ne'er were given to mortal ear;
I tell the wos to morrow's sun shall bring,
Cambria shall fall, shall lose her much-loved king
On Vaga's banks, near to where once Buillt stood,
O'erlooking fair Sabrina's silver flood,
Pierced with a spear ingloriously he'll fall,
Whence future times that spot shall Piercefield call.'
So saying, like the meteor's blaze,
The spirit flies;
And while I gaze,
The dim red light in darkness dies!

"But, oh, my country! how shall I deplore
Thy cruel doom? Cambria shall be no more!
Llewellyn too, our guardian king, shall fall,
In him we lose our only hope,—our all!
Blow, ye winds; and roar, ye waves;
Rend the mountains' inmost caves;
Let loose the spirits of the storm,
Bid them rise in human form.

"More fierce than they, in human form appears
That barbarous prince, who causes all our tears;
A tiger's heart he bears beneath that face,
Which seems to promise honour, goodness, grace.
Let lightning flash,
And thunder growl,
Let torrents dash,
And the black tempest o'er me scowl;
This soul, in unison with every gust,
Shall rage and burn till I be turned to dust;
Ne'er shall I patient brook my country's doom,
But sighing, sorrowing, sink into the tomb.

"DAUGHTERS OF CAMBRIA, with me mourn,
Sing the sad wo-breathing strain;
From your fair heads the ringlets torn
Scatter round the ensanguined plain.
No more in summer's even tide
Your gentle flocks you'll lead
To where the brook, with flowery side,
Slow wanders through the mead;
But soon to conquerors rude a prey,
You'll quit your native land,
And drag through life your mournful way,
A wretched, captive band!

"WARRIOURS, break the sounding mail,
Cast down the lance, the helm untie;
Arms shall now no more avail,
For you before the foe shall fly,

No more, in deeds of arms renowned,
You'll dare the single fight;
Or with exulting laurels crowned,
Assert your country's right;
But to the woods and marshes driven,
Ingloriously you'll sigh;
For ah! to you it is not giv'n
Amidst your friends to die!
"To Piercefield's Cliffs I'll now a pilgrim go,
Shed o'er my prince beloved the tears of wo;
There will I seek some deep and rocky cell,
Amidst the thick entangled wood to dwell;
There indulge my plaintive theme,
To the wan moon's icy beam;
While the rocks responsive ring,
To my harp's high-sounding string;
Vaga stops her rolling tide,
Listening to her ancient pride;
Birds and beasts my song attend,
And mourn with me our country's fatal end!" p. 13.

What next, and very strongly impressed us in the perusal of this volume, is the turn and employment of the author's mind, in the general conduct and occupations of her life. This is apparent from her reflections from time to time written down in her little pocket books. Some of these also we transcribe.

"From the little information I can collect by tracing languages towards their source, it appears probable that when the inhabitants of the earth quarrelled at Babel, and dispersed in consequence, Ham turned, as is generally allowed, towards Africa, where Egypt was afterwards called by his name, and by that of his son Misraim. Shem remained in the western parts of Asia, and spread from thence over Europe. This opinion is founded on the very strong traces of the Persian language which yet remain in the Celtick and all European tongues, not excepting Greek and Latin; though the modern Persian, with which I compare them, is itself derived from the Pelhevi, the ancient language of Persia, which probably had a much greater affinity with the Celtick. Noah says, in the 9th chapter of Genesis: "May God extend Japhet, and may he inherit the tents of Shem." In the 10th chapter it is said, that the islands were peopled by the descendants of Japhet. From these circumstances I conclude that the family of Japhet went eastward from Babel, till, coming to the sea, some went over it to the islands within sight, which form the Eastern Archipelago; and others followed the coast northwards, till they came to some point from whence they could see America. Thither some of them went; while others spread themselves westward, and these people I take to be the barbarians of the north, who afterwards overran all Europe, and who were the same as the wandering Tartars, their brethren, now are. Thus the prophecy is fulfilled; for Japhet is indeed extended, and at this day inhabits the tents of Shem all over Europe. This theory seems to me to derive great force from the similarity of manners between the wandering tribes of the north, the Tartars, and the Americans; for though some nations of America, from a long residence in one place, have acquired a degree of civilisation, yet there is always a tradition of their having been in a wild state. It is reasonable to suppose the descendants of Japhet, in constantly travelling about, would lose all the knowledge they had gained from Noah, except such as was absolutely necessary for their subsistence. We find the descendants of Shem alone, who remained nearly stationary, and the Egyptians and Chinese who settled soon after they left Babel, had leisure to cultivate the sciences before the elements of them were lost. From my ignorance of the Chinese language, I am at a loss to determine whether the inhabitants of China are descended from Shem or Japhet; the position of the country would incline one to believe the latter; though their manners, so unlike their Tartar neighbours, seem to contradict it; yet this objection may be done away, by supposing them to settle immediately after the dispersion, which appears probable from their reckoning the cycle of sixty years from a period so remote as 2277 B. C. which answers exactly to the building of Babel. Their language consists entirely of monosyllables, which, with their known dislike of innovation in every thing, inclines me to think that it may, perhaps, differ less than any other from the original language, or at least from that of Noah." p. 52.

Let those, and alas they form too numerous a class of society, who spend their time either in idleness, or in continually making good resolutions, of which the seductions of the world prevent the practice, read and meditate on what succeeds.

"Being now arrived at what are called years of discretion, and looking back on my past life with shame and confusion, when I recollect the many advantages I have had, and the bad use I have made of them, the hours I have squandered, and the opportunities of improvement I have neglected;—when I imagine what, with those advantages, I ought to be, and find myself what I am; I am resolved to endeavour to be more careful for the future, if the future be granted me; to try to make amends for past negligence, by employing every moment I can command to some good purpose; to endeavour to acquire all the little knowledge that human nature is capable of on earth, but to let the word of God be my chief study, and all others subservient to it; to model myself, as far as I am able, according to the gospel of Christ; to be content while my trial lasts, and when it is finished to rejoice, trusting in the merits of my Redeemer. I have written these resolutions to stand as a witness against me, in case I should be inclined to forget them, and to return to my former indolence and thoughtlessness, because I have found the inutility of mental determinations. May GOD grant me strength to keep them!"* p. 57.

Miss Smith, it appears, was, in the earlier part of her life, an admirer of Ossian; but this partiality subsided after she became acquainted with the learned languages. An imitation of Ossian appears at p. 77, et seq. which cannot fail of being acceptable to all who are delighted with that species of composition, which we confess we are not.

Some beautiful poetry is occasionally interspersed with her reflections, and the poem in blank verse at p. 97, on some remarkably sweet tones issuing from the wood on the fire, during a severe frost, exhibit a very pleasing proof with what facility and elegance the writer could diversify her style and metre. Translations also from the German are occasionally introduced; but what must ever entitle Miss Smith to the highest degree of praise, and occasion her "laudari a laudatis," are her versions from the Hebrew, which are considered by those who are competent to decide on their merits, as being remarkable for their accuracy. Perhaps the remarks on Locke, at p. 141, et seq. may be pointed out as the most striking and most satisfactory example of precision of thought, and acuteness of reasoning, in the whole volume. Enough, however, has been said, and sufficient proofs, we conceive, introduced to justify the assertion, that this lady was no common character. And, when, in addition to all that has been said above, it is remembered, that a spirit of genuine Christian piety, faith, hope, and charity, untinctured by fanaticism and undebased by affectation, characterized her short but active life, who will not unite with us in the regret, that such a light should be shown for so short a time to the world? But God seeth not as man seeth, and his will be done.

* "Of this paper Mrs. S. says: 'I firmly believe this prayer was accepted; for I do not recollect any instance in which she could justly be accused of either indolence or thoughtlessness, except on the subject of her health. On that point she trusted too much to the strength of a naturally good constitution; and had so little confidence in human skill, that she neglected such means in the commencement of her last illness, as in all probability would have removed it."

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Récit Historique de la Campagne de Buonaparte en Italie. Historical Account of the Campaign of Buonaparte in Italy, in the years 1795 and 1796. By an Eye Witness. 8vo. London, 1808.

WHEN two opposite parties divide the world with fierce contention, the man who, from whatever circumstances, is placed at the head of one of them, can hardly be rightly appreciated by his contemporaries. While he pursues his triumphant career, he is a deity to his followers, who worship in him that fortune which is their idol, and shouts of victory drown the accusing voice of his injured, but conquered foe. On the other hand, malignity too often preys on exalted characters, and cankers that laurel which it could not blast. Posterity alone, by comparing the several testimonies, when hope and fear, gratitude and resentment, have lost their sway, is enabled to form an impartial judgment. In that trial of fame, the character of the writers, on both sides has necessarily a great weight:—but, this is an *anonymous* publication!

These reflections are rather meant as general, than as applying to the *man* whose deeds are the theme of this work. Indeed, his offences are "too rank," his crimes are too notorious, to admit of a doubt or of a palliation. Besides, the same scenes of treachery, plunder, and devastation, which were acted in Italy, are now acting in Spain. There, too, generals and officers have been seduced, others have been tampered with; most enormous atrocities have followed deceitful promises of friendship and protection. We easily believe, that Buonaparte made use of the influence of the archbishop of Milan to pacify the incensed inhabitants of Pavia, under promises of forgiveness, and that he afterwards disarmed them and gave the town to plunder (as our author affirms, pp. 117, &c.) for the same has been done in Madrid; the same promises have been held out to the inhabitants of Vittoria. Our opinion, therefore, is founded on the uniform tenour of the man's conduct, rather than on the writer's testimony. The charges he prefers against Buonaparte are highly probable, but we could not record them as historians, nor admit them as criticks.

This work, the author informs us, in his introduction, was purposely written to confute another work, published in Paris in 1797, entitled *Campagne du Général Buonaparte en Italie, pendant les Années IV. et V. de la République Françoise, par un Officier Général.*

In that performance, Buonaparte, of course, derives his triumphs solely from his own genius and bravery; but in the publication before us he is represented in a different character, indeed! With an immense superiority of forces he purchases petty advantages by an immense sacrifice of lives; all his conquests are prepared by treason, and his frequent blunders in the field are repaired by treachery. In the most critical moments, he pretends to capitulate, and snatches victory from the hands of his too credulous antagonist. Something like this, we have heard often, from good authority; but does the author think that his *unavowed* publication will convince the dazzled multitude, the mass who have not had the same means of information? To tear the laurels, however undeserved, from the guilty head of a successful villain, indirect means are unavailing and unbecoming. Truth scorns to be defended but by manliness. Besides, we cannot reconcile it to our feelings as Englishmen, that officers of rank, however culpable in appearance, should be accused of having sold themselves to the enemy of their country for money, without being afforded an opportunity of meet-

ing the foul charge; or even the knowledge of their accuser.

We have stated the dangerous tendency of admitting anonymous publications to the privileges of authenticated documents or historical facts, principally from our regret on seeing accounts of important transactions, destitute of the signature of a writer, who professes to have been an eye witness, and whose work is not without internal proofs of veracity. We shall now proceed to make a few extracts, mostly from this officer's relation of events on which we have had some previous information. All the world has heard of Buonaparte's prodigious feat in planting the standard of liberty on the famous bridge of Arcole, in spite of a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry. Let us hear our historian, who speaks decidedly on that affair.

"Augereau, seeing that those fierce republicans were completely dismayed by the enemy's fire, took the standard of liberty, and carried it to the extremity of the bridge; but without producing the desired effect. This fact is certified, by the historian of the campaigns of Italy, and by a letter from general Berthier. They both add, that this very courageous action, proving useless, Buonaparte himself had recourse to the same stratagem, which, *in his hands*, was completely successful. . . .

"What would he say, however, were we to deny this act of bravery of which he boasts? We were present at that battle; we saw very distinctly a French officer, with a flag in his hand, advancing alone on the bridge. We saw general Alvinzi, convinced that it was a flag of truce, give orders to suspend firing; but we have no recollection whatever, of having seen a *second* officer tread in the footsteps of the first. Yet such a fact would have been too publick, not to be remarked. Neither is it credible; because the Austrian artillery, which had respected the first, who was supposed to be the bearer of a flag of truce, would not, in all probability, have respected the second, whose temerity would have cost him his life." pp. 183, 184.

The author then maintains, that this bridge was *not* carried on that day [Nov. 15] but that the position was maintained against Buonaparte, on the 16th, and on the 17th; that on the evening of this day, general Alvinzi ordered a retrograde motion, at which murmurs ran so high in the army, that on the 19th, he resumed his former position at Arcole; but quitted it again on the 20th for Vincenza, instead of pushing forwards to Verona, which he could then have taken easily.

"But," continues the author, "what was the surprise of the whole army, and the rage of many, when, being arrived on the middle of the road, we met general Alvinzi, on horseback, who ordered us to fall back on Vincenza! I then saw an Austrian colonel, frantick with rage, break his sword in three pieces, and declare that he would no longer serve in an army, which its commander in chief was covering with shame. Similar sentiments were openly manifested by several others." p. 188.

At the end of the chapter on the battle of Arcole, the author relates the known anecdote of Buonaparte's fall into a marsh with his horse, in a flight, after an unsuccessful attack on Arcole. He adds that a negro alone ventured to come to his assistance, and was, in consequence, made captain of cavalry, and presented as such to the army. This we have heard repeatedly in France, in the years 1798 and 1799, from officers of the army of Italy, and from Augereau himself. We have heard the same Augereau, in a large dinner party, at Thoulouse, before several of his brother officers, claim the sole merit of having planted the standard of liberty, both on the bridge of Arcole, and on that of Lodi; with many bitter sarcasms on Buonaparte's vain boasting. Indeed, we never heard it denied by any officer of the army of Italy; and we have conversed with several. But, that army knew too much of its general; *after the evacuation of Egypt, these troops were not allowed to enter France; but were sent to Italy, and from thence to Saint Domingo; those who have contrived to revisit France have been intimidated, or seduced,—or—have disappeared.*

Speaking of the battle of Rivoli [pp. 190, *et seq.*] which completed the conquest of Italy, the author affirms that Buonaparte was entirely surrounded (which, by the by, Berthier fairly owns in his report) that the whole Austrian army were exclaiming, *we have them!* when Buonaparte sent a flag of truce, to solicit an armistice of one hour, to settle the terms of a capitulation. It was granted; and, a quarter of an hour before its expiration, Buonaparte attacked the Austrians, unawares, and not only saved his army, but obtained a complete victory. This we must believe; for general Wedel attempted to play the same infamous trick, on the Spanish generel, Castanos, at Baylen.

On the taking of Mantua, the last transaction we shall examine, the author observes, that that city, which Buonaparte had boasted to take in *eight days*, resisted his utmost efforts near eight months; that he lost before it an immense number of men; and once, all his artillery; yet this same town, with a French garrison, was taken by the Austrians in the next campaign in less than a month. This is undeniable; and we add, that Buonaparte felt so keenly the shame implied in the comparison, that he exerted all his power (he was then first consul) to fix the whole dishonour on Latour Foissac, the French commander of Mantua. He forbade him to wear French regimentals; the whole army murmured; the order was not obeyed; and Latour demanded a court martial, which was refused. His son, a youth of fifteen, publickly vented the most bitter execrations, in the military coffee house of Turin, before a numerous assembly of officers, against "the Corsican Upstart," who, to palliate his own shame, endeavoured to disgrace the most ancient French families. This language passed uncontradicted, and unpunished, at least for the time. In fact, Latour Foissac had done his duty. We have heard a friend, an officer who commanded the gate *Pradella*, on the last day of the siege, state publickly that, in twenty-four hours, he lost *seventy-one* men out of one hundred; that the garrison was reduced to 3000 men; and, that the breach at *Pradella* was large enough for a whole battalion to form in it. That officer *suddenly disappeared* from Bourdeaux.

From what we have said, our readers will see, that we had some grounds for stating, that this work contained internal proofs of veracity, and from that circumstance we regret the more its not having the sanction of a respectable name. The author, indeed, tells us, in his introduction, that "to speak ill of Buonaparte is a crime which cannot be atoned for, but by the death of the guilty;" and this consideration has delayed his publication several years. A man is certainly not bound to publish truths, which he foresees will be fatal to himself; though we should not have expected this objection from a military man. Yet a moral obligation is certainly incumbent on him to authenticate by all possible means what he publishes; especially on a question to be decided by testimony. The French poet says, with much truth: *Quand j'attaque quelqu'un, je le dois, et me nommer.*

From a note of the *translator*, this work does not appear to have been *originally* written in French. The style bears witness to this: yet, since it is intended to expose the errours of a *French* publication, its appearance in that language was indispensable.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

The Wedding among the Flowers. By one of the Authors of original Poems, Rhymes for the Nursery, &c. pp. 16. Price 1*s.* London, 1808.

IT would be a thing unheard of, that so gay an assembly as that of the Flowers at Court should have had no effect in disposing the hearts of the blooming belles, and youthful beaux, to reciprocal attachment; and we find, on consulting the gazettes of the time, that many a heart was lost, many a gentle sigh was heaved, many a vow was breathed, and many a glance was shot, by the conquerors as well as by the conquered, though some had the art to conceal their feelings more effectually than others. Some, it appears, were withheld by family pride, others by party spirit, others by what they called prudential (misprinted, we believe, for *prudish*) reasons: but,

"At length my lord *Sunflower*, whom publick opinion,
Confessed as the pride of the blooming dominion,
Avowed an affection he'd often betrayed,
For sweet lady *Lily*, the queen of the shade;
And said, should her friends nor the publick withstand,
He would dare to solicit her elegant hand.

"Now April was dimpled with smiles, and the day
Was fixed for the first of luxuriant May:
Along the parterre in the shade or the sun,
All was business, and bustle, and frolick, and fun;
For, as Flora had granted a full dispensation
To every gay tribe in her blooming creation,
By which at the festival all might appear,
Who else were on duty but parts of the year,
There was now such a concourse of beauty and grace,
As had not, since Eden, appeared in one place;
And cards were dispersed, with consent of the fair,
To every great family through the parterre.

"There was one city lady, indeed, that the bride
Did not wish to attend, which was Miss *London Pride*;
And his lordship declared he would rather not meet
So doubtful a person as young *Bitter Sweet*.
Sir *Michaelmas Daisy* was asked to appear,
But was gone out of town for best part of the year.
And though he was sent for, *Narcissus* declined
Out of pique, and preferred to keep sulking behind;
For, having beheld his fine form in the water,
He thought himself equal to any flower's daughter;
And would not consent to increase a parade,
The hero of which he himself should have made.
Dr. *Camomile* was to have been one of the party,
But was summoned to town, to old alderman Hearty.
Old *Aloe*, a worthy, respectable don,
Could not go in the clothes that just then he had on,
And his tailor was such a slow fellow, he guessed
That it might be a century ere he was dressed.
Excuses were sent, too, from very near all
The ladies residing at Great Green House Hall,
Who had been so confined, were so chilly and spare,
It might cost them their lives to be out in the air.
The *Sensitive Plant* hoped her friend would excuse her,
It thrilled every nerve in her frame to refuse her,
But she did not believe she had courage to view
The solemn transaction she'd summoned her to.
Widow Wail had a ticket, but would not attend,
For fear her low spirits should sadden her friend;
And, too wild to regard either lady or lord,
Honeysuckle, as usual, was gadding abroad.
Notwithstanding all which, preparations were made,
In the very first style, for the splendid parade.

"One *Cloth-Plant*, a clothier, of settled repute,
Undertook to provide every beau with a suit,
Trimmed with *Bachelor's Buttons*, but these, I presume,
Were rejected as out of the proper costume.
Miss *Satin Flower*, fancy-dress maker from town,
Had silks of all colours and patterns come down;
And long *Lady's Riband* could hardly prepare
Her trimmings so fast as bespoke by the fair.
Two noted perfumers, from Shrubbery Lane,
Messrs. *Musk-Rose* and *Lavender*, essenced the train;
And ere the damp weather of April expired,
The whole blooming band was completely attired."

For further particulars we must refer to this authentick report. We should have been glad to have seen, had mortal eyes been permitted the sight, the hymeneal parade, the tables, and the banquet. We perceive that, to the spectator, the knowledge of the company, their rank, orders, and classes, was, as usual, indispensable: but this must be acquired from the Court Kalendar, for no doubt it has been settled by Garter, Lyon, or Norroy, King at Arms.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

An Essay on Light Reading, as it may be supposed to influence Moral Conduct and Literary Taste. By the Rev. Edward Mangin, M. A. Crown 8vo. pp. 213. 1808.

THE clergy, as professional *custodes morum*, may endeavour to preach or write down the circulating library; but they will find it a "*difficult corpse to bury*;" and such an Essay on Light Reading as this before us is not best calculated to effect the purpose. Too much reason exists for the apprehension that novels have an unfavourable influence both on the morals and the manners of society; and that some operate to undermine the former, while all have more or less a tendency, by the romantick sentiments which they excite, to make real life appear tame and insipid. These evils, however, are not to be counteracted by the means which Mr. Mangin recommends; and the preference which he gives of the delineation of sir Charles Grandison to that of Tom Jones, if it manifests a solicitude for good morals, is no proof of a correct taste. Fielding has exhibited more of the vitious part of man than in prudence he ought to have displayed: but Richardson's portraits are out of nature; and in spite of the objections of the moralist, if these writers are brought into comparison, the former will be generally preferred to the latter. Must we, however, have recourse to sir Charles Grandison and Clarissa, if we discard Tom Jones and Joseph Andrews? Novels less exceptionable than either may be selected; though the impression left by the best of this kind of reading may not be very favourable to the improvement of the mind;—and it is singular that a writer, who begins an essay with declaiming against novels, should terminate it with a high flown eulogy on a legendary tale.

Though Dr. Goldsmith was not a very moral character, his writings are justly extolled as favourable to virtue; and Mr. M. has published a letter from Dr. Strean concerning that favourite author, which contains, we believe, some original information that will interest his admirers. Mr. M. however, might have found better specimens of Goldsmith's muse than those which are presented in this Essay.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

ORIGIN OF TAMING THE SHREW.

[*From an Italian Novelist.*]

THE commentators on Shakspeare seem puzzled to find the origin, whence that poet has drawn the idea of his "Taming the Shrew." That other plays had been written before, with nearly the same plot, their researches have proved. It is now some years since I pointed out the following story from "*Le piacevole Notte di Giovano Francesco Straſparola*," an Italian novelist, which probably furnished the hint of one part of "Taming the Shrew."

The sage and experienced physician, when he discovers a disease in the human body, avails himself of what seem to him the most proper remedies for its immediate cure; but if he wait till the disorder is grown old and inveterate, he will find it much more difficult, and indeed impracticable; for which reason, a wise and prudent husband should, when he marries, check any inclination in his wife to a love of dominion; as such an evil propensity, if allowed once to take root, he will never be able to eradicate, and it will make him miserable all the rest of his life, as was experienced by a soldier of whom we have to speak.

In Corneto, a castle and fortress of Tuscany, of the patrimony of St. Peter, there were two brothers, who, from their youth had entertained the strongest regard for each other. One was named Pisardo, the other Silverio. But although their fraternal affection was mutual, they neither lodged in one house, nor eat and slept together.

It happened that Silverio, the youngest, without saying a word to any of his comrades, except his brother, married a tailor's daughter. She was handsome and genteel, but full of levity, unsteady, and never at rest; fond of holydaymaking, and extravagant to the highest degree, careless of economy, unwilling to miss either feast or procession. In short, she was always at the door, the window, or in the street.

When the wedding was over, Silverio carried his wife home, and became, anew, so enamoured of her beauty and sprightliness, that he pronounced, that the world did not contain such another paragon of beauty; and, from the excess of his love, he was induced to comply with all her wishes, and at length nothing was done in his house that Espinela (so she was called) did not command. Hence she became so absolute a mistress, and so shameless, at length she began to slight her husband, and all his affairs; and the poor man was reduced to such subjection, that when he desired his servants to do any thing, she commanded them to disobey him. And Silverio, who only saw through Espinela's eyes, instead of reproving, or endeavouring to remedy so obstinate an evil, humbly resigned the bridle to her, and allowed her to act according to her own fancy.

In less than a year after Silverio's marriage, Pisardo was united to Espinela's sister, a young girl, named Florella, who was neither less handsome, nor less genteel, than her sister. The nuptials over, he carried her home; and on the same day, he took a pair of very rich velvet breeches and two cudgels, and addressed his spouse in the following manner: "Florella, my dear, these, as you see clearly, are men's breeches. Do you take hold of one side of them, and I will of the other; with the other hand grasp this cudgel, and I will do the same. We will then fight till one is acknowledged conqueror. Whoever conquers shall be the master, and shall wear the breeches. The vanquished shall be for life humble, and obedient to the victor."

Florella remained for some time motionless, so surprised was she at her husband's strange discourse; but at length, recovering her spirits, of which her fright had deprived her, she replied: "Alas! my Pisardo, what is the meaning of all this? are you not the husband, my lord, and master, who has a right to claim duty and obedience from me, and all my household. I am the wife, obedient to your will and command. Is not the precept and law of our high and mighty Creator, consented to by all the female race? How, my lord, can I act thus? Am I privileged above the rest of my sex? Take your breeches, then, Pisardo; wear them, since they are your's, and it is you alone they fit. The field remains your's without a combat. I acknowledge you the conqueror, and myself vanquished. I also acknowledge myself a woman, which name contains all the properties of subjection, and I humbly submit myself to you with pleasure."

"Florella," replied Pisardo, "I am extremely pleased to find that you acknowledge all that I desire of you; but I do not implicitly confide in your constancy, since you are, as you say, a woman, which name comprehends so many qualities; but I advise you not to alter your mind; if you do not, although you have promised obedience, and acknowledged me for your master, I will serve you, and treat you with the greatest kindness."

Florella very prudently confirmed all that had been said. Her husband immediately delivered up to her the keys of all his coffers, and gave her directions how to manage. He then said: "Florella, come with me; I wish to show you my horses, that, in my absence, you may know how they should be treated. When they came to the door of the stable, Pisardo said: "What do you think, my dear, of my horses? Are they not beautiful and kept?" "Indeed," answered she, well "they are very fine, and in excellent order." "But, observe above all," said Pisardo, "how ready, light, and well managed they are;" and whipping first one, then the other, he cried, Cross over there! Come here! The horses, fearful of chastisement, immediately obeyed their master. Amongst these horses Pisardo had one, more beautiful to appearance than the others; but so malicious, and so little to be depended upon, that he did not value him at all. He went up to him, with the whip in hand, and slashing him, cried out: Come; stop; go on! but the horse, being naturally vitious, received blows, and returned kicks. Seeing the obstinacy of the horse, Pisardo took a cudgel, and laid it on him till he fell. When he saw him on the ground, he came up to him and said: Get up, Troy: but instead of obeying him, the horse, in a rage, attacked him in the leg, and bit him violently; upon which Pisardo drew his sword, and stabbed him.

When Florella saw the horse dead; melting into tears—Good God! said she, is it possible, Pisardo, you can have the heart to kill so fine an animal? Pisardo, stifling the pain occasioned by the bite, replied: "Know, my Florella, that all who eat my bread, and do not what I comm[illegible]d

them, I serve in this manner, even should I love and esteem them more than I do you." This retort grieved Florella very much; and she said to herself: Alas! unhappy creature that I am, to be united to a man so violent and so passionate. I thought I had a husband both steady and prudent; but I have bestowed my hand on a madman. See, for what a trifling offence, he has killed this beautiful horse, the best he has. She said this, ignorant of the cause that had made Pisardo act thus: and ever after she trembled, if he evinced the smallest sign of displeasure; so that there was nothing to be heard in the house but a yes and a no. Perpetual concord! Silverio, who loved his brother very much, visited him often, and saw the good behaviour and virtuous obedience of Florella. He reflected within himself, why have I not deserved a wife as obedient as Florella? She governs, commands, and directs every thing, at the pleasure of her husband. How obedient, virtuous, and polite she is in every thing she says and does to him! with how much love she serves and obeys him! how different from my wife! She, on the contrary, is my most mortal enemy.

One day, when the brothers were talking together, Silverio said to Pisardo: "Brother, I have no occasion to mention our fraternal affection, or any other preamble. I shall therefore only entreat you, as a brother, to tell me how you have managed to bring your wife into such good order. She is truly a saint. She obeys you in every thing; while Espinela, my wife, is not to be restrained either by love or fear. She answers me; flies at me; curses me; in a word, she has her own will in every thing."

Pisardo, smiling, gave his brother a detail of all his proceedings the day that he brought Florella home. This plan pleased Silverio so much, that he resolved immediately to put it into execution. Accordingly, as soon as he went home, he called his wife, and said to her: "Madam, bring out of the trunk the best pair of breeches I have; and while she was gone to fetch them, he procured two cudgels. When Espinela returned: "Heigh day!" cried she, "what is the matter now, Mr. Silverio? Is the moon at the full, or is your judgment in the wane? Are you as mad this week, as you were sullen last? Very well: go on: you begin finely. Do not we all know that men wear breeches? Is that any reason that you should lose your senses?" Silverio answered nothing to all this, but proceeded to give her orders for the management of his house. To which Espinela replied, sneeringly: "Do you think, Mr. Silverio, I have lived so long without knowing how to manage my own house? I wonder how you dare to tutor me at this time of the day?" Silverio said not a word to all this, but led her by the hand to his stables, where he acted in the same manner, towards one of his best horses, as his brother had done, killing him outright in his wife's presence. At the sight of Silverio's rage, Espinela, thinking him mad, cried out: "What, have you really had the misfortune to lose your senses? What is the meaning of all these fine doings, without rhyme or reason?" "I am not mad," replied Silverio, gravely, "nor do I act madly; know madam, and be assured, that whoever eats my bread, must be obedient to me, or I shall serve them thus." "You are to be pitied, indeed," rejoined Espinela, "if you set about reforming now-a-days. What did the horse do to you, that you should kill it so unreasonably? Was it not the finest horse in the service of the pope? Do not you consider that you have lost your horse, your consequence, and your peace? I suppose another day you will feel inclined to serve me in the same way, if I do not take good care to prevent you. But undeceive yourself: your madness will avail you little. I see your design clearly; but

it is all too late. And now what have you got by this fine day's work, except reproach to your judgment, shame to your honour, and the scorn of all whos half hear of your follies?"

When Silverio had heard his wife's long lecture, and gathered from it that there were no signs of amendment, he determined that since neither love nor fear could curb her pride to bear it patiently, till death should put an end to his troubles. Thenceforward, the obstinate Espinela behaved worse than ever, as poor Silverio was obliged to give her liberty to do any thing she pleased, to procure himself a moment's comfort.

PLEASURES OF A POLAR WINTER.

To the Editor of the Literary Panorama.

SIR,

THERE are two interesting epochs at Petersburgh: namely, the freezing of the Neva, and the breaking up of the ice. When the former takes place, winter is considered as a delightful season. Communications are opened every where; the roads are in fine order; provisions are brought from all parts of the empire on sledges, and, in the market, we see piles of hares, moor-game, white partridges, geese, turkies, pigs, &c. in a frozen state. Sometimes an unfortunate thaw takes place, which becomes a serious calamity to the dealers, who are obliged, in consequence of it, to throw away great quantities of provisions.

The prodigious concourse of carriages and *traîneaux* [sledges] gives the city a most animated appearance. It is more rare in Russia to see a horse going a foot's-pace, than in Spain to see a mule gallop The *Yswoosch-tschiki*, or *traîneaux* drawn by a single horse, are to be met with every where. The passenger steps into one without any ceremony, the coachman jumps on his seat, whistles, calls out *gare!* and sets off like a shot. You are conveyed from one end of the city to the other, with the utmost celerity. The costume of the coachman is remarkable. He is covered with a sheep's skin, or with some coarse stuff, tied with a broad woollen girdle. He wears very large skin gloves, and a stuffed yellow cap. His long beard, covered with hoar frost, gives him the air of winter personified. Thus clad, in the most severe weather, he waits patiently at the corner of a street; or sleeps on the snow, while his horse, as hardy as himself, and whitened by the frost, eats his wisp of hay, or his feed of oats. The Russian always goes with his breast uncovered. Provided his extremities are well clothed, he braves the rigour of the season.

The Russians have always their races and games. The race with *traîneaux* is on the Neva; and the horse that quickens his pace into a gallop loses the race. The games consist of raising hills of ice, at a great expense on the river, and great quantities of water are thrown on them, to render them more slippery. Lovers of the sport, then suffer themselves to descend from top to bottom, with the greatest rapidity, either on skates, or in portable *traîneaux*. On festival days, between *twenty* and *thirty thousand* spectators assemble, and amuse themselves with similar exercises, more or less extraordinary.

It is to be observed, that it is not the water of the river, which is frozen. That is prevented by the rapidity of its current, notwithstanding the severity of a northern winter. The masses of ice descend, ready formed, from the lake of Ladoga. They float on the river, till they are repelled by the waves of the sea; or, accumulating at its mouth, they soon form a field of solid ice. A London dame would shudder at the idea of crossing a wide river, in a carriage with six

horses over so fragile a substance. But, on returning from a ball or supper, wrapped up in a good pelisse, and in a warm carriage, we forget that we are on the water; particularly, when the ice is covered with snow, and the roads are well beaten. When winter sets in, the bridges of boats are drawn ashore, and there remains no other communication across the river. The circumstance of passing through rows of vessels, which appear to be lying on the ice, is remarkably striking. Those vessels serve, in general, for habitations, and sometimes as a retreat for rogues and thieves. If they attack any wandering passengers, they strip them and throw them into the holes in the ice made for the washerwomen, or the water-carriers.

Without entering into any detail respecting the superb palace of ice built on the Neva by the empress Anne, I shall just observe, that an Italian architect, reflecting on the intensity of ice in that country, conceived the idea of employing it as a foundation for buildings. Many observations have proved, that the thaw does not penetrate more than six feet below the surface. Icehouses do not require even that depth in Russia; consequently cubes of ice would form a solid foundation at that depth, which would be of great advantage to Petersburgh, as it is built on a marshy soil and the houses stand on piles. The architect could not inspire the proprietor of a house with sufficient security to resolve on building it on ice; but he consented to make the trial for the portico, and for the wall of the court yard, which is twelve feet in height. They have stood now nearly thirty years, without the least damage.

The Neva is generally frozen over at the beginning of November, and remains in that state till about the end of April, when it breaks up very suddenly. In a moment we see boats rowing where *traîneaux* were before travelling. A gun from the fortress announces the commotion, and the commandant, in a superb barge, carries to the emperour, who, with his courtiers, is waiting in the balcony of the palace, a bottle of water drawn from the middle of the stream, which then appears in all its majesty. The people hasten to the banks, ravished at the sight of that fine river, again rolling its waves. The eye rests with delight on the vast expanse, surrounded with magnificent palaces, on both banks; superb quays faced with granite; and ships and elegant yachts, sailing in all directions.

To conclude: it has often struck me, Mr. Editor, that *traîneaux*, or sledges, might be rendered serviceable in this country. As soon as any quantity of snow has fallen in Germany, or in other parts of the north of Europe, besides the common sledges, gentlemen have their carriages taken off the wheels and put on to a *traîneau*. This winter,* particularly, when the communication was almost totally interrupted in many parts, surely light sledges might have been employed to forward the mails. Were I an innkeeper in any of the northern counties, I should be induced to try the experiment, from a personal knowledge of the advantages attendant on the use of sledges during the winter season on the continent.

Yours, &c. VIATOR.

Our worthy correspondent, will excuse the addition of a few words to his ingenious communication. We understand, that other circumstances beside those he has mentioned, contribute to abate that gloom which we attribute to a polar winter.

After the snows are fallen, the state of the atmosphere is commonly serene; and but little troubled by storms; neither is it liable to such mists and fogs as we are well acquainted with in London. The cold is intense; but the sensations consequent on it are cheerful, invigorating,

* 1808-9.

and rather allied to hilarity than to suffering, especially after a few days continuance of it have somewhat accustomed a person to it. The exercise that may be taken abroad is more than we generally imagine; and those who can skate derive many advantages from the frozen waters. The *natives* of Holland, women as well as men, make no difficulty of skating twenty miles to market, and back again. They go to a *distant* friend's to breakfast, or return in the evening on their skates. But, a remarkable employment of this mode of travelling, is the military expeditions performed on the lakes in Canada. It would be thought in England a rare spectacle to see a regiment of soldiers, skating in military array: yet this has often been done on lake Superiour, at the rate of about sixty miles *per* day. When the moon shines brightly, this exercise is continued; and the brilliancy of the lunar rays is by far superiour to her general effulgence in our own latitude. She is, indeed, "Regent of night." The stars, too, appear more numerous, as well as brighter, to the naked eye; and the cerulean heavens glow with a more resplendent azure. The light of the aurora borealis is also extremely vivid, and sufficient for the service of travellers.

But, to enter fully into the enjoyments of a polar winter, we should pass the time with the Finlander in his cabin, or the Laplander in his hut. Sunk into the ground some feet, by way of protection from the penetrating power of frost; and presenting but a mere conical point to the weight of snow, and the power of wind, the dwelling bids defiance to the rigour of the season: while the family within find themselves assembled, and alive to social enjoyment. This is the season for conversation and intercourse. While all abroad is frozen, the mind *may* expand. The parents have laid in their stores; they have made provision for the winter's consumption; the young men, under their direction, have set their traps, and they tend them, to see, from time to time, what further support they furnish. This is, now, their chief occupation; and the rest of their time they spend in forming those connexions which are hereafter to become their constant enjoyments. Young women are then engaged in kindnesses. The fact is, that these people are removed from those fascinations by which the desire of accumulation impels natives of more temperate climates. They value the productions, the natural productions of their own country: these are their wealth. Artificial riches, the gains arising from calculations, and profits by means of the precious metals, they are not, indeed, strangers to; but are indifferent about. They have, no doubt, among them, different dispositions and characters: the worthy and the unworthy, the generous and the selfish. They have their hard hearts, and their miserly spirits. But these, acting within narrow limits, the infelicities they occasion are narrow also. They show, indeed, that under all climates, and seasons, man is the cause of his own disappointments and vexations. Not the circumstances that surround him, whether he be placed amid the fervent plains of India, the sandy desarts of Arabia, the temperate vales of Europe, or the snow-clad regions of the poles, are to blame. Man is not, therefore, either happy or unhappy, whether he enjoy the perpetual spring of Quito, the verdant summer of Britain, the rich autumn of Italy, or the winter—the long, long winter of Lapland, and the Arctick circle. They are all equally indifferent to his real happiness.

YORKSHIRE.

The following are the Particulars of the Execution of Mary Bateman, and John Brown.

MARY BATEMAN, the abandoned creature who was executed, was a follower of the principles of Joanna Southcote—only improving deception into robbery, barbarity, and murder, she affected the visions—the trances—the thumpings—the second sight of that wretched sect: large bodies of whom, from Leeds, attended the execution, on Monday se'nnight; the more simple part of whom imagined that a miracle would be worked in her favour, and that she would be saved by the interposition of Heaven! Notwithstanding all the prayers and exhortations of the clergyman, she obstinately persisted in denying that she had poisoned the woman, for whom she suffered, and died extremely hardened and unrepenting.—Brown, the soldier of the York rangers, and who was one of the worst looking fellows ever seen, expired equally unaffected; denying, to the last, the murder he had before confessed, and which was clearly proved on his trial! At eleven o'clock, these two culprits were brought on the scaffold, and after praying a short time with the ordinary, were conducted to the drop, and were launched, by the instantaneous falling of it, into that state where repentance comes *too late*. It is a curious matter to state, that so ingrained and assimilated to her disposition had become Mary Bateman's taste for plunder and witchcraft, that from the poor woman who had attended on herself and child in the prison, she contrived to steal a guinea, by telling the woman's fortune, and making the stars favourable to her in a sweetheart. She carried on this religious mummery to the last. It is a dreadful thought, that this wretch, by the same means, and by a complete knowledge of poisons, had before destroyed the lives of two innocent women, whom she robbed of every thing they had; and that had Perigo died as well as his wife, this would have been the *fourth life* a victim to her infernal arts.

The child, which had been sucking for a year past, at her breast, was taken from her some little time before her execution. Strange to tell! she gave it up without a pang—She parted from it without one emotion! —Brown was given to be dissected and anatomized at York: and Mary Bateman conveyed in a cart to the infirmary at Leeds. The road from York to Leeds, on Monday, was thronged the whole of the afternoon with foot passengers, horses, and gigs returning from the execution; and notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, eleven in the evening, when the cart, with her body approached the town, it was met by a number of people. On the following day, Tuesday, the body was exhibited in the surgeon's room at the infirmary, at 3*d*. each person, and an immense number of people were admitted to view her remains; the greater part of whom evinced predominant superstition, by touching part of the body before they left the room, to prevent her terrifick interference with their nocturnal dreams.

April, 1809.

THE LATE GENERAL PAOLI.

"Questo grand'uomo mandato per Dio a liberare la Patria."*

SIGNOR PASQUALE PAOLI was born at Rostino, in the island of Corsica (as would appear from a variety of circumstances) in the year 1726. He was the second son of Hiacinte Paoli, who had always been attached to the popular cause; and consequently was a sworn enemy to the Genoese; for they had attempted to subjugate his native country, both by fraud and by arms; and, instead of endeavouring to acquire the attachment of the nation, had planted the seeds of an unconquerable hatred, by their rapaciousness, their cruelty, and their injustice. Uniting a narrow, commercial jealousy with a fondness for fiscal tyranny, a capitation, a tithe, and a hearth-tax, three of the most odious imposts that could be devised, were levied with an uncommon degree of strictness, and that too on a nation totally devoid of wealth; while they were, at the same time, destitute of the means of supporting their new burthens, by being deprived of trade and manufactures. But this was not all; for the poor Genoese nobles, who had modestly appended the *royal* crown of Corsica† to the arms of the republick, were sent over, from time to time, to enrich themselves with the spoils of an impoverished people; and like the *Baillis* of Switzerland, pay their debts, and redeem their castles, by means of every species of oppression.

An avenger was at length found, in the person of Sampiero, a native Corsican, who had obtained the rank of colonel in the service of the king of France; but who was publickly poniarded in the midst of his followers, by a Genoese. The assassin having been cut in pieces by the indignant multitude, the senate decreed that the expenses of a funeral ceremony should be defrayed by the publick; and at the same time proposed, that a statue should be erected to his honour in the hall of the ducal palace, by the side of that of ‡Andrew Doria!

In 1725, the Genoese having insisted that, instead of *tithes in kind*, the full value in money should be paid by the islanders, a new revolt broke out, and the standard of liberty was once more unfurled by those hardy islanders. On this, the pretensions of their oppressors, instead of being diminished, were increased. They insisted that all the commodities of the country should be sold to them alone. They seized on a lake for their own use, called *stagno di Diana*; the waters of which were converted into salt by the rays of the sun, while the families of the Ciaccaldi and Raffaelli were deprived of their estates, in consequence of the most frivolous pretexts.

On this, Pompiliani and Fabio Filinghieri were elected the leaders of the insurgents; and, although the latter was put to death by the poniard, a new war was prevented only by the intervention of the emperour in 1732, who had sent prince Louis of Wirtemberg to Corsica, with a body of 6000 men, to the assistance of the republick.

Notwithstanding the *concordat* that followed, the Genoese governed with their usual injustice, and the Corsicans obeyed with the same reluctance

* A Corsican proverb, applied to Paoli by his countrymen.

† The bank of St. George had a much better claim to the honour of emblazoning a crown on its paper money, as it actually advanced the whole of the treasure for the extinction of certain claims on the part of the kings of Naples and Aragon, and received in return the island of Corsica, by way of mortgage.

‡ It may not be unnecessary to observe in this place, that the memory of this great man was never disgraced by giving him an assassin for a colleague.

as before. In a short time after, the former having found means to seize on and imprison those whom they termed the ringleaders during the late insurrection, a new war broke forth in consequence of so gross a breach of faith.

This event gave birth to the projects of Anthony, baron de Neuhoff, one of the most extraordinary men recorded in history. After having studied politicks under the celebrated Swedish minister, baron Goertz, and served during some time along with that great warriour, Charles XII. he entered into the service of the emperour; resided during a short period at Florence, in the capacity of his imperial majesty's minister; and having received an offer of the crown of Corsica, provided he would place himself at the head of the insurgents, he accordingly repaired to Aleria, on board a vessel mounting 24 guns, and carrying an English flag. Soon after this (in March, 1736) he was conducted to Corte, the capital of this island; and, in a general assembly of the inhabitants, was immediately elected *king of Corsica and Capraja, under the name of Theodore I.

But, as the natives have ever been impatient of superiority, they soon became to the full as tired of their new sovereign then, as they were of the English about half a century afterwards; and both were accordingly obliged to abdicate. The retreat of the former, however, must be allowed to have been more honourable, as his majesty, king Theodore, withdrew for the express purpose of obtaining supplies, after having convoked a *consulta*, in which he took a solemn and publick leave of the nation. He also established a regency, and, by an edict published at Sartene, conferred the provisional government on twenty-eight nobles, at the head of whom we find the marquis Hiacinte de Paoli, with the rank of marshal general.

Soon after this, the king of France ordered a body of men, under general de Maillebois, to land in Corsica, for the express purpose of assisting the Genoese. But as the natives were in no small degree formidable, this commander offered his mediation. It however was refused on the part of the marquis de Paoli, but accepted by his countrymen. On this, he immediately left his native island, in company with his two sons, and repaired to the continent. Having obtained the countenance of one of the neighbouring princes, into whose service (we believe) he entered, Hiacinte settled at Naples. While there, he soon perceived the seeds of extraordinary talents in his second son, Pasquale; and being determined to bestow a good education on him, he placed his favourite child under the Jesuits, then esteemed the best masters in Europe. Thus confided to their tuition, he attained an extraordinary degree of proficiency in the learned languages. Active, sober, never indulging idleness, or abandoning either his mind or body to the grosser pleasures of sensuality, he, at an early period of life, conceived the bold idea of placing himself at the head of his nation, and becoming its deliverer. Meanwhile, he was introduced at court, obtained a commission in the service of Naples, and endeavoured to make himself acquainted with the art of war.

At an early period of his life, he displayed a lofty port, and exhibited what he himself was pleased to term

"Una superbia indicibile."

His mind, at the same time, became deeply imbued with all the ancient precepts relative to liberty; and when spoken to respecting the dangers that must be necessarily encountered in attempting to enfranchise his country, he was accustomed

* Theodore I. coined money, established laws, instituted the Order of Deliverance, and created a number of nobles, among whom was the father of Paoli, who obtained the dignity of a marquis, and the post of grand treasurer.

to reply by means of a line from Virgil:

" Vincit amor patriæ laudumque immensa cupido."

Meanwhile, his father, who appears to have been a man of talents,* brought him up with the most noble notions, and carefully inculcated the practice of all the heroick virtues. In addition to this, his own mind being filled with important objects, his passions, instead of being wasted in ignoble pursuits, were occupied solely with important objects. Accustomed to contemplate and to reason on the practices of former times, he took part with the stoicks in preference to the epicureans and was eager to remark, "that while the former had produced but one great man, the other could boast of a multitude."†

" Hi mores, hæc duri immota Catonis
Secta fuit, servare modum, finemque tenere,
Naturamque sequi, patriæque impendere vitam,
Nec sibi sed toti genitum se credere mundo."

Lucan. Pharsal. lib. ii. l. 380.

At length the time arrived when Paoli was to carry his schemes into execution. He accordingly took leave of his father, who, after embracing him with affection, expressed himself as follows:

" My dear son, I may possibly never see you again; but in imagination, I shall ever attend on your footsteps. Your design is great and noble, and I doubt not but God will bless and assist you in it. The little which remains to me of life," adds the hoary chief, " I shall consecrate to your cause, by offering up my prayers and supplications to heaven for your prosperity and protection."

Having repaired to his native island, he found a sudden change in respect to the difference of manners. For the people there were still rude, uncouth, and, in some respects, savage. They seemed, however, admirably fitted for war; and exhibited, at the same time, a steady determination either to recover their lost independence, or perish in the attempt.

As it was impossible, on account of his extreme youth, that he should all at once aspire to the honour of being one of the chiefs of his nation, Paoli officiated for a considerable time as secretary to Caffori, a physician, who happened to be one of his own kinsmen, and who was at this period at the head of the malcontents. At length, on the assassination of that leader, he presented himself as his successour; but he was opposed by signor Matra, the son of a marquis of the same name, who, like Paoli's own father, had been attached to the popular cause, and formed, in conjunction with him, one of the council of regency. Being a man of noble sentiments, and uniting the patriot and the warriour in his own person, he formed a formidable rival to Pasquale; and the adherents of both parties having armed on the occasion, the Paolists were defeated, and obliged, with their chief, to take refuge in a convent, where they were closely blockaded. But Matra soon after experienced the same tragical end as his two predecessors, Sampieri and Caffori. On this, his competitor was immediately liberated from his confinement, and publickly canvassed for the chieftainship, now become once more vacant.

Paoli appears to have been formed by nature to attain the hearts and suffrages of his countrymen; for his deportment was grave and prudent, and his judgment was matured by reflection rather than by age, while his patriotism was unquestioned, and his eloquence superiour to that of

* There is a sonnetto still in existence written by Hiacinte Paoli to celebrate the exploits of his colleague, general Giafferi, who afterwards retired, like himself, to Naples, during the siege of Cordone. It begins with the two following lines:

" A coronar l'Eroe di Cirno invitto,
Morte descenda e se l'nchini il fato, &c."

† A Tour to Corsica, by James Boswell, Esq. p. 304.

any of his rivals. He was accordingly unanimously chosen *generalissimo*, in a full assembly of the people, when he had attained but the 29th year of his age. This joyful event was immediately announced, by means of a proclamation, "in the name of the supreme and general council of Corsica, addressed to the beloved people of that nation," dated from St. Antonio of the White House, July 15, 1755. It was there stated, "that having determined on the election of one political and general chief, the voices had been unanimous in favour of Pasquale Paoli, a man whose virtues and abilities rendered him particularly worthy. He had expressed great reluctance," it was added, "to accept of the command, but had at length been prevailed upon to take upon himself the government; in the conduct of which he was to be assisted by two counsellors of state, and one of the most reputable persons from each district, all of whom were to be changed once a month"

Paoli was accordingly intrusted with the sole management of publick affairs, both civil and military, and soon obtained such an ascendency over the minds of the people, that they implicitly assented to every thing proposed in his name. As his patrimony* was extremely slender, it became absolutely necessary that he should obtain a settled revenue. His expenses were accordingly provided for, by means of an annual tax, called "*Il pane del generale.*"

The situation of the island, in respect to its internal government, being very unpromising, this chief new modelled the laws, discouraged assassinations, imported arms, and established the appearance, if not reality, of subordination. In addition to all this, he instituted schools, erected a university at Corte, and actually laid the foundation of a maritime power; or, at least, what was considered as such in that part of the Mediterranean, although it only consisted, in 1760, of a few *feluccas*, under the command of count Perys, who was henceforward designated under the pompous title of high admiral of Corsica.

In 1761, the doge and senate of Genoa, perceiving the change lately effected among the natives, by the good conduct of one man, sent a deputation to a general *consulta*, convoked at Vescovato, for the express purpose of proposing terms of accommodation; but as the pulse of liberty now beat high, it was unanimously resolved never to make any peace with the enemy, unless on the express condition of Corsica being guarantied in the full enjoyment of its independence. A memorial to the same effect was also addressed, at the same time, to all the sovereigns of Europe.

At length, in 1768, this petty and tyrannical republick, being now in despair of ever bending the Corsicans again to its yoke, actually determined to dispose of the island to the best bidder. Accordingly, the sovereignty was transferred to France (at least, so far as such a transfer can be esteemed legal) for the sum of forty millions of livres, a large portion of which was, however, deducted as an antecedent debt.

But Paoli, although greatly alarmed, was not utterly dismayed by this cession. On the contrary, he aroused and prepared the spirit of his followers for a fresh contention, and animated them to persevere, with additional zeal, in the defence of their liberties and independence against all opposers. He, at the same time, solemnly promised never to abandon the cause; but either to triumph or fall at the head of his countrymen!

This heroick resolution, coupled with the justice of the cause in which he had embarked, obtained for him the esteem and regard of every lover

* It consisted solely, as has been confidently said, of a house and garden at Rostino, the place of his birth.

of humanity throughout Europe. He had already added to his reputation by driving the Genoese from the open country; shutting them up in the maritime towns; and besieging the city of St. Fiorenzo; which he was only prevented from taking possession of by the ignorance of his countrymen in respect to the attack of fortified places, as well as the total want of cannon of every description, without which it was utterly impossible to make any impression on a town defended according to the modern rules of war.

But the situation of these brave islanders was soon altered for the worse, as *M. de Marbœuf, an officer of considerable talents, had landed with six battalions, in 1764. But yet Paoli was still considered, by all parties, as the legitimate chief, and it was not until some time after, that a new war, and that too with such a powerful monarchy as France, became inevitable.

Meanwhile, the people of England, always impressed with noble ideas in behalf of freedom, began to conceive a high notion of the inhabitants of Corsica, and to feel a generous wish to serve them. This passion was not a little inflamed by the writings of a young Scotchman,† who had been induced to visit that island in 1765, without any other introduction than a letter from the celebrated author of the Social Contract.

By this means he obtained an introduction to Paoli, whom he describes as follows: "I found him alone, and was struck with his appearance. He is tall, strong, and well made; of a fair complexion, a sensible, free, and open countenance, and a manly and open carriage. He was then in his fortieth year. He was dressed in green and gold. He used to wear the common Corsican habit; but, on the arrival of the French, he thought a little external elegance might be of use, to make the government appear in a more respectable light.

"He asked me, what were my commands for him? I presented him a letter from count Rivarola; and when he had read it, I showed him my letter from Rousseau. He was polite, but very reserved. I had stood in the presence of many a prince; but I never had such a trial as in the presence of Paoli. I have already said, that he is a great physiognomist. In consequence of his being in continual danger, from treachery and assassination, he has formed a habit of studiously observing every new face. For ten minutes we walked backwards and forwards through the room, hardly saying a word, while he looked at me with a stedfast, keen, and penetrating eye, as if he searched my very soul.

"This interview was for a while very severe upon me. I was very much relieved when his reserve wore off, and he began to speak more. I then ventured to address him with this compliment to the Corsicans. 'Sir, I am upon my travels, and have lately visited Rome. I am come from seeing the ruins of one brave and free people: I now see the rise of another."

This event, trifling as it may appear, tended not a little, in consequence of the policy of Paoli, to raise him in the estimation of his own countrymen, and even of the neighbouring states. Boswell was immediately lodged in the house of signor Colonna, the lord of the manor, and visited by all the nobility. And whenever he chose to survey the country,

* M. de Marbœuf was much beloved by the natives. It was he, indeed, who protected the family of Buonaparte; and being very much attached, as has been said, to his mother, obtained leave for him, during the reign of Louis XV. to be sent to *l'Ecole Militaire.*

† The late Mr. Boswell, son of lord Auchinleck, one of the lords of session, a gentleman who seems to have begun the world as a speculative whig, and to have ended it as a practical tory.

was attended by a party of soldiers. "One day," says he, "when I rode out, I was mounted on Paoli's own horse, with rich furniture of crimson velvet, with broad gold lace, and had my guards marching along with me. I allowed myself to indulge a momentary pride in the parade; as I was curious to experience what could really be the pleasure of state and distinction, with which mankind are so strangely intoxicated." It was easy to countenance, or even to originate, the report that a gentleman, whose zeal alone carried him into the wilds of Corsica, had been sent thither on a secret mission; and the "*Ambasciadore Inglese*," by means of the Avignon Gazette, was soon introduced to the notice of all the people of Europe.

While Paoli was thus flattering the vanity of his countrymen, and consolidating his own power, the conquest of the whole island seems to have been meditated by the court of France. Louis XV. an indolent and voluptuous prince, addicted to the loosest pleasures, and regulated by the will of his mistresses and his ministers, was prevailed upon to make the attempt in 1768. M. de Chauvelin, one of his favourites, and the father of that ambassadour whom we have seen at our own court, as the representative of Louis XVI. was accordingly nominated to the command of the expedition.

The army destined for the acquisition of the poor, barren, and desolate island of Corsica, was composed of sixteen battalions and two legions, amounting in all to about 5000 men. These were to be supported by a squadron, consisting of two sail of the line, two frigates, six armed brigantines, a number of transports, &c. It was evidently the interest of the English nation to have prevented this acquisition on the part of France: but a *secret* understanding appears, at that time, to have subsisted between the two courts, and a spirit of compliance actually evinced itself on this occasion that cannot be accounted for on any honourable principle. Lord Chatham did not, at that humiliating period, preside in the councils of the nation: yet we have always understood, that the late marquis of Lansdowne, then earl of Shelburn, objected to the tameness with which such an insult was born, and that he actually resigned the important office then held by him, in consequence of it.

Be this as it may, a furious war ensued between France and Corsica; in which numbers, military science, money, and discipline, were on one side; and on the other, an almost unarmed multitude, enthusiasm, bravery, and a good cause.

As the Corsicans were unprovided with artillery, and even with bayonets, and combated individually rather than in regular masses, it would have been highly impolitick for them to have encountered the French in the plain, and thus placed the fate of their country on the issue of a pitched battle. On the contrary, it was their interest to prolong the war, in order to give time for the intervention of the neutral powers. Paoli, therefore, posted his troops on the heights of Nebbio, de la Groce, and St. Antonio, where they remained firm; hoping, in a mountainous warfare, to be able to contend with less inequality than in the low country. They were obliged, however, after repeated charges, to retire before the veteran troops of France, who acted in concert, and possessed a variety of advantages.

On this, the islanders withdrew behind the Guolo; but not until they had already exhibited such a specimen of their bravery, that, instead of pursuing the enemy, Chauvelin found it absolutely necessary to draw reinforcements from his own coast.

In the course of a short period, the tide of war turned against the invaders; and the Corsicans (who had hitherto acted on the defensive) at length became the assailants. Many

officers distinguished themselves on this occasion, particularly Clemente Paoli, the elder brother of the general. He was a singular man, who united the most exemplary deference to the superstitions of the church, with a passionate attachment to the profession of arms, and led the life of a monk, when he did not act in the capacity of a warriour. Perceiving that a considerable body of French troops, with the usual audacity of that nation, had penetrated into the Pieva, or district of Casinca, he called on the natives to rise in a body; and having assembled four or five thousand of them, he attacked the enemy; forced the post of *La Penta;* obliged the foe to recross the river; and actually drove them before him to *Notre Dame dell' Orto.* But this was not all; for no sooner had his success been made generally known, than the detached camp of St. Nicholas was attacked by multitudes of armed men, and general Grandmaison, who commanded there, was obliged to fall back to Oletta. The town of Borgo was the next object, on which the conquerors fixed their attention; and although utterly unacquainted with both the art and the means of attacking fortified stations, they found means to penetrate into the place, and make a lodgment there.

On this M. de Chauvelin resolved to advance in person, with the main body of the army, while Paoli, being encouraged by the recent conduct of his troops, determined to give him battle. An action accordingly took place on the fifth of September, 1768; for the French having advanced in three separate columns, hoping by means of a combined movement, to carry every thing before them, the Corsicans, as usual, placed themselves in ambush, and, as they fired with all the certainty of American riflemen, they of course made a great slaughter. Of three hundred of the garrison of Borgo, who sallied out during the fight, one man only returned alive; and that place was accordingly obliged to surrender next day.

After this the French general retired first to Bastia, and then to Versailles, chagrined to behold some of the best troops of France circumvented, defeated, and killed, by a body of mountaineers, headed by a general who was acquainted with the theory of war alone, and had never, until now, beheld an engagement. The conclusion of the campaign of 1768, so disgraceful to the French army, and so honourable to its enemies, afforded a fair opportunity for the intervention of the maritime powers. But as M. de Choiseul, at that time minister to Louis XV. was but too well acquainted with the disposition of the British cabinet, which could alone have animated the allied courts into action, he determined to send powerful reenforcements to Corsica. These consisted of twenty battalions, two legions, and twelve hundred mules; and the command of the whole was intrusted to the count de Vaux.

This officer unfortunately happened not only to be brave and active, but also to possess a mind well acquainted with all the resources of war. He himself was familiar with the scene of action, and well aware of all the faults committed by his predecessor, who had escaped from disgrace, and even from punishment, only by the personal attachment and regard of the monarch, in whose debaucheries he had for many years participated.

The new commander in chief, fearing, above all things, lest the war should be protracted, determined to divide his army into two columns, of about twelve battalions each, and by one grand movement put an end to the contest, by the complete subjugation of the whole island of Corsica. Paoli, from this moment, foresaw that his country must not only be overrun, but conquered. He, however, defended the bridge of Guolo, and

the village of Valle, with a considerable degree of obstinacy; after which, he retired with about six thousand men to the top of a mountain, surmounted with a Turkish mosque, originally built by the Saracens, and since converted into a Christian church, dedicated to St. Peter. As this commanded the four adjacent valleys, and was considered as the last and chief defence of the island, every thing depended on keeping possession of it. But the Corsicans were equally overpowered by numbers and by skill; and fifteen hundred of them having been nearly cut off, in an attempt against the French army at Ponte Nuovo, the final subjugation of the natives was now unhappily accomplished.

Dumourier, who served on this occasion, with the rank of adjutant general, is liberal enough, in the Memoirs of his own Life, to pay the highest compliments both to the Corsicans and their chief. In respect to the former, he observes as follows:

"It is astonishing, that this handful of islanders, destitute of artillery, fortifications, magazines, and money, should have kept France at bay during two campaigns, although she had no other enemies to cope with. But liberty doubles the valour and strength of man."

"Paoli," says he, in another place, "has rendered his name illustrious, in consequence of the vigour with which he supported the cause of publick liberty among the Corsicans; but in truth, it was a little at the expense of their individual freedom. In the course of this war, he displayed great genius, and a noble consistency. Had he been endowed with military talents; had he known how to have instructed his countrymen in that species of hostility best suited to the natural bent of their genius, he would have destroyed our little army in 1768, and done us much more harm than we experienced in 1769."

This celebrated chief had the good fortune to escape during the general confusion, with the loss of his library and his baggage. Having with some difficulty assembled a few of his faithful followers, among whom was his own brother, he repaired to the seaside, and being accompanied by these on board an armed vessel, bearing the English flag, which had been provided for his reception, he was landed in Italy.

After remaining a short time at Leghorn, he repaired to England, where he had many friends and admirers. Indeed, it was but a few days before his final retreat, that he had received a liberal subscription, from a number of private individuals, for the express purpose of enabling him to continue the war against France.*

Immediately on his arrival, the patriots, at the eastern extremity of the metropolis transmitted a formal invitation to the general, to repair to the city, where an entertainment had been provided for him. Alderman Beckford, Mrs. Macaulay, alderman Fecothick, and a number of his friends and admirers were all present on this occasion, and expected his appearance with impatience: but the general, having received an intimation from the patriots of the west end of the town, that his presence would give offence to the court, he felt himself suddenly *indisposed*, and sent his secretary with an excuse.

Meanwhile Paoli was presented to his majesty, at St. James's, and most graciously received. He was at the same time gratified with a pension† for himself, while a liberal provision was made for his brother, signor Clemente Paoli, and also for his nephew, signor Barbaggio, the latter of whom had accompanied him to England, while the former resided in Italy.

From this time forward, the ex-general remained chiefly in London, leading the quiet life of a private gen-

* The aldermen Beckford and Fecothick, together with Samuel Vaughan, esq. were the trustees.

† Twelve hundred pounds per annum.

tleman, keeping a hospitable table, a carriage, and every thing appertaining to a man of fortune. Having been waited upon, soon after his arrival, by Mr. Boswell, the latter presented Dr. Johnson to him, on the 10th day of October, 1769. "They met with a manly ease," says Mr. B.* "mutually conscious of their own abilities, and of the abilities of each other. The general spoke Italian, and Dr. Johnson English, and understood one another very well, with a little aid of interpretation from me, in which I compared myself to an isthmus, that joins two great continents."

During the space of twenty-three years, Paoli enjoyed an honourable and secure asylum in Great Britain, where he, of course, expected to end his days. But the extraordinary events of the French revolution at length induced him to embark anew in the storms of civil strife.

No sooner had the constituting assembly proclaimed liberty to the nation, than the fate of Corsica appeared to be meliorated, and a people so long oppressed, received a glimpse of freedom. On perceiving that his native country had become one of the departments of France, her ancient chief transmitted a letter to his fellow citizens, in which he expressed his congratulations on this event, but lamented, at the same time, that he could not rejoin them consistently with his gratitude and attachment to the British nation.

Notwithstanding this, he took leave of his friends here, and repaired to Paris in 1792; having been well received by the party then in power, he pronounced a speech at the bar of the assembly, in which he observed, "that after a painful exile of more than twenty years, he now rejoiced to behold his country restored to the possession of her rights and privileges, by the generosity of the French nation." He, at the same time, expressed his readiness "to contribute, as much as it was in his power, to the happiness of his fellow citizens."

These sentiments being highly popular at that period, experienced general applause; and Paoli having taken the oath of fidelity in the face of the nation, was thus enabled to reinstate himself in all his former power and authority. Soon after this, he embarked for Corsica, where he was received with an extraordinary degree of attachment and respect. In consequence of this, he was elected mayor of Bastia, commander in chief of the national guard, and president of the department. In fine, he soon acquired more authority in the island than before its subjugation by the French.

Notwithstanding this, he appears to have been still ambitious of its entire independence, and an epoch soon arrived, when he imagined that so desirable an event might be effected with impunity. This was the execution of Louis XVI. which divided the French nation into two parties, rendered a civil war exceedingly probable, and animated the enemies of the new republick with new hopes.

The convention having been informed of his secret practices, immediately issued orders to Paoli, to repair to their bar, and defend himself against the accusations of his enemies: but he pleaded his age and infirmities, with a view of gaining time, and assured that assembly he would never be found defective in respect to his duty. To a second decree, more peremptory than the first, he replied in a different manner, and with more frankness: after which he repaired to Corte, the ancient capital, situate in the centre of the island, where, surrounded by his friends and adherents, he laughed at the proclamation which had been issued, declaring him a traitor, and setting a price on his head.

On this occasion, however, a number of the most powerful families in

* Life of Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. vol. ii. p. 76.

Corsica declared against him; and Saliceti, Arena, Gentili, Casa Bianca, together with many of those who had sworn fidelity to the new constitution, and like himself subscribed the civick oath, publickly declared, that they could not assist in subverting those regulations, in favour of which they had taken so solemn a vow, in the face of Heaven and of mankind.

On the other hand, the whole body of the clergy, disgusted at the late reforms, which had deprived them of a large portion of their revenues, sided with their ancient chief; and to these adhered all such as were eminently devoted to the church of Rome, a numerous and powerful class of men, who assumed to themselves the appellation of the *sacred band*. But as Paoli knew from long experience, that it was impossible to resist the power of France, alone and unsupported, he determined to call in the assistance of England, which at this period occupied Toulon, and waged war, with a degree of vigour and of bitterness, hitherto unexampled in the annals of that kingdom. He accordingly invited the British admiral,* who had been recently foiled in an expedition against his native country, to invade it anew, with a fleet, accompanied by a body of troops, to whom he was prepared to give every possible succour, having been once more elected *generalissimo*, in a grand council of the nation. That officer, having first despatched colonel, now general sir John Moore,† together with the late major Kœhler, to examine into the prospects and resources of the insurgents, an expedition sailed from the bay of Hieras, January 24, 1795, for the express purpose of driving the French out of the island. A body of troops having been landed under lieutenant general Dundas, the tower of Mortella was taken with some difficulty; after which, Fornelli was attacked with success, and St. Fiorenzo having been evacuated, Bastia and Calvi, also, yielded to the victors.

Immediately after this, a general *consulta* was assembled at Corte; and Paoli having been elected president, the representatives of the nation unanimously voted the union of Corsica with the British crown. This proposition having been readily accepted, on the part of sir Gilbert Elliot (now lord Minto) then his majesty's commissioner, he was immediately invested with the dignity of viceroy. A new constitution was soon after formed, which, if not exactly suitable to the genius of the nation, must be allowed to have been exceedingly favourable to liberty; for these subjects now received as a boon, many of those very privileges which the inhabitants of England had long demanded in vain as a right, particularly short parliaments, and an equal representation of the people.

It might have been supposed, that the triumph of Paoli was complete, and his happiness placed on such a permanent basis, as never to be either ruffled or disturbed during the remainder of his life. But the fact, which proved directly the reverse, tends not a little to demonstrate the mutability of human happiness. A jealousy, how justly founded we are unable to determine, soon after took place between the British viceroy, and the Corsican chief, the result of which was undoubtedly connected with the future fate of the island. Paoli, however, on this occasion, cheerfully yielded to the force of circumstances, and was generous enough before his departure, to address a valedictory letter to his countrymen, in which he exhorted them to cultivate the friendship of the English, and remain firm in their allegiance to his majesty George III.

These loyal effusions, however, during his absence, were attended with but little effect; for the natives, naturally inconstant, soon became disgusted with their new allies and protectors. Dazzled, also, at the same time, perhaps, with the splendour

* Lord Hood.

† Lately killed at the battle of Corunna.

of the victories of their countryman Buonaparte, in Italy, and determined, above all things, on a reunion with France, it was at length deemed necessary, on the part of the English troops, to evacuate an island which has always proved destructive to every nation connected with it, either by friendship or by enmity.

Meanwhile, a sad reverse of fortune attended on Paoli; for, by the failure of a commercial house at Leghorn, he lost the sum of five thousand pounds, which was all that he possessed in the world. In addition to this, the payments of his pension had been suspended; and on his arrival in England, he was not received at court with so much attention, as heretofore.

About this period, he was visited by the author of this article, who found him in an obscure lodging, above a shop in Oxford road, whence he at length removed into a small house in Edgeware road, on the right hand side, a little beyond the turnpike. The remainder of his life is one entire blank, totally devoid of incidents, until his death, which had been preceeded by a lingering illness, on Thursday, February 5, 1807, in the 81st year of his age.

Few foreigners, however distinguished, have been so much caressed in England, as the late general Pasquale Paoli. By living in habits of familiarity with men of letters, his name and exploits acquired fresh celebrity; and Boswell, Goldsmith, Johnson, Macaulay, Barbauld, and lord Littleton, although differing in almost every thing else, most cordially united in his praise. Abroad, too, his reputation was greatly respected; and the eulogiums of such a man as Rousseau, then in the zenith of his reputation, was alone sufficient to ensure reputation throughout the rest of Europe.

While his laurels were still green, it was usual to compare Paoli to Timoleon and Epaminondas: and it was apposiely remarked by an English minister, that the same thing might have been said of him, as had been formerly uttered by the cardinal de Retz, in respect to the famous Montrose, "that he was one of those men who are no longer to be found any where, but in the lives of Plutarch."

That the Corsican chief was a great man, cannot well be denied; but it is the opinion of those, who have enjoyed an opportunity of studying his character, that he was a politician rather than a soldier; that he shone in council more than in arms; and that the leading feature of his publick conduct, was a certain degree of *Italian policy*, which taught him to refine and speculate on every event.

Among his countrymen he was adored; and to support his superiority, he made use of those arts which have usually passed under the name of *pious frauds*. These, perhaps, appeared indispensably necessary for the government of barbarians! Accordingly, like Numa, he pretended to a direct communication with the Deity,* and also affected, on all occasions, after the manner of the heroes of old, to be surrounded by dogs of a particular breed, which were indeed necessary to preserve him from assassination.

It is not a little remarkable, that Corsica, an island which seems to have been equally despised, both by the ancients and moderns, should have produced two men, one of whom engaged the attention of all Europe, towards the middle of the last century, while another seems, unhappily for the repose of mankind, destined to regulate its fate, at the beginning of the present.

* That this amiable chief should have persuaded an uncivilized nation, that he received intimations of future events from above, is but little surprising; but that he should have also persuaded one of the inhabitants of an enlightened country, is absolutely unaccountable. Let it be recollected, however, that some of the countrymen of Mr. Boswell, at that very period, actually believed in *second sight*.

A brief Account of the Earliest Discovery of Diamonds in Brasil, together with some Particulars Relative to the Quality, &c. of those Precious Stones, the Laws respecting them, &c. &c.

THERE was a time when diamonds were found only in the East Indies, principally in the lower part of Hindoostan; and during the period when the Portuguese were powerful in the east, the whole of the European commerce in diamonds was carried on through Lisbon. These precious stones were brought from Goa, which is adjacent to Golconda, where the famous diamond mines of the east are situated. The Dutch, having obtained the ascendency in India, deprived the Portuguese of a source of wealth which chance, however, soon restored to them. In 1729, the colonists of Brasil discovered those diamond mines, which at present supply the chief demand of Europe.

Near the town of Serro do Frio, says Don Sarmento, in the government of the gold mines, there is a place called by the natives *Cay-The-Meria*, where, as well as in the little river named *do Milho Verde*, they have found gold for several years back. The miners who dig the gold in these parts, sift the earth, and the sand on the river's bank, for the purpose of separating the ore. In performing this operation, it frequently happened, that they found several stones, of which, at first, they made no account; and it was not till 1728, that a miner bethought himself of working or grinding the stones, the result of which was, that he found them to be diamonds. He thenceforward took care not to let one of them escape his attention, and the other miners, following his example, eagerly sought after these valuable gems. After having carefully searched the earth, they had recourse to the river, where they not only found the diamonds in greater abundance, but procured them with the utmost facility. Experience and a little reflection led them to imagine, that the diamonds came from a distance; that they were not the produce of the places wherein they were found, but were brought thither by the current of the river. Nevertheless, their source has not hitherto been discovered. Sanguine hopes are, however, entertained on this subject; as in mining several mountains adjacent to the town, innumerable particles of a hard and beautiful species of crystal have lately been met with.

The weight of the Brasil diamonds is, ordinarily, from a grain to six carats. There are some, however, of greater size, and one has been found which weighs no less than forty-six carats.

According to the author above named, in hue, solidity, and every other property, the Brasil diamonds are equal to those of the east; but there are few jewellers who hold this opinion. It is observable, he adds, that the diamonds found nearest to the surface of the earth, being consequently exposed to the action of the air and the sun, are more strongly incrusted than the others, and, of course, lose more in the polishing. It is not absolutely certain, says Sarmento, that the diamonds of Brasil are brought down by the torrents; and such too, is the decided opinion of the author of "L'Histoire des deux Indes."

From the moment that the Portuguese discovered diamonds in Brasil, they pursued their researches, and with such success, that one fleet from Rio Janiero brought home 1146 ounces. This abundant supply lowered the price of the article by three fourths; but the Portuguese minister adopted measures which quickly restored it to its original standard.

A company, with an exclusive privilege to seek for, and to vend, the diamonds of Brasil, was instituted. And in order to limit its cupidity, it was allowed to employ no more than

600 slaves. Afterwards, however, this restriction was annulled, and the company was permitted to employ as many slaves as it should think proper, on paying 600 crusadas (about 75*l.* sterling) for every miner. By the two contracts, the court reserves for its own use every diamond which shall be found to exceed a certain weight. A law, which forbad, under pain of death, any infringement on this privilege, did not appear sufficient to ensure compliance with it, but rather tended to depopulate the places adjacent to the spot, and to turn the surrounding country into a vast desart. Within the space of 100 leagues, there is only one village to be seen, and this is inhabited by the agents and slaves of the company!

The agent of this privileged body in Europe, was no other than the government itself. Prior to the emigration of the court of Portugal to the Brasils, whatever the produce of the mines might be, government delivered to one contractor, diamonds to the amount of 5,000,000 crusadas or 1,125,000*l.* sterling, and no more, annually, in virtue of an express agreement to that effect, which has ever been held sacred. The price of the diamond was rated advantageously to the contractor. These precious stones are bought in a raw state by us, or by the Dutch, and after being cut, are disseminated throughout Europe, but especially France, where this gem was most eagerly bought up. They are less hard, pellucid, and brilliant, than those of the East Indies; but they are far whiter. Their value is about 10*l.* per cent. under that of the former. The law, which ensures to the king of Portugal, the exclusive possession of the largest diamonds found in Brasil, ordains that the slaves who find them shall be granted their freedom, and that the king shall pay their master 400,000 *reis*. If a freeman be the finder, he is to have a similar sum. These promises are likewise held forth to such slave or freeman as shall discover those who conceal diamonds. If a slave discover his master, the king grants him 200,000 *reis*, besides his liberty. Those who act contrary to this law, not only lose the diamonds which they purloin, and their slaves, but often are put to death. The punishments inflicted on the slaves are, commonly, whipping, condemnation to the gallies for life, or immediate death.

The diamond seekers are obliged to render an exact account to the king's commissary of all such diamonds as they or their slaves discover. The commissary deposits the diamonds in a case covered with iron, and secured by three locks. He has possession of one of the keys, the viceroy has another, and the Provado de Hazienda Real, has the third. This case is put into a second, on which are placed the seals of the three personages already mentioned; the three keys being closed within it. The viceroy is not permitted to view the contents of the cases, but merely consigns the whole to the third strong box, upon the lock of which he places his seal. The opening of the treasure takes place in the presence of the king, who makes choice of such diamonds as he approves of, paying to the finders a price which is regulated by the law already mentioned.

"There never has been found a diamond," says the abbé Raynal, "which could be put in competition with that sent from Brasil to the king of Portugal; its weight being 1680 carats or 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. Although there is no mode of ascertaining its value, yet an English writer has been bold enough to compute it at the enormous sum of 224,000,000*l.* sterling!!—If, however, as some lapidaries assert, this reputed diamond be a topaz, the above computation must be egregiously erroneous."

A very extraordinary incident is related in the history of Sweden, written in Swedish, by Dalin. It took place at the representation of a mystery of the Passion, under John II. in 1513.

THE actor who performed the part of Longinus, the soldier who was to pierce the Christ on the cross, in the side, was so far transported by the spirit of his action, that he really killed the man who personated the Christ; who falling suddenly, and with great violence, overthrew the actress who represented the holy mother. King John who was present at this spectacle, was so exceedingly enraged against *Longinus*, that he leaped on the stage and struck off his head. The spectators who had been delighted with the too violent actor, became infuriated against their king, fell upon him in a throng and massacred him. This may stand as an example of the power of dramatick representation; but it argues little in favour of the moderation and solemnity inspired by such sacred subjects. They much more certainly gratified curiosity than devotion.

Remain of Druidical Practices.

THE southern part of Devonhirse is remarkable for its cider. In order to ensure a good fruit harvest, the following custom is generally kept up in that quarter. On the eve of the Epiphany, the farmer, attended by his workmen, with a large pitcher of cider goes to the orchard, and then, encircling one of the best trees, they drink the following toast three several times.

Here's to thee, old apple tree;
When thou may'st bud, and when thou may'st blow!
And when thou may'st bear apple enow!
Hats full! caps full!
Bushel—bushel—sacks full!
And *my* pockets full too!
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

This done they return to the house, the doors of which they are sure to find bolted by the females, who, be the weather what it may, are inexorable to all entreaties to open them, till some one among them has guessed what is upon the spit, which is generally some nice little thing difficult to be hit on, and is the reward of him who first names it. The doors are then thrown open, and the lucky clodpole receives the tidbit as his recompense. Some are so superstitious as to believe, that if they neglect this custom, the trees will bear no apples that year.

JERUSALEM.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem destroyed by fire.

Jerusalem, 24 Oct. 1808.

IN the night between the 11th and 12th instant, after the Franciscan monks, who reside in the Holy Sepulchre, had retired to rest, they heard an uncommon noise in the church. They immediately hastened to the spot, and, upon their entering it, they discovered the wooden altar, together with the wooden cells of the Armenian ecclesiasticks situated over the columns of the gallery, in flames, without their being able to divine the cause. From thence the flames descended upon the choir of the Greeks, and from thence to the floor of the church. The fire now assumed a most awful appearance, and threatened the elevated wooden cupola of the Temple with immediate destruction. The Franciscans used their utmost exertions to stop the progress of the flames; but they were too few in number. They also wanted the necessary implements for that purpose; and when they at last succeeded in

alarming the ecclesiasticks of the adjacent church of St. Salvator, and of acquainting them, as well as the police, with what had happened, the flames had already reached the cupola. As soon as the alarm was given the whole of the Roman Catholick youth of the city rushed immediately to their assistance, and exerted themselves with the greatest zeal and intrepidity; but it was impossible to stop the fury of the devouring element; and, between five and six o'clock in the morning, the burning cupola, with all the melting and boiling lead wherewith it was covered, fell in, and thereby gave this extensive building the awful appearance of a burning smelting house. The excessive heat which proceeded from this immense mass of liquid fire, caused not only the marble columns which support the gallery, to burst, but likewise the marble floor of the church, together with the pilasters and images in bas relief that decorated the chapel containing the Holy Sepulchre, situated in the centre of the church. Shortly after, the massive columns that supported the gallery fell down, together with the whole of the walls. Fortunately no lives were lost; only a few persons were hurt, or scorched by the fire. It is remarkable that the interiour of the above mentioned chapel containing the Holy Sepulchre, and wherein service is performed, has not been in the least injured, although the same was situated immediately under the cupola, and consequently in the middle of the flames. Even after the fire had been extinguished, it was found that the silk hangings, wherewith it is decorated, and the splendid painting, representing the Resurrection, placed upon the altar at the entrance of the sepulchre, had not sustained the least injury.

ITALY.

DISCOVERY OF ANTIQUITIES.

AT the villa of count Moroni, near Rome, were lately discovered the tombs of the ancient Roman family of Manlia. They were found to contain two statues, five busts, and an urn; all of them in a tolerable good state of preservation; and distinguished with the name of Manlius. Two skeletons, which have been dug up at the feet of the abovementioned statues, had still rings on their fingers. Next to the skeleton of a woman, named Agathonia, was found the shell of an egg; an oil bottle; a broken mirror; and a lamp. Upon this lamp was represented Tarquinius, son of the seventh and last king of Rome, carrying a dagger in his hand, at the moment that he was going to violate Lucretia. Baron de Hasselin, minister from his majesty the king of Bavaria to the Holy See, has purchased those valuable antiquities, which are at least 2000 years old.

OBITUARY.

ANNA SEWARD.

ANNA SEWARD, a poetess of distinguished elegance, born about the year 1745, was daughter of the reverend Thomas Seward, rector of Eyam, in the Peak of Derbyshire, a man of taste and learning, and of considerable talents for poetry and polite literature. Anna's infant mind was nourished by her father with the vivid and sublime imagery of Milton,

and her early education amid the wild and Alpine scenery of the Peak, enhanced the enthusiasm of feeling to which she was naturally disposed. In her seventh year, her father being made a canon-residentiary of Litchfield, she removed with the family to that city, which thenceforth became her residence during the whole of her life. The fruit of her father's instructions appeared in some early efforts at poetical composition, which, however, met with discouragement from her mother; and Mr. Seward was afterwards induced to withdraw the countenance he had given to her literary pursuits; so that several years of her youth elapsed with only stolen and interrupted attempts to cultivate an art of which she had so strongly imbibed the rudiments. As she grew to womanhood, she, of course, followed more freely the bent of her genius; she was, however, long known only as the private ornament of Litchfield, and the object of much attachment and admiration in her circle of friends. An acquaintance with lady Miller, of Bathcaston, induced her to become a contributor to her poetical Vase. She repeatedly obtained the myrtle wreath which was its prize, and the publication of the crowned pieces first ushered Miss Seward's muse to the world. In the following year, 1780, she published her "Elegy on Captain Cook," a performance of great merit, as well from its harmony of versification, as the beautiful and appropriate imagery with which it abounds, and the force and delicacy of its sentiments. The contrast between the different mourners on this event, queen Oberea, and the wife of the great navigator, is peculiarly striking. The next year produced her "Monody on Major André." With this lamented young officer she was intimately acquainted, in the course of his long attachment to her amiable friend, Miss Honora Sneyd. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that she writes with peculiar pathos on this occasion, nor that her partiality, and probably, also, her political sentiments at that period, led her to express warm indignation against those who inflicted a disgraceful punishment upon her hero. We are informed that she afterwards became sensible of the injustice she had done General Washington by her personal invectives on this melancholy occasion. These two elegiack pieces produced the appropriate compliment from Dr. Darwin, of telling her that she was "the inventress of epic elegy." The death of lady Miller was lamented by Miss Seward in a poem to her memory, published in 1782, in the style of rich and florid imagery which marks her compositions. Her poetical novel of "Louisa," which appeared in 1784, displayed her talent of uniting narrative with description and sentiment, and proved a popular production. As a mere novel its merit is not of the first rate, and they who read for incident solely, will probably find the vehicle redundant in ornament. It, however, contains much to admire. In 1787, she addressed an Ode of Congratulation to the victorious Elliott, on his return from Gibraltar. It is in the epic strain, and the writer has exerted every effort to render it worthy of the patriotick sentiment which inspired it.

In 1790, Miss Seward lost her aged father, whose gradual decline she had solaced with the tenderest filial assiduity. Her muse had been long silent, when in 1796 she published "Llangollen Vale, with other Poems." Of these, in general, the character is similar to that of her preceding compositions, but it may be possibly thought that the authoress was now deviating more into that exuberance of words and excess of ornament which is the principal defect of her poetry. In this miscellany were some sonnets; and three years afterwards she published a collection of a hundred compositions of this species, all of the legitimate form, and many of

them beautifully descriptive and sentimental. To these were subjoined "Odes paraphrased from Horace." In the latter she professedly indulged her talent at amplification, in which she sometimes appears elegant and splendid, but in general, one to whom the originals are familar will think their spirit much impaired by dilution. Soon after the death of Dr. Darwin, Miss Seward, who at one time of her life had been intimately acquainted with this distinguished philosopher and poet, published, in 1804, "Memoirs of his Life." This is a desultory performance, written in a style very deficient in correctness and good taste, but full of entertaining matter, and enriched with some judicious criticism on Dr. Darwin's poetical character, and on other incidental topicks. From her account of the origin of the celebrated "Botanick Garden," it appears, that some admired lines in the exordium of the first part of that poem were of her composition, though unacknowledged Indeed, the harmony of her versification, and her powers of brilliant and picturesque description, enable her lines to blend their tints with those of Darwin, without any perceptible change in the tone of colouring.

This lady died at Litchfield on the 25th of March, and we understand that she has made Walter Scott, Esq. and Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, her literary heirs.

HAMPSHIRE.

Died—At his house in Winchester, James Pyle, Esq. at a very advanced age. He has left very considerable property. The landed part of it, we hear, he has bequeathed to his nephew, the Rev. James Pyle Ashe; and a large part of his personal property to distant relations and others. The character of Mr. Pyle has been singular. The property which he inherited from his father was considerable, and during a long life it had been greatly increased by his parsimonious manner of living. In the early part of Mr Pyle's life, he lost a large sum of money by the failure of a person to whom he had confided it. From that time he became suspicious, and seemed unwilling to intrust his money with any one. Under this feeling, whenever he received his rents, he secreted the money. About a twelve month ago Mr. Pyle was attacked by a paralytick affection, and it being known that he was in the habit of hiding his money, it was judged prudent by his friends to search the house; and in one or two rooms, that were visited only by himself for many years, cash and notes were found to the amount of between 6 or 7000*l.* secreted in every kind of way—some tied up in pieces of paper—some put into the seats of chairs—and indeed every expedient was used at concealment. The money thus found was immediately taken to a banker's, on Mr. Pyle's account; but he never forgave this compelled discovery of his treasure. Mr. Pyle, though parsimonious to the extreme, was indulgent to his tenants, to whom he granted long leases without advancing the rent. His character was that of being penurious in trifles, while he suffered his thousands to lie unheeded and unemployed.

POETRY.

THE OTAHEITAN MOURNER.

[Peggy Stewart was the daughter of an Otaheitan Chief, and married to one of the Mutineers of the Bounty. On Stewart's being seized and carried away in the Pandora frigate, Peggy fell into a rapid decay, and in two months died of a broken heart, leaving an infant daughter, who is still living.]

FROM the isle of the distant ocean
My white love came to me;
I led the weary stranger
Beneath the spreading tree.
With white and yellow blossoms
I strowed his pillow there;
And watched his bosom's heaving,
So gentle and so fair.

Before I knew his language,
Or he could talk in mine,
We vowed to love each other,
And never to resign.
O then 'twas lovely watching
The sparkling of his eyes;
And learn the white man's greeting,
And answer all his sighs.

I taught my constant white love
To play upon the wave,
To turn the storm to pleasure,
And the curling surge to brave.
How pleasant was our sporting,
Like dolphins on the tide;
To dive beneath the billow,
Or the rolling surf to ride.

To summer groves I led him,
Where fruit hangs in the sun;
We lingered by the fountains,
That murmur as they run.
By the verdant islands sailing,
Where the crested sea birds go;
We heard the dash of the distant spray,
And saw through the deeps the sunbeams play,
In the coral bowers below.

And when my lover, weary,
To our woodland couch would creep,
I sang the song that pleased him,
And crowned his lids with sleep.
My kindred much would wonder,
The white man's love to see,
And Otaheitan maidens
Would often envy me.

Yet when my white love's forehead,
Would sadden with despair,
I knew not why the cold drops
Should start and quiver there.

I knew not why in slumber
His heart should tremble so;
Or locked in love's embraces,
How doubt and fear could grow.

'Till o'er the bounding billow,
The angry chieftains came;
They seized my wretched lover,
They mocked my anguished claim.
In iron bands they bound him,
I flew his fate to share;
They tore him from my clasping,
And threw me to despair.

Are white men unrelenting,
So far to cross the sea;
Their chieftain's wrongs revenging,
To tear my love from me?
Are Otaheitan bosoms
No refuge for the brave;
Can exile nor repentance
A wretched lover save?

No more the Heiva's dancing,
My mournful steps will suit;
As when to the torch light glancing,
And beating to the flute.
No more my braided tresses
With smiling flowers shall bloom;
Nor blossom rich in beauty
Shall lend its sweet perfume.

All by the sounding ocean
I sit me down and mourn,
In hopes his chiefs may pardon him,
And speed my love's return.
Can he forget his Peggy,
That soothed his cares to rest?
Can he forget his baby,
That smiles upon her breast?

I wish the fearful warning
Would bind my woes in sleep!
And I were a little bird, to chase
My lover o'er the deep!
Or if my wounded spirit
In the death canoe would rove,
I'd bribe the wind and pitying wave,
To speed me to my love!

Birmingham. P. M. J.

BY PETER PINDAR—1808.

AGAIN the *academy* I greet;
Once more, my graphick friends, we meet—
Shake hands—Ah! why the greeting hand withdraw?
Lo! by your looks ye seem to say—
"Avaunt, thou vagabond—away—
We'd sooner take the devil by the paw!

Well, well! once more the *bard* appears.
He sings, in spite of rolling years:
Time has not stolen one atom of his fire;
The *Muse*, unconscious of decay,
Still pours the proud *Pindarick* lay,
Still strikes with equal energy the lyre.

Now, cries the critick of my rhyme,
"How darest thou dream of the sublime,
And fancy that it e'er inspired thy *Odes*?
How darest thou take a *Pindar's* name,
To steal into the dome of *Fame*,
And place thy *Momus* by the side of gods?"—

I own that *Time* to my surprise,
Has done some mischief to my eyes,
And done that mischief much against my will;
But as the *Bullfinch*, beyond doubt,
Sings better when his eyes are out,
Why not the songster of the *Aonian* hill?

Time too has chosen to efface
The fine *Apollo* form and grace
And somewhat bent to earth my lofty head;
And though the knave has touched my hand,
The goose quill yet it can command,
And o'er the snow the feathered giant lead.

Time has made free too with my features,
Those pretty, inoffensive creatures,
That never yet were cruel to the fair;
Spoiled my poor lip and dimple sleek,
Run his hard ploughshare o'er my cheek
And stolen the blushing roses that were there.

Time too, I own, my mouth has entered;
To steal some pearl, the rogue has ventured,
And given a lisping to my tuneful tongue—
But thank the *Muses* for their care,
And *Phebus*—of his tricks aware—
Safe is my brain—the fount of flowing song.

The *Academicians* would rejoice
If *Time* had also stolen my voice:—
But while that voice exists, by Heavens I'll sing:—
But mind me, while I pour my lays,
To Justice I my altar raise,
Too virtuous to profane the *Muses'* spring.

It certainly must be confest,
I come a most unwelcome guest,
'Mid sheaves of corn a sort of wicked weovil:—
As for R. A.'s I briefly tell 'em,
Fiat justitia ruat cælum,
Although they sooner would behold the devil.

SCOTTISH SONG.

TUNE—"*O' a' the airts the win' can blaw.*"

A BONNY lass I dearly like
And feel a fervent flame,
Aft thinkin' on her form I rove
But dinna ken her name.

Luve's darts are in her twa blu een,
Her form is grace itsel';
Whane'er she smiles her beauty's seen
An' mair than I can tell.

A something that I canna name
Comes drizzlin' through my bluid,
An' strives for vent through a' my frame,
I'm thinkin' it's nae gude.

But I've an inklin' what it's now
I'ts nae witchcraft ill thing,
But just love's darts are shootin' thro'
An' that's the very thing.

What if she'd gie a chidin' frown,
Or cast a jeerin' ee,
Wi' thoughts o' that I'm dizzy grown,
I think 'twad gar me die.

Wi' aukwart glee I'd sing her charms,
An' tout her beauty's fame;
But I maun dumb and dowie be,
I dinna ken her name.

ALEXANDER SCOTUS.

Edinburgh.

EPIGRAM.

FROM morn till eve, throughout the day,
My Chloe was serenely gay:
I romped with Phillis—All the while
Nothing disturbed my Chloe's smile.
The next day came—The morning lowered;
Our schemes were crost, our tempers soured:
Still Chloe smiled—Amazed I said,
"Can nothing vex this lovely maid?"
At length a tooth by luckless blow
Was struck from out the pearly row;
Though time has long since healed the pain,
My Chloe never smiled again!

Z.

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.

AN EPIGRAM.

POOR John had bought him half a hog,
And thought it would be glorious prog,
To eat with cabbage, peas, and beans,
Or with a dish of winter greens:
But Nelly thought it far too dear;
Indeed it cost her many a tear,
She used (for saving was her boast)
But half a pound of salt at most.
But see how Nelly was mistaken;
She saved her salt—but lost her bacon.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND ECONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Method of preserving Fruit without Sugar, for Home Use, or Sea Stores.

THIS is the discovery of Mr. Thomas Saddington, of Lower Thames street, who, with his communication to the society, enclosed a box containing the following fruits in bottles, preserved *without* sugar: viz. apricots, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, cherries, Orleans plums, green gages, damsons, and Siberian crabs; but the same mode is applicable to all English fruits. Mr. S. describes the process which he uses, to the following effect:

The bottles for this purpose are selected from the widest necked of those which are used for wine or porter, these being the cheapest. Being properly cleaned, and the fruit, which should not be too ripe, ready picked, the bottles are to be filled as full as they will hold, to admit the cork going in. The fruit while they are filling, is to be frequently shook down. The corks afterwards must be so lightly stuck into the bottles as to be taken out easily when the fruit is lightly scalded, which may be done in a copper, a kettle, or sauce-pan, over the fire, first putting a coarse cloth of any kind at the bottom, to prevent the heat from cracking the bottles. Then the copper, the kettle, &c. is to be filled with cold water sufficiently high for the bottles to be nearly up to the top of it. They are to be put in sideways, to expel the air contained in the cavity, under the bottom of the bottle. If the copper is used, care must be taken that the bottles do not touch the bottom or sides of the copper, which would endanger their bursting. Then the heat must be increased gradually, till it comes to about 170 degrees, by a brewing thermometer, which generally requires about three quarters of an hour. Those who have not such a thing, may judge of the proper degree of heat when the water feels very hot, but not hot enough to scald the fingers. If too hot, a little cold water may be added to temper it. When the heat is proper, it must be kept at the same degree for about half an hour longer, which will always be long enough, as a longer time, or greater heat, will crack the fruit. While the bottles are thus getting in heat, a tea-kettle full of water must be got ready, boiling, by the time the fruit is done. If one fire only is used, the kettle containing the bottles must be removed half off the fire, when it is at the full heat required, to make room for boiling the water in the tea-kettle. As soon as the fruit is properly scalded, and the water boiling, take the bottles out of the water, one at a time, and fill them within an inch of the cork, with the boiling water out of the tea-kettle. Cork them down immediately, doing it gently, but very tight, but you must not shake them by driving the cork, as that will endanger the bursting of the bottles. When corked, the bottles must be laid down on their sides, as by that means the cork keeps swelled, and prevents the air escaping out. When cold, the bottles may be removed to any convenient place of keeping. During the first month or two, it will be necessary to turn them a little round, once or twice a week, to prevent the fermentation that will arise from some fruits, from forming into a crust. By thus properly attending to the fruit, and keeping it moist with the water, no mould will ever take place. Afterwards it may be necessary to turn the bottles round once or twice a month, only.

In order to diversify the degree of heat, Mr. S. states, that he has done some fruits in 190 degrees of it, and continued them in it for three quarters of an hour; but this heat be found too powerful, and the time too long, as the fruit by these means was reduced to a pulp. In 1807, he preserved 95 bottles of fruit, the expense of which, exclusive of bottles and corks, was 1*l.* 9*s.* 5 1-2*d.* or, upon an average, about 4 1-2*d.* a bottle. In winter, they may amount to 1*s.* per bottle. The vessel for scalding the fruit in, should be a long wooden trough of six, eight, or ten feet

in length; two or three in breadth; and one in depth; fitted with laths across, to keep the bottles upright. This trough of water is to have the heat communicated to it by steam, through a pipe from a closed boiler at a distance; or if the boiling water wanted to fill the bottles with, is conveyed through a pipe and a cock over the trough, many hundreds of bottles might be done this way in a short time. Five guineas were voted by the society to Mr. Saddington for his communication.

Mr. E. Thomason [Birmingham] has taken out a Patent for a new Method of manufacturing Umbrellas, Parasols, &c.

The hearth brush is made upon this principle, and at present much used. The patentee's object has been to conceal the brush part, by means of a convenient apparatus, excepting during the time of its using. The same principle being applied to the parasol and umbrella, the spreading part of the latter, when not used as a defence against the weather, is concealed in a walking stick. Though the head of the cane, stick, &c. containing this apparatus, is rather larger than those of common walking sticks.

The French Mode of Fining, or Clarifying Wine.

The complaint among the wine trade with respect to the difficulty of clearing wine is so general, that we conceive the following extract from a valuable work lately published at Paris, will prove not unacceptable to many of our readers. "Of all materials used in clarifying wines and other liquids," says M. Parmentier, "I think that the whites of eggs are best calculated to bring them to that degree of perfection, and confer upon them that limpidness which they can acquire neither by rest nor by filtration." When, however, the whites of eggs are made use of for the purpose of clarifying wines, &c. it is necessary to be particularly careful in using the freshest eggs only; and in breaking and examining them, great caution and circumspection are to be observed, since it has often happened that *a single egg, however slightly tainted, has given a disagreeable flavour to a whole pipe of wine*, an evil which, when once incurred, is irremediable. It is best, adds the author already named, to employ such eggs only as are laid by hens which do not associate with cocks, because the intercourse of the male renders the eggs more liable to putrescence, and gives them a very bad taste.

Next to the white of eggs M. Parmentier places isinglass; because, as he justly observes, it does not alter the true colour of the wine, or communicate a disagreeable flavour to it.

Experience has proved that white wines in particular, which have been clarified through the medium of isinglass, are more transparent, and preserve their limpidness much longer than those to which the whites of eggs have been applied, the latter being invariably injured by a contact with the atmospherick air. As to red wines, a very small portion of isinglass will clear them, and consequently a species of economy is added to the other advantages derived from the use of it, as thereby an immense quantity of eggs is saved.

M. Parmentier contributed a paper to the *Annales de Chimie*, in 1792, by which he undertook to prove, that, in many cases, a sort of jelly, prepared from the raspings of bones, might be substituted for isinglass. But might we not with greater facility procure a much better substitute for isinglass, than that which he makes mention of, from our indigenous productions, from our fisheries of every description?—Most of the fish which are but thinly covered with scales, and which live in our lakes, ponds, and rivers, furnish great abundance of gelatinous substance, both wholesome and pleasing to the smell and taste, which might be prepared for the purpose already mentioned with very little trouble. In adopting this mode we should confer a benefit upon the nation at large, by curtailing the importation of isinglass, for which such immense sums are paid to the merchants of the northern parts of Europe.

This paper may give rise to more than one philosophical question. First, what is that principle in an egg become stale and tainted, though but little, which is so powerful in its nature and properties as to taint a whole pipe of wine? Consider the smallness of an egg itself in proportion to the quantity of liquor: Consider the expression "however slightly this small quantity be tainted;" and when the principle, or portion tainted is limited, in fact, to a small portion of this small egg. Such is the power of the tainting principle! the principle of corruption! Is there any beneficent principle that is equally capable of meliorating its subject when only so slightly diffused throughout its parts?—Secondly: It is remarkable, that an extract from *fish*, a commodity sufficiently remote, it should appear, from the nature of any production of the grape, or its

juice, should clarify the liquor innocently, while an egg slightly tainted, injures it. Isinglass is a kind of glue, prepared from a fish. Whether any other glue, prepared from any other kind of fish, might answer the purpose as well; and if not, why not? is also a matter of curious inquiry. The other query which a naturalist will discern in this communication may deserve discussion, but rather in a learned language, and in a direct dissertation, than in a popular and widely circulating periodical publication. Why are red wines more easily and effectually clarified by isinglass than white wines; and whence is the sediment that subsides from them more easily acted on by this apparently feeble agent?

Few persons in this country know any other use of the aloe than the medicine which it affords; but it serves for a number of other beneficial purposes in the countries where it grows. In the East Indies, aloes are employed as a varnish to preserve wood from worms and other insects; and skins and even living animals are anointed with it for the same reason. The havock committed by the white ants in India first suggested the trial of aloe juice, to protect wood from them; for which purpose the juice is either used as extracted, or in solution by some solvent. Aloes have also been found effectual in preserving ships from the ravages of the worm, and the adhesion of barnacles. The ship's bottom, for this purpose, is smeared with a composition of hepatick aloes, turpentine, tallow, and white lead. In proof of the efficacy of this method, two planks of equal thickness, and cut from the same tree, were placed under water, one in its natural state and the other smeared with the composition; when, on taking them up after being immersed eight months, the latter was found to be as perfect as at first, while the former was entirely penetrated by insects, and in a state of absolute rottenness. An aquatick solution of hepatick aloes preserves young plants from destruction by insects, and also dead animals and vegetables from putrefaction; which renders it of great use in the cabinets of naturalists. The spirituous extract is best for this purpose, though in this respect it is inferiour to that of cantharides, prepared by infusing two grains in one ounce of spirits, which has been found to be so effectual in the extirpation of bugs. Pærner asserts, that a simple decoction of aloes communicates a fine brown colour to wool. Fabroni, of Florence, has extracted a beautiful violet colour, which resists the acids and alkalis, from the juice of the fresh leaves of the aloe exposed to the air by degrees. The liquid first becomes red, and at the end of a certain period turns to a beautiful purple violet, which adheres to silk by simple immersion, without the aid of acids.

Richard Walker, esq. of Oxford, has proposed an alteration in the scale of the thermometer, which suggested itself to him during a long course of experiments, and which has been adopted by himself and his friends from the persuasion of its being founded on the truest principles.—"The two fixed points, the freezing and boiling points of water as they have hitherto been, will," he observes, "probably never fail to be continued, as being perfectly sufficient for the accurate adjustment of thermometers. The commencement of the scale, and the number of divisions only appear to claim attention. With respect to the first, since neither the extremes of heat or cold are likely to be ascertained, the hope of fixing 0 at either of these may be entirely relinquished, and it remains to fix it at the fittest intermediate point. Here I propose the following mode of graduation. Having ascertained that the temperature of 62° of Fahrenheit is the temperature at which the human body in health is conscious of no inconvenience from heat or cold, and that a deviation from that point of only one or two degrees, above or below, actually produces that effect under ordinary circumstances, I fixed my zero or 0 there. I adopted the divisions of Fahrenheit, considering those of Reaumur, the centigrades, &c. as too few, and decimal divisions unnecessary. Hence it will follow that 0 being placed at 62° of Fahrenheit, 150° will be the boiling, and minus 30° the freezing point of water; and all other points on Fahrenheit's scale may be reduced to this, by subtracting 62 for any degree above 0 of Fahrenheit, and adding 62 for any degree below 0. For ordinary meteorological purposes, a scale of this kind extending to 65° above, and as many below 0, will be sufficient."

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

I am informed that, in consequence of an alteration (lately made) in the process of drying *white lead*, the health of the labourers, in an extensive manufactory in the neighbourhood of London, has been very materially benefitted—the fatal *constipation of the bowels*, so common amongst

them, having much decreased, which is attributed in a great measure, if not entirely, to this alteration. The different mode of drying the lead adopted is (if I understand the matter right) that instead of laying it on chalk it is now poured into earthen-ware pans, and left to dry in them. The lead does not undergo nearly so much handling as before, and the fine particles of it, which used to float in great abundance about the room, are not perceived in such dense clouds as they used to be; this dust entering the mouth was one principal cause of the diseases to which the workmen were liable. By means of your miscellany, I wish to give publicity to the above circumstance; and should any of your readers be able and willing to give me any further particulars respecting this manufacture, which may be conducive to the health of those employed in it, they will much oblige

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SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1809.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Scloppetaria; or Considerations on the Nature and Use of Rifle Barrel Guns; with Reference to their forming the Basis of a permanent System of national Defence, agreeable to the Genius of the Country. By a Corporal of Riflemen. 8vo. pp. 251. Price 9*s*. London, 1808.

WE understand that this book is written by Henry Beaufoy, Esq. son of Mark Beaufoy, Esq. of Hackney Wick, F. R. S. and colonel of the 1st royal regiment of Tower Hamlets' militia. The earl of Moira has been properly selected as the patron of this work, both as an eminent military character, and as being constable of the tower of London, and lord lieutenant of that portion of the county of Middlesex which comprehends the Tower Hamlets.

The perusal of this volume has given us great pleasure. Its contents are truly interesting. They are the result of science combined with practice; and bear honourable testimony to the ingenuity and perseverance of Mr. Beaufoy; to the judicious selection of experiments, and to the acuteness with which conclusions have been drawn, and corollaries deduced.

The author by no means runs riot with his subject. He does not ascribe to the *rifle barrelled gun*, properties which it does not possess; nor does he wish to substitute it for all other offensive weapons. He certainly wishes to make expert riflemen of all our volunteers; but then he would not rely upon riflemen *only* in a pitched battle. He would mix them, in due proportion, with regular troops armed with our English muskets, and, above all, our English *bayonet;* a weapon irresistible, when urged home by the muscular arm of our gallant countrymen—witness Maida;—witness Vimeira;—witness Corunna!—Mr. Beaufoy says, it is not intended to urge the indiscriminate use of rifle-barrelled guns, "but to render troops armed with them, as a distinct and cooperative force, more general and important; where the musket ends or begins, the rifle commencing or leaving off. For the fact is, that in any other view they become a nullity. The moment a rifleman suffers himself to be closed, his weapon becomes of less use than the common musket; since the delay in loading would now be injurious, and the exactness unnecessary." Again, in another place, he observes:

"To conceive their excellence, nevertheless, it is not necessary, with the ordinary spirit of enthusiastick theorists, to attribute to them more than their own certain qualities; to render the extensive use of rifle corps, here recommended, effectual, it must be unfailingly kept in view, that they are to be regarded as a species of troops entirely distinct from every other, though acting with, and perhaps mutually dependent on all of them. He who shall expect from them the ordi-

nary duties of the battalion, or artillery, or even of light infantry, will be disappointed, though in proper situations they will effect more than either. In close combat, or where the bayonet is alone to be employed, they are useless; for the meanest musket in numbers will be sufficient. In storming parties, they will be also inefficient; since, as observed by the intelligent author already mentioned, in the agitation necessarily occasioned by the violence of such moments, they will be unequal to that cool and steady fire, on which their whole purpose depends; a circumstance, perhaps, proved by their similar employment at Buenos Ayres and Montevideo. For similar reasons the confounding them with mere light infantry, or attributing to them a character of still greater celerity, as when they have been made to run by the side of the cavalry!* the real advantages of a rifle corps will not be obtained. But nourished and animated by an *esprit du corps*, only to be inspired by preserving them in their proper situation, they will never fail to furnish all that shall be required of them. Let them then no longer receive the censure of the battalions. Each man thus employed will feel, as the historian says of Fabius—*Non ignorabat se timidum, pro cauto; imbellem, pro perito belli, haberi: at maluit ut se hostis metuerit, quam stulti cives laudarent.* Let them no longer be supposed as giving to war new horrours; but rather as tending to shorten its calamities, and to determine the conflicts of nations, by an efficiency in arms worthy of the highly civilized state of Europe, and of the world. Above all, let us remember, that whatever shall promise to enable us to maintain the independence of our own country—to preserve sacred those accumulated rights which have been created by the wisdom, or purchased by the blood of our ancestors, ought to be well considered, and if proved worthy of adoption, to be adopted with vigour. Let us never forget, that we live not alone for ourselves, but that we hold also the rights of posterity, which are not to be committed by our act."

This is the language of a genuine patriot. Here the principles which have ever distinguished the Literary Panorama identify with those of our spirited young author.

* This was the duty of the 95th rifle regiment, at the camp formed in the summer of, I think, 1806, on Shorncliffe heights.

We shall give another quotation from the introduction, on the comparison between the musket and the rifle barrelled gun.

"A musket will fire five shots to one from a rifle, as generally used. In an action of an hour, the musket then will have fired perhaps 100 shots (the numbers are indifferent, as they will always be relative) and the rifle 20. Supposing 1 in 200 shots of the musket to tell (which many will not allow by half) it must fire incessantly for more than two hours before it can be certain of taking effect, and this too, reckoning the frequent opportunity of firing at a whole line, where deviation to the right or left would be immaterial. Allowing to the rifle, with less indulgence, a certainty of effect in but one shot of twenty, which none at all conversant with rifle shooting will admit to be sufficient, firing 20 shots in an hour, gives even then a balance in its favour of more than two to one in the number of killed, wounded, or disabled, against the objection of time lost in loading. Thus, then, taking five to one against a rifle in the first instance, because we give to the musket five times the number of shots, and adding the two to one in its favour from the number of killed and wounded, on striking the balance, it will be found to leave to the rifle a decided advantage of seven to one. In this computation, the average distance at which the rifle is to be fired is from 250 to 400 yards.

"The most superficial observer will naturally see, at the same time, the comparative saving in ammunition, and be enabled to form an idea of its importance, by calculating the value of a load used for a rifle and a musket, as charged by government; by conceiving the value of a cartridge on its arrival in the East or West Indies; the different proportion of ammunition wagons; and the inconvenience to an army of a numerous train of carriages; and be thus enabled to perceive how far the advantages arising out of these circumstances, will set off against the difference of expense between the weapons. An officer of undoubted veracity assured the writer, that a party of light infantry under his command in Egypt, fired away 60,000 rounds in driving in that of an enemy, of which he really believed, that not above four or five were killed or wounded on the part of the enemy.

"Of the utility of corps armed with rifled barrelled guns, or of riflemen, as they are generally, though not very defi-

nitively called, the proofs are innumerable. As a light, erratick force concealing itself with facility, and forming an ambuscade at will, its effects are incalculable.

"By combining the solid column, or the extended line, as now practised by the best tacticians, with considerable bodies of light troops, a mutual confidence is inspired; the former, aware that all the harassing duties of the *petite guerre* will be performed by the latter, and these in turn knowing that they have troops ready formed *en masse*, behind which they may retire when closely pressed. The origin of this idea is of no trifling date, being to be found in the relations of the *Socii*, the *Velites*, *Sagittarii*, and *Funditores* of the Romans, to the main body of their army, formed on a principle similar to that which will ultimately be mentioned in this introduction; while its modern practice will be recognised in the Hussars and Pandours of the Prussians and Austrians; the Croats of the Russians; the Albanians of the Turks, and the Arnauts serving with the Russians and British in Italy. Ever skulking and roaming about the country, they compel the enemy to be constantly on the watch and alert, in apprehension of an attack. With such troops, the enemy cannot despatch a detachment or reenforcement, or effect any movement of consequence, scarcely transmit a return, or even send a messenger, without information being conveyed by various means to the army employing them. They are dispersed in every direction; their effects are felt at distant points at the same moment; and they tend to affect the mind of an enemy by constantly presenting to him unexpected obstacles, a circumstance which will never be omitted in the consideration of a general."

The passages already quoted may suffice to take off all objection to Scloppetaria, on the score of substituting the rifle for the musket. It is much to be wished, however, that our volunteers, at least, were to a man masters of the rifle.

In the event of an invasion with an overwhelming French army, we suppose that our generals would decline rather than seek an opportunity of fighting a pitched battle. All authors of talent who have written on this subject, have recommended the *harassing* system of warfare, the *petite guerre*. To this the rifle is peculiarly adapted; and if in Spain, instead of engaging the columns of the enemy, as the brave patriots have done, they had carried on war upon the other principle, does it not seem probable that the armies of Cuesta, Castanos, Blake and Romana, might yet have remained nearly entire; and that the invading hordes, daily and hourly attacked in a hostile country, by invisible and destructive opponents, must have been reduced to insignificance? We are bold to say, that if the Spaniards even *yet* adopt this mode of fighting, suited in a peculiar manner to the Fabian system [for Buonaparte is to Spain what Hannibal was to Italy] they will finally triumph over their enemies. Burgoyne's army had never capitulated at Saratoga if the Americans had been without riflemen.

In the introduction to *Sclopetaria*, we have a very curious historical account of missile weapons in England. The glories of this island, while its "*might stood upon archers*," are duly characterized; and the acts of parliament, passed from time to time, to encourage archery, are pointed out. We observe one small oversight in this detail, p. 12, where Fortescue's learned work "*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*," is represented as having been written *after* the 33d of Henry the VIII. [1541]. Fortescue was made chief justice of the king's bench in 1442 Though he was certainly appointed chancellor to Henry VI. during that prince's exile in Scotland, it is not known that he ever exercised the functions of that high office in England. What led our author into this anacronism, in all probability, was this circumstance, that Fortescue's work was not published till the reign of Henry VIII. He died in 1465.

The theory of the rifle barrelled gun is very happily explained by analogical reasoning; for the application of which, Quintilian is cited in a note —"analogiæ hoc vis est, ut id quod dubium est, ad aliquid simile de quo non quæritur, referat; ut incerta cer-

tis probet."—The angle of aberration in the case of *bullets* discharged from an ordinary musket is ever considerable; but the deflection from the original line of flight, is an inconvenience which arrows shot from a bow were not found so liable. The reason has been proved to be, that the feather on the arrow gives a *spinning motion* to the shaft as it flies through the air, and causes it to revolve round its longitudinal axis. Turning quickly round, as much as the arrow deviates to one side in its flight, the aberration is corrected by the almost instantaneous pressure of the air on the other; and thus its vertiginous motion leads it directly from the bow to the mark. This theory is most ingeniously pursued, and, in our judgment, demonstrated, by various experiments made on bodies passing through resisting media; and it most satisfactorily appears, that the precision with which a leaden ball shot from a rifle barrelled gun hits the object at which it is discharged, arises from the indentations which it receives in passing along the grooves spirally worked within the barrel. This theory is discussed in the three first chapters; to which, and to the plates accompanying them, we refer our readers. This book is illustrated by nine plates, exclusive of the frontis-piece, and several engravings of perforated targets, showing the comparative effects of different pieces fired at various distances. These are executed in a style of peculiar and expressive neatness; and the entire work is well worth the notice of every man in the kingdom, capable of bearing arms. There is hardly a single point, however minute, relative to the rifle gun, which is not discussed. On the subject of *gunpowder* we shall give a passage, because it shows a safe and easy mode of drying it, which, more generally known, may prevent dangerous accidents.

"In preserving powder, the principal difficulty is to keep the saltpetre in its composition from getting damp, by imbibing the moisture of the atmosphere; for it is not sufficient that the vessel in which it is kept, be in a covered situation; as a room or cupboard for example, but it should be kept so closely stopped down as to preclude the entrance of the air. If a certain quantity be first of all well dried, and the weight then nicely ascertained, if it be left for a few hours exposed in an uncovered plate, on being reweighed it will be found to have increased considerably in weight. The reason assigned is, the quantity of moisture it has attracted from the atmosphere; for if it be again dried, the weight will be found reduced to its former standard.

"Some have thought that a certain degree of moisture enabled the powder to disengage, on combustion, a greater quantity of gas than when dry; but this does not appear to be the fact. For surely, the more *suddenly* and *rapidly* the ignition takes place, the more *suddenly* will the vapour be produced; and as the ball is entirely propelled by the *suddenness* of the generation of the vapour, it should follow, that every particle of moisture contained in the grains must retard the ignition, and consequently the effect of the powder.

"The effects of the atmosphere on powder are well known to all practitioners and sportsmen, and therefore it is very usual for rifle shots to increase their charges in damp weather, and at all events never to leave their loading horn on the damp ground. Hence, then, the side pocket used by riflemen for receiving the powder horn has a greater advantage than mere convenience, inasmuch as it, from its situation, enables the powder to derive considerable warmth from the body, and thus keeps it drier. This is confirmed by the greater effect produced by powder, previously made quite hot, and then lighted, than if ignited at the usual temperature. Again, we all know, that after a few rounds from a cannon, as the metal gets hotter, the cartridges used are filled with smaller quantities of powder, not only to avoid unnecessary recoil, but also a needless waste of powder, as the smaller quantities of it are found to produce the same effect when the gun is heated, as the larger, when the cannon was first fired and cold. It seems, then, not an unfair conclusion, that the heat of the metal raising the temperature of the powder in the cartridge so much, as to put it, as it were, in a partial state of ignition, before the match is applied, the development of gas is more instantaneous, and

therefore, the effect produced the greater. The thickness of metal in great and small arms, being somewhat proportional, when the powder is fired, a part of the heat is absorbed in raising the temperature of the cold barrel. To such as are fond of rifle shooting, we should recommend the purchase of two, three, or half a dozen pounds of powder, always of the best quality, to be mixed well together with the hands, to prevent the contact of any thing that might inflame it, till rendered as homogeneous as possible.

"It should be laid on a large water-dish, filled with boiling water, where after a few minutes stirring, it will be found considerably heated, and consequently dried. If then put into bottles well dried, and previously heated, for the purpose of expelling every particle of moisture, and closely corked, it may be kept for any length of time, and in any situation, without being deteriorated as to strength or quality. The water plate is recommended on account of its safety, in preference to other methods used, as passing a heated fire shovel over it, and so on. If powder be well dried, it will not soil the hands, and therefore there is no difficulty in ascertaining when it may be removed from the plate to the bottle, without fear of the operation being sufficiently completed."*

We did intend noticing several other interesting passages, but we have not room. We will venture to say that no military library can be complete without Mr. Beaufoy's book.

* Powder should not, however, be frequently exposed to heat, in this way, as every time, a certain portion of the sulphur is carried off in the shape of vapour, and as the goodness depends chiefly on the three different ingredients, used in its manufacture, bearing a certain proportion to each other, one cannot be diminished, without deteriorating the quality of the whole.

It would be injustice to omit our approbation of the superiour manner of arrangement adopted in this volume. Instead of a chaos of information, which frequently defeats the good effects of intrinsick merit in professional works, each article is arranged under its own proper head, and an index presents a ready reference to it, thus uniting the facilities of a dictionary to the interest of an able treatise. In addition to the scientifick information which abounds in these pages, it contains a great variety of very interesting reflections and observations, relative to military concerns in general—the organization of the army—of a battalion—the selection of light infantry men—of riflemen. Some very valuable hints relative to the improvement of the dress, accoutrements, and luggage of troops—and similar topicks. To those whose rank gives weight to their opinions in military matters, this work should form an object of study. All, who are any way interested in the subject, should read it attentively. And we hope that we shall not be deemed impertinent in recommending to the able author, to compile an abridgment of the most prominent and useful articles of the work, omitting, for example, all theoretick speculations, and thus, by producing a useful shilling pamphlet, enable every rifleman in the kingdom, whether regular or volunteer, to profit by the experience and the knowledge which the patriotick studies of the author have elicited.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Periodical Accounts relative to the Baptist Missionary Society. Major Scott Waring, —Twining, Vindication of the Hindoos, &c. &c.

THE rapid progress of Christianity during the first ages of the church, and its victory over the established forms of classical superstition, the schools of ancient philosophy, and the barbarous mythologies of the northern nations, were the united produce of the ardent piety and indefatigable zeal of the first preachers of the Gospel, and the blessing and assistance of Heaven. But, it is observable that, in later times, the faith has been spread more by colonization than conversion. How is it that the latter has been so deplorably checked? The Romanists accuse the Protestants for their indifference; the Protestants retort upon the Romanists for their corruptions. There is but too much truth in the charge on either side; but the reproach is better founded than the recrimination.

This evil grew out of the reformation, and it is the only evil attendant upon that blessed event which has continued to the present times. The schism between the Greeks and Latins was less mischievous. There the parties were so little in contact, that their hatred was without exasperation; and each talked its own nonsense, without attempting to convert the other, except by the innocent and inefficient formalities of a council. Separated from the whole Latin church by their geographical situation, by the great boundary of language, by their political relations, their pride of elder and superiour civilisation, and their semi-oriental manners, the Greeks were scarcely included in the idea of Christendom, and our crusaders sometimes found them as hostile as the Saracens. But the revolution which Luther effected produced a civil war between the members of that great Gothick family, who, amid all their civil dissensions, had ever till then remembered their common origin, and when the interests of Christianity were in question acted as one body, with one heart and will. Before this struggle was over, the zeal of protestantism had spent itself. All sects and communities of religion settle and purify after their first effervescence. Then they become vapid. The protestant churches had reached this second stage, when they were securely and peaceably established: their turbid elements had cleared away, but the quickening spirit was gone also. While they had zeal to attempt the work of converting heathen nations they had no opportunity, and when the opportunity came, the zeal had evaporated. The Dutch, indeed, did something in Ceylon—a poor atonement for the irreparable evil which they occasioned in Japan. Quakerism sent forth a few apostles to the pope and the great Turk, and the good spirit which animated them was so far communicated to the personages whom they addressed, that, little used as they were to the benignant mood, they sent the gentle zealots safely home again. A Danish mission was established in India, where it has continued merely because it is an establishment. Assistance has, indeed, been given to it by our own society, for promoting Christian knowledge; and some attempts have been made among the North American savages by the society for propagating the Gospel in foreign parts. But these efforts, however laudable, have had no very extensive consequences; and protestantism has rather attempted than effected the work of conversion.

There is, however, in all religious communities a vivacious and vivifick principle not to be found in the same degree in political bodies; their hold is upon the heart of man, upon his

hopes and fears, the weakness and the strength of his nature. From time to time some individual appears, who, whether inspired or infatuated, resigns himself to the impulse, and laying aside all human motives at his outset, acts with a contempt of worldly maxims and wordly prudence, which ensures him success in what the maxims and the prudence of the world would have withheld him from attempting. Such was St. Bernard; such were Francesco and Domingo, who saved the Romish church from revolution in the 13th century; such, in later ages, were Loyola and his mightier contemporary Luther; and such, in times which may almost be called our own, were Wesley and Whitefield. These men are the Loyolas of protestantism. It is easy to revile, it is easier still to ridicule them. The sanest mind will sometimes feel indignation as well as sorrow at perusing their journals—but he must have little foresight who does not perceive, that of all men of their generation they were the most efficient. The statesmen and the warriours of the last reign are in the grave, and their works have died also. They moved the body only, and the motion ceased with the impulse. Peace undid their work of war, and war again unravelled their finest webs of peace. But these fanaticks set the mind and the soul in action. The stirring which they excited continues to widen and increase, and to produce good and evil; and future generations will long continue to feel the effects.

It cannot here be necessary to attend to the classification of sectarianism. The Wesleyans, the orthodox dissenters of every description, and the evangelical churchmen may all be comprehended under the generick name of Methodists. The religion which they preach is not the religion of our fathers, and what they have altered they have made worse: but they proceed with zeal and perseverance; and the purest forms, when they are forms only, are little able to resist such assailants. Some evil they have done, and greater evil they will do; but all evil brings with it its portion of good, and is permitted only as it is ultimately subservient to good. That spirit of enthusiasm by which Europe was converted to Christianity, they have in some measure revived, and they have removed from protestantism a part of its reproach. The efforts which they are making to disseminate the Gospel are undoubtedly praiseworthy, and though not always wisely directed, not more erroneously than was to be expected from their inexperience in the arduous task which they have undertaken, and from the radical errours of their system of belief.

The first of these missionary associations in point of time, and the only one which has become the subject of controversy, is that designated by the name of the "Particular Baptist Society* for propagating the Gospel among the Heathen." Its efforts at present are directed exclusively towards India.

This mission, which is represented by its enemies as so dangerous to the British empire in India, and thereby, according to a logick learnt from Buonaparte, to England also, originated in a man, by name William Carey, who, till the 24th year of his age was a working shoemaker. Sectarianism has this main advantage over the established church, that its men of ability certainly find their station, and none of its talents are neglected or lost. Carey was a studious and pious man, his faith wrong, his feelings right. He made himself completely versed in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and was then ordained among the Calvinistick Baptists. For many years his heart was set upon the conversion of the heathen. This was the favourite topick

* The Particular Baptists are Calvinists. The General Baptists are those of any other description, who agree in the practice of baptizing adults by immersion.

of his conversation, his prayers, and his sermons; and from the earnestness with which he seemed to feel the subject, and the remarkable aptitude which he possessed in acquiring languages, his friends were induced to think that he was peculiarly formed for some such undertaking. In the year 1791, being at a meeting of his brother ministers at Clipstone. in Northamptonshire, he proposed this question for discussion: "Whether it were not practicable, and our bounden duty to attempt somewhat towards spreading the Gospel in the heathen world." He was then requested to publish an inquiry which he had written upon the subject; and at a subsequent minister's meeting (as these convocations are called) this society was formed, and a subscription begun for carrying its object into effect. The money then raised amounted only to 13*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* but want of money in such cases, is a molehill in the way of zeal.

Before any plan had been formed, or any place fixed for their operations, they found that John Thomas, a member of their own church, lately returned from Bengal, was endeavouring to establish a fund in London for a mission to that country. This is the person who is called a madman by Major Scott Waring, and said by him to have died raving mad. That gentleman has been misinformed. Once during his life Thomas was deranged for some weeks, and the ardour and constitutional irritability of his mind evinced in him a tendency to madness, from which religion might have contributed to preserve him, by giving that ardour a steady direction towards one worthy object. There are passages in his letters and journals which may make a jester merry, and a wise man sorrowful. They spring from the insanity of the system, not of the individual. But there are also abundant proofs of a zeal, a warmth of heart, a genius—which in the Romish church would have obtained altars for him, and which in our own entitle him to respect and admiration. He had preached to the natives in Bengal, and produced effect enough to convince him that much might be done there. Here then was a way opened for the society. They engaged him as a missionary. Carey consented to accompany him with his whole family, and in 1793 they sailed in a Danish Indiaman.

Thomas, who was a surgeon, intended to support himself by his profession. Carey's plan was to take land and to cultivate it for his maintenance. After many difficulties they accepted the superintendance of two indigo factories in the neighbourhood of Malda, and covenants were granted them by the British government. Fountain, another missionary, was sent to join them here, and he and Carey, having acquired the common language of the country, proceeded with a translation of the Scriptures into Bengalee, which Thomas had begun during his former residence in Bengal. In 1799, a reenforcement of four brethren came out; permission to settle in the British territory was refused them, and Carey and Fountain, therefore, found it expedient to remove to Serampore, where the Danish governour protected and favoured them. Here they purchased a house, and organized themselves into a family society, resolving that whatever was done by any member should be for the benefit of the mission. They opened a school in which the children of those natives who chose to send them were instructed gratuitously. The translation was by this time nearly completed. Ward, one of the last missionaries, understood printing. They formed a printing office, and advertised for subscribers to a Bengalee Bible.

Hitherto no convert had been made; but now, when some of the missionaries could converse fluently in the language of the people, and portions of the Scripture and religi-

ous tracts were provided for distribution. Their preaching in the town and neighbourhood soon produced considerable effect. They entered into controversy with the Brahmans, ridiculed their fables, and confuted their false philosophy; nor did the numerous bystanders discover any displeasure at seeing these impostors silenced and confounded. But when the first Hindoo, though in no higher station than that of a carpenter, was truly converted, declared his intention of receiving baptism, and by eating with the missionaries publickly broke his cast—a great uproar arose, and Kristno the convert, and his whole family, were seized and dragged before the Danish magistrate. The senseless mob, when they had carried them there, had no accusation to make against them; and the magistrate commended the new Christians for having chosen the better part, and dismissed them. They were brought back again upon a charge, that Kristno refused to deliver up his daughter to a man with whom she was contracted in marriage. This charge was true. She had been espoused to him four years before, being then ten years of age, and after the espousals had returned to her father's house, there to reside till she was marriageable. The parties appeared before the Danish governour, and the girl declared she would become a Christian with her father. The bridegroom was then asked, whether he would renounce heathenism; and on his replying no, the governour told him that he could not possibly deliver up a Christian woman to a heathen. The next day Kristno was publickly baptized, after the manner of the Baptist church, by immersion in the Ganges, and with him Felix Carey, the missionary's eldest son. The governour and a number of Europeans, native Portuguese, Hindoos and Moslem were present, and one of the brethren, then labouring under a mortal disease, was brought in a palankeen to witness this first triumph of the faith. Carey addressed the spectators in Bengalee, declaring that he and his fellows did not hold the river sacred: it was only water, and the person about to be baptized, professed by this act to put off all their deities, and all sin, and to put on Christ. The ceremony was impressive. The Danish governour could not restrain his tears, and all the beholders seemed to be struck with the solemnity of the rite. "Ye gods of stone and clay," says one of the missionaries, "did ye not tremble when in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, one of your votaries shook you as the dust from his feet!"

Three months after Kristno's baptism, Golak, his daughter, was seized at some little distance from his house, and carried off by two men, one of whom was the person to whom she had been contracted in marriage. The father overtook them. He was beaten unmercifully, and she forced across the river to Calcutta, and beaten also. As they passed by a police station she cried out. The master of police called them before him. Golak said she had heard of the love and sufferings of Christ; these things had laid hold of her mind; she was become a Christian from choice, and was not willing to go with this man. They were detained for further inquiry, and the next day appeared again before the magistrate, together with Kristno. The man claimed her as his lawful wife, and the magistrate said he could not separate them; but would take care that she should profess what religion she chose. This promise he did not perform, and the father, after one visit to his child, was not allowed to see her again. Application was made to the magistrate that this might be permitted. No answer was vouchsafed; and when Kristno spoke to him upon the subject, he past on without making the slightest reply. Kristno was exceedingly fond of this daughter, and no circumstance could be conceived

more distressing to one in his state of mind. His little children were crying about the house for their sister, and he, in the sincerity and fervour of his belief affirmed, that if she were dead he could better bear that affliction than that she should be dragged to the worship of idols. The husband must have been greatly attached to this girl. She had already lost cast, and he paid fifty rupees to the Brahmans as the first step towards recovering it; but she absolutely refused to cohabit with him, saying, that living or dead she would be Christ's. Ill usage was tried to make her change her faith, without effect. The father, taking Carey with him, obtained admittance to her, and Carey had reason to believe his life was then in danger—He left the house in time. Kristno was taken before the magistrate, when the father of the husband deposed, with that contempt of truth for which the Hindoos are so infamous, that he had brought three or four Europeans to take away his son's wife by force. The magistrate, not believing this, refused to take his deposition; but told him, if Kristno went again to his house, to beat him away. Twelve months wearied out the husband's obstinacy, and after having often beat the girl for not eating food which had been offered to idols, and for calling on the name of Jesus, he suffered her to return, and she was baptized. His own mind, however, was impressed by the constancy which he had witnessed, and after an interval of nearly three years, he followed her to her father's house, embraced the faith which he had so violently opposed, and is at this time a Christian.

This case has been plainly and briefly stated, because the civil authority was appealed to on both sides; and surely the English magistrate cannot be accused of not having sufficiently favoured the established superstitions. It is given also as one fact in confutation of the absurd opinion, that it is impossible to convert a Hindoo. Here is a whole family converted, not nominally as many of the Catholick converts have been, but actually and thoroughly persuaded that it was their duty and eternal interest to renounce a senseless idolatry, and be baptized into the faith of Christ, which they understand as well as any person of their own rank in England; better indeed than most, because they have been more carefully instructed, and which faith Kristno is at this time zealously and successfully preaching to his countrymen.

One other instance occurred in which the magistrate was called upon. The mother of a young convert named Ghorachund, came weeping, and almost distracted to claim her son. Ward, the missionary, told him to go aside and comfort her; and another convert explained to her the reason why he was there—that he was happy, and learning the way to Heaven. She, however, was not to be reconciled. Ward then went to her, and told her no force should be used on either side: the youth should go or stay at his own will; and he asked him which he would do. Ghorachund replied, he would stay and be baptized, and then return to her;—and they requested her to come and see him whenever she pleased. She, however, threatened to drown herself in the Ganges, and went immediately to the Danish magistrate, and to some of the principal Bengalese. The lad was sent for. He affirmed that he became a Christian of his own free choice. The mother and her friends were questioned what they intended to do with him if they took him away. Put him in irons, they answered, and confine him in the house. This answer determined the magistrate not to suffer force to be used, and he told the mother that her son must be left wholly to his own choice. The next day, as Ghorachund was going to the mission house, he was seized. He cried out bitterly; a scuffle ensued;

the mob and the soldiers on guard assisted the idolaters, and he was forced into a boat. Two of the native brethren were taken before a magistrate on the charge of having beaten a Brahman in the struggle. They were committed to prison, and received some injury from the mob on their way there. Meantime some of the missionaries pursued the boat, came up with it, and rescued the convert, whom they brought back in triumph; but the mother, when she saw him going back, struck her head against the boat and was almost distracted. Application was immediately made to the Danish governour on behalf of the two prisoners, and they were liberated.

Great stress is laid upon this story by Major Scott Waring, who says that a more disgraceful scene never occurred in a civilized country. "The case," he adds, "ought instantly to have been submitted to the governour general in council. It was not for the missionaries, nor for a Danish magistrate to determine at what age the authority of a parent over a child is to cease." It is difficult to discover what there is disgraceful in the case; distressing it certainly was, as all cases must be in which a sense of duty, real or imaginary, is opposed to the ties of natural affection; but, whenever and wherever any struggle of opinion takes place, such cases must occur. What would Major Scott Waring have? A lad comes to the missionaries for instruction, who is old enough to think and act for himself. It is the distinguishing tenet of the Baptists to receive none into their church as members till they have arrived at years of discretion. He attends their school; is convinced that the idolatry in which he has been brought up, is a system of fraud and falsehood; is taught to believe that it is damnable, and that his eternal bliss or misery depends upon his renouncing it, and embracing the doctrines of Christ. The boldest infidel will not be impudent enough to deny that Ghorachund was right in his preference. If the governour general had been called on, could he have acted otherwise than the Danish magistrate did, to whom both parties with strict propriety appealed, because the affair took place within his jurisdiction? Could any Christian governour have consented and enacted, that a Christian convert might be forcibly carried off and put in confinement,* for the avowed purpose of making him relapse into idolatry? "The unfortunate mother," says Major Scott Waring, "came like Chryseis to Agamemnon, praying the release of her dear child; but the missionaries were as inexorable as the king of men. Had the woman applied by petition to a provincial court of justice, she must have received instant redress." It is something worse than absurd thus to employ such terms as *redress* and *release!*

During the administration of marquis Wellesley, the missionaries were permitted to travel in the British territory; and Carey,† who is now probably a far more learned orientalist than any European has ever been before him, was appointed Professor of Bengalee and Sanscrit at the college of Fort William. But latterly, when the success of their preaching had alarmed

* Major Scott Waring says there are no irons in any private house in Bengal, and that the mention of them must therefore be a fabrication. But any person who reads the accounts of this mission must be little able to appreciate human character, and the value of human testimony, if he can suspect these men of falsehood. They relate in English what was said in the language of Bengal, and an Englishman would naturally use this familiar expression, though it might not literally represent the Bengalee word. The restraint being the same, it is of little import whether the instrument used was a chain or a yoke. Who ever supposed that irons were kept in private houses? They are to be had when wanted in Bengal as well as in England.

† The author of the Sanscrit Grammar.

and exasperated the Brahmans, who saw their craft in danger, the Bengal government thought it necessary to restrain their liberty; and they were in one or two instances ordered to retire from the districts which they had entered. Shortly after the news of the Vellore mutiny had reached Calcutta, two fresh missionaries, by name Chater and Robinson, arrived in the American ship Benjamin Franklin, captain Wickes. On presenting themselves at the police office, some difficulty was made as to permitting them to proceed to Serampore. On the following day Carey went to the office, and was told by one of the magistrates that they had a message to him from the governour general, which was: "That as government did not interfere with the prejudices of the natives, it was his request that Mr. Carey and his colleagues would not." This *request*, as explained by the magistrates, amounted to this: "They were not to preach to the natives, nor suffer the native converts to preach. They were not to distribute religious tracts, nor suffer the people to distribute them. They were not to send forth converted natives, nor to take any step by conversation or otherwise for persuading the natives to embrace Christianity." Carey inquired whether they had any *written* communication from the governour general to this effect; and was answered that they had not. He then took his leave, assuring them that neither he nor his brethren wished to do any thing disagreeable to government, from which they could conscientiously abstain. These orders were softened in a subsequent conversation between the magistrates and a friend to the missionaries. "It was not meant," they said, "to prohibit them from preaching at Serampore, nor in their own house at Calcutta; only they must not preach at the Loll Bazar. It was not intended to prevent their circulating the Scriptures; but merely the tracts abusing the Hindoo religion. And there was no design to forbid the native Christians conversing with their countrymen on Christianity; only they must not go out under the sanction of the missionaries. The magistrates admitted that no complaint had ever been lodged against the missionaries, and that they were well satisfied with their character and deportment."

Notwithstanding this, an order of council was passed, commanding Messrs. Chater and Robinson to return to Europe, and refusing captain Wickes a clearance unless he took them back with him. This order being communicated to the missionaries, they represented to government "that captain Wickes cleared out from Rotterdam for Serampore; that his clearing out from England for Serampore was no more than a necessary step to accomplish the first intended voyages; that Messrs. Chater and Robinson were then at Serampore, and had joined the mission under their direction, and the protection of the king of Denmark." This representation produced an inquiry "whether the missionaries were actually under the protection of the Danish government; or whether they only lived at Serampore from choice, as being a convenient situation."—Even in the latter case it should seem that the Bengal government had no authority to insist upon their removal. To this inquiry the Danish governour sent an answer, stating, "that on the missionaries first coming to reside at Serampore, the late governour had represented to his court that their conduct was such as he highly approved, and that their residence there was likely to be useful to the settlement; that to this an answer had been sent by the court of Copenhagen, approving of their settling at Serampore, and requiring him to extend his protection to the mission; that in virtue of this high authority, he had taken Messrs. Chater and Robinson under the protection of his Danish majesty; and that

the missionaries were not to be considered as persons in debt who were barely protected, but as persons under the patronage of the Danish government." It should be remembered, that this did not arise from any application on their part. Necessity, not choice, fixed them at Serampore. They were refused permission to settle in the British dominions, and when protection was offered them by the Danish government, they could not do otherwise than gratefully accept it. When this answer of the governour of Serampore had been presented, captain Wickes applied at the police office for a clearance, and was told that the order of council had been confirmed. But soon afterwards the magistrates sent for him, and they talked over the business amicably. He stated to them that, "the missionaries were willing, if fair and friendly representation could not prevail, to give up the two brethren rather than oppose government." And he added, "that though it might be a serious affair both with America and Denmark, if he and the missionaries were to be obstinate, yet they each considered the peace and good understanding of nations to be a matter of such importance, that they would give up almost any thing rather than be the occasion of interrupting it." On this statement captain Wickes was furnished with the necessary papers for his departure; and as government appeared to be dissatisfied with the continuance of the two missionaries, a new mission was undertaken to the kingdom of Burmah, and Chater went with another brother to Rangoon to see how far it was practicable.

Twelve months afterwards government found it expedient to interfere upon another occasion. A tract, which had been printed in Bengalee, was given to a native convert to be translated in Persick, and, through the pressure of business, was printed before it had been inspected by the missionaries. The translator, in his zeal, introduced some strong epithets reviling Mahomed. A copy was conveyed to a person in office. The affair was taken up in the most serious manner, and proceedings were commenced which, had they been carried into execution, must have been ruinous to the mission. In consequence, however, of an explanation, and a respectful memorial presented to the governour general, the most serious part of the proceedings was formally revoked. And when two of the missionaries waited on the governour to thank him for the candour with which he had attended to their memorial, his lordship replied: "That nothing more was necessary than a mere examination of the subject, on which every thing had appeared in a clear and favourable light." All the printed tracts were examined upon this occasion; and as two others were objected to, the missionaries were required not to print any in future till the copy had been submitted to the inspection of government.

These were the occasions on which the civil authority had been appealed to, or had interfered, and such were the restrictions under which the mission had been placed when the last periodical accounts were published. There were then ten missionaries at Serampore, and they had baptized about a hundred natives; and they were printing the Scriptures in six languages, and translating them in six more;—but this part of their labours will be spoken of more fitly hereafter. Meantime an outcry has been raised in England against this attempt at the conversion of the Hindoos. The mission at Serampore; the proceedings of the Bible Society in promoting the translating, printing, and distributing of the Bible in Asia; the Memoir of Claudius Buchanan on the Expediency of an Ecclesiastical Establishment for British India, and the discussion which that gentleman excited in England upon the subject, have been represented as connected with the mutiny at Vel-

lore, and the disaffection of the native troops. A controversy ensued, which had been carried on with more than usual virulence and unfairness of polemical writing; because on the one side there is a wretched cause, and on the other such deplorable advocates as the Evangelical Magazine, &c. It is well to be right in any company—yet it is almost mortifying to be right in such company. Envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness are not, however, all on this side, as will appear from a little attention to what has been maintained by the adversaries of the mission. They insist upon the danger to which it exposes the British government in India, upon the utter impossibility of converting the Hindoos, and the utter unfitness of the persons who are making the attempt.

The massacre at Vellore took place in July 1806. It was afterwards discovered that the disaffection of the Seapoys was widely extended; that their plans were well laid; and that the consequences would, according to all probability, have been far more dreadful, if the insurrection had not broken out so soon. In December, a proclamation was issued at Madras beginning in these words: "The right honourable the governour in council, having observed that, in some late instances, an extraordinary degree of agitation has prevailed among several corps of the native army of this coast, it has been his lordship's particular endeavour to ascertain the motives which may have led to conduct so different from that which formerly distinguished the native army. From this inquiry it has appeared, that many persons of evil intention have endeavoured for malicious purposes, to impress upon the native troops a belief, that it is the wish of the British government to convert them by forcible means to Christianity; and his lordship in council has observed with concern, that such malicious reports have been believed by many of the native troops. The right honourable the governour in council therefore deems it proper in this publick manner to repeat to the native troops his assurance, that the same respect which has been invariably shown by the British government for their religion and for their customs, will be always continued, and that no interruption will be given to any native, whether Hindoo or Mussulman, in the practice of his religious ceremonies."

Here certainly is an official document imputing the disaffection of the native troops to an opinion prevalent among them, that it was the wish of the British government to convert them to Christianity by force. What had the missionaries done, and what had the government done to occasion this belief? There were no missionaries in Mysore; none of them had ever entered or approached that part of Hindoostan; none of their tracts had been distributed there; nor if they had, could they have been understood, not being in the language of that country. But an order had been issued for altering the turban of the Seapoys into something like the helmet of our light infantry, and for preventing them from wearing on the forehead the distinguished mark of their cast; as direct an outrage of their religious customs as it would be to prohibit baptism among Christians, or circumcision among Mahomedans. Here then was a flagrant insult to their religion; an overt act of intollerance. The Seapoys are accustomed to respect the English. They know nothing of that military misconduct which has so often rendered our armies in Europe useless, or worse than useless. That misconduct had never before extended itself to India. They necessarily inferred that an innovation so momentous had not been hazarded without some adequate motive, and they did us the honour to impute that to zeal which proceeded from pure absurdity. In whom did this measure originate?—That question has never yet

been answered. It is not to this day made known whose folly provoked the massacre of so many British soldiers. No inquiry has been instituted; no person dismissed either from office or command for this wanton, and most perilous attack upon the superstition and customs of the country. And lest the publick voice in India and in England should call loudly for investigation, a tub is thrown out to the whale. The missionaries must serve as scapegoats, and Christianity and the Bible be called to account for what was occasioned solely by this wise attack upon turbans and toupees!

Enough of the mutiny at Vellore! Enough too of the Madras proclamation, in which, be it remarked, there is not a word about turbans and tupees; in which the whole and sole cause of the mutiny is kept out of sight; and in which it is asserted, that the British government has invariably respected the customs of the native troops; though a direct and wanton attack upon those customs produced the massacre, which occasioned this proclamation, and which is delicately hinted at by the name of an *agitation*.

Let us now examine whether the British government in India is exposed to any danger by its toleration of the missionaries. For as that fierce and fiery Calvinist, Andrew Fuller, most truly says, the question in dispute is *not* whether the natives of India shall continue to enjoy the most perfect toleration, but *whether that toleration shall be extended to the teachers of Christianity?*

The only instances in which the civil authority has been called upon, are those which have already been fully stated. One native convert has been tied up by the chief man of his village, and his mouth crammed with cow dung, by way of purifying him; and some of the others have been insulted and beaten by a mob. But no where can it be found in the history of human opinions, that any new doctrines have been preached so boldly, and to such effect with so little opposition. Yet at the commencement of their career, the missionaries proceeded with a temerity which experience and cooler years have taught them to condemn. They insulted the superstition which they attacked, and ridiculed and reviled the Brahmans in the streets, and at their festivals, when the passions of the blinded and besotted populace were most likely to be inflamed. Andrew Fuller endeavours to disprove this charge, and dwells idly, with that intent, upon the mistranslation of a Bengalee tract, which has been printed by a "Bengal officer." The verse in question has been mistranslated, and most probably for the purpose of misrepresentation. This he has satisfactorily shown. But however cautious the missionaries may generally have been in their writings, their journals contain abundant proofs of daring and imprudent language. This never, in any one instance, occasioned evil. They, however, themselves discovered that it could not produce good, and they express themselves thus upon the subject, in "a declaration of the great principles upon which they think it their duty to act, agreed upon at Serampore, October 7, 1805." "It is necessary," they say, "in our intercourse with the Hindoos, that, as far as we are able, we abstain from those things which would increase their prejudices against the Gospel. Those parts of English manners which are most offensive to them should be kept out of sight. Nor is it advisable at once to attack their prejudices by exhibiting with acrimony the sins of their gods; neither should we do violence to their images, nor interrupt their worship." It is their plan, as soon as possible, to supersede themselves by native preachers, to place them at the head of such churches as may be formed, and let them go forth, acting themselves only as directors. Even Major Scott Waring admits

the propriety of tolerating any missionaries except English ones. And though the British government in India were to expel the Baptists upon any of the frivolous pretexts which have been recommended, these native preachers, on whom the work will necessarily and naturally soon devolve, cannot be silenced in any other manner than by an absolute persecution of Christianity by a Christian government. Mr. Twining must be satisfied with this. He only hopes that the Hindoos will be permitted "quietly to follow their own religious opinions until it shall please the Omnipotent Power of Heaven to lead them into the paths of *light* and *truth*," that is, he protests against any human means, but will have no objection to a miracle. Now as this gentleman and the others of the same opinion profess to believe that the Hindoos are not convertible; when they hear of Hindoos not merely receiving but preaching Christianity, it is to be hoped they will admit that to be a miracle and be contented.

From the cry which has been set up in England, and the angry arguments by which it has been supported, it might be supposed that the missionaries and their advocates were persecuting the Hindoos instead of preaching to them. Persecution may excite rebellion; preaching can only excite riots. But though persecution has been, in many instances, the cause of rebellion, none of those instances are to be found in the history of Hindoostan. Even persecution there has provoked no resistance from a people divided into so many races, nations, casts and sects, and prepared for yielding, not merely by the miserable absurdity and untenable doctrines of their superstition, but by its very institutions also. There is no other country in which it is possible to make converts by compulsion. The Jews in Portugal, for instance, who were compelled to forego every outward and visible mark of their religion, still retained it in their hearts, and were acknowledged as sons of the synagogue by their brethren in other parts of the world. But by an absurdity unparalleled in any other system, the religion of a Hindoo does not depend upon himself. It is something independent of his thoughts, words, actions, understanding, and volition, and he may be deprived of it by violence, as easily as of his purse or his wallet. "In the year 1766," says Major Scott Waring, "the late lord Clive and Mr. Verelst employed the whole influence of government to restore a Hindoo to his cast, who had forfeited it, not by any neglect of his own, but by having been compelled, by a most unpardonable act of violence, to swallow a drop of cow broth. The Brahmans, from the peculiar circumstances of the case, were very anxious to comply with the wishes of government. The principal men among them met once at Kishnagur and once at Calcutta; but after consultations and an examination of their most ancient records, they declared to lord Clive, that as there was no precedent to justify the act, they found it impossible to restore the unfortunate man to his cast, and he died soon after of a broken heart." The Major's remark is not less curious than the story. "We were then," he adds, "as we are now, the sovereigns of Bengal; but too wise to attempt compulsion, and not quite so mad as to advise this poor creature to abandon his ridiculous, idolatrous prejudices, and to embrace the true religion." One should have thought, in common humanity, this "mad advice" would have been given him, if not to save his soul, at least for the sake of saving his life: but well may this poor man be called unfortunate. His own religion had been taken from him, and the sovereigns of Bengal had none to give him in its stead! Tippoo, at one time, like a true Mahomedan, resolved to convert his Pagan subjects to Islamism. The

process which he adopted was summary and effectual. Dervises and Imaums were not missioned to preach among them; he sent out soldiers to catch the idolaters, and all who were caught were circumcised. Nothing more was necessary; their cast was irrecoverable: Moslem they had been made, and Moslem they were by every body's consent except their own. So they learnt the five prayers, turned their faces towards Mecca at their devotions, and called all their countrymen who had not been caught, Kaffres. No insurrection took place, and little other outcry was heard than what the operation occasioned—the violence was to the cast, not to the conscience; and Tippoo's bigotry was far more mischievous to his people when he made war upon the pigs about Seringapatam, than when he offered these Philistine spoils to the prophet.

In 1802, a resolution was past by the governour general in council, prohibiting the sacrifice of children in the provinces of Bengal, Behar, Orissa, and Benares, and declaring the practice to be murder, punishable with death. That decree has occasioned no complaint. Alboquerque forbade the custom of burning widows with the bodies of their husbands; and of all the measures of that great man, the first in modern times who established a European dominion in the East, this was the one which most attached the Hindoos to his government. These facts are sufficient to prove, that neither the direct prohibition of their religious ceremonies, nor the intolerance which forces another faith upon them, has excited the Hindoos to insurrection, nor even to any open sign of discontent. As for the assertion that the Portuguese lost their empire by their bigotry, it is utterly unfounded. They lost it by neglect at home and misconduct abroad; by cruelty and rapacity, by regarding influence instead of integrity, and giving authority to men of family instead of men of talents. Bad governours and weak ministers destroyed the Portuguese empire—not missionaries, not intolerance. Whatever be the difficulty of converting the Hindoos, there is no danger in making the attempt. A new religion may not immediately be dipt or sprinkled into them, but an old one could be washed out. It is but to boil a cow, and supply a fire engine with the broth, and you might baptize a whole Hindoo city out of the Brahminical faith. If, then, the Portuguese in former times, and the British government in later days, have suppressed the most ordinary, or at least the most important sacrifices of this accursed superstition, if Tippoo has manufactured Hindoos into Moslem, and no disturbance been excited, what has British India to apprehend from the peaceable deportment and exemplary conduct of the Baptist missionaries? The Brahmans are alarmed at their preaching! —so let them be. They are provoked at the conclusive logick which exposes their futile arguments; but the people who listen to these disputes listen with avidity, and are well pleased to see them put to shame. Let but the turbans and toupees alone, and the Shasters and Vedas may be attacked with perfect safety.

"But it is impossible to convert the Hindoos." This assertion has been so frequently and so confidently made, that it might be supposed their ablutions at the cow's tail vaccinated them against the contagion of any other religion. How far is it supported by the history of Hindoostan? There are in that country the Christians of St. Thomas, originally Hindoos; for their establishment in the country was prior to the age of Mahomed. There are the Catholick converts, once very numerous, and still a considerable body. The Moors are said by some of these controversialists to be Tartars not Hindoos, the progeny of the Mogul conquerors. Lord Teignmouth thinks otherwise, and the reason on which his

opinion is founded would convince professor Blumenbach. It is certain that the Mahomedan faith spread greatly by conversion in these parts of the east; and they who deny this must be grossly ignorant of historical facts. The conversion of Sarama Perumal produced, perhaps, little effect upon his subjects, because he abandoned his throne and retired to Mecca. But when the Arabian Moors first visited Malabar, they wisely asserted that they were equal in rank to the Nairs and Namburis; and that these casts could incur no pollution by any intercourse with them. They obtained a recognition of this principle, and in consequence of the privileges thus obtained, a very considerable conversion took place, so that when the Portuguese reached India, a fourth part of the population of Malabar consisted of native Moors. The founder of the Sieks was a Hindoo of the military tribe; and his followers are all converts from the established superstition of the country. Their system is pure philosophical theism, probably as pure as Mr. Wilkins represents it. For had there been a sufficient mixture of fable and falsehood, it would have spread more widely. A juggler set up a new sect about half a century ago, of which the tenets are that cast is nothing, that the popular deities are nothing, and that the Brahmans are nothing. His disciples have only to believe in one God, and to obey their teacher. He cured diseases by administering the *amreeta* of his foot (the drink of immortality—but here of life and healing). They who had faith were healed; and this impostor, who was originally a cow-keeper, made his foot as famous as the pope's toe among his believers, and left his privileges to his son Ram Dulol, who now lives more splendidly than many rajahs, upon the same footing of holiness as his father. Further proofs of the convertibility of the Hindoos cannot be required. Like other men, they are liable to be swayed by reason and credulity. The knave has found dupes among them; the philosopher has found disciples, and the Cross and the Crescent have both triumphed over the despicable mythology of the Brahmans.

It is not sufficient to show that the Hindoos have been, and therefore may be converted from one faith to another. They may more easily be converted than any other people in the world, except, perhaps, the poor, oppressed Hottentots, who will believe any thing that is told them with a voice of kindness. The religion of the Brahmans must be given up the moment it is attacked; like the paganism of the Greeks and Romans, it has nothing which can be defended. The Moslem have Mahomed; the Parsees have Zerdusht; the more enlightened part of the Chinese have Cong-foo-tse. These objects of veneration and attachment cannot, without some struggle of feelings, and some pain be displaced by a new lawgiver. Each of these, too, has a system which requires confutation, and is not immediately to be confuted. But the Hindoos have no prophet or teacher to refer to; no system wherewith to shelter themselves; for their mythological books consist of fables of which it is not possible to say whether they are most foolish, most beastly, or most extravagant. The Koran has something which passes for sublimity with oriental scholars. The Edda and the Boun Dehesch satisfy and delight the imagination; but for the Vedas, Mr. Colebrooke has shown us enough to prove that they are as unreadable as any thing can be which has ever been of importance in the world. The Brahmans have no facts to which they can appeal in corroboration of these books; no history which is capable of demonstration connected with them. By their internal evidence they must stand or fall, and their self-contradictions and absurdities may be made evident to the meanest capacity.

The chief and only peculiar obstacle which this system presents to the missionaries, is that of the cast. Cast is a Portuguese word. The native term *Jati*, signifies a distinct *genus* or kind. The different casts, therefore, are considered as so many different *genera* of human animals. And it is believed, that the different forms of worship and habits of life observed by each, are as necessarily adapted to each as grass is to the support of cattle, and flesh to beasts of prey. Neither this nor any other prejudice is invincible. It appears, indeed, by the institutes of Menu, that the separation of casts had been broken in upon, and in some places destroyed, when those institutes were written. The immediate difficulty is, that whoever commits any act contrary to his religion, and thereby loses cast, is instantly excommunicated by all his countrymen. Some of the consequences are very distressing; some are ridiculous. The missionaries found several persons who were willing to be baptized; but demurred, because in that case the village barber would not shave them. And as they are accustomed to have the head shaved nearly all over, and cannot well operate upon themselves, this was a serious inconvenience. On further inquiry it appeared, however, that legal redress was obtainable; for by a law both at Calcutta and Serampore, every person who becomes a Christian has a right to be shaved, even though he were previously a *harru*, or of any other unshaveable cast. When, or by whom this law was enacted is not explained. Probably the Europeans, standing in need of the barber, made it for themselves; and certainly it is their own fault that they did not, like the Arabian Moors, place themselves on an equality with the twice-born in all things.

It is obvious that this difficulty must lessen as the number of converts increases; and that whenever a tolerably numerous body of native Christians has been formed, it will scarcely be felt. It is one thing to lose cast, and another thing to change cast; to embrace the Christian cast, which is to destroy all others. Here it is that the missionaries may most effectually be assisted by government. For the main difficulty at first consists in finding employment for those who, by thus becoming *outcasts*, have their usual means of subsistence either wholly taken from them or materially impaired. These persons ought to be preferably employed by government, and by all European settlers. Even if it could be made decidedly advantageous to the natives to change their religion, if the admission to Christianity were made less rigorous than it is, perhaps the civil consequences would then be better. These missionaries insist upon convictions of sin, regeneration, and grace. The catholicks were less scrupulous and more politick. They knew that the motives of the parents were of little consequence, so the children were intrusted to them to be trained up. And when in Mexico they baptized the people by thousands, dipping besoms in buckets, and swinging from side to side the water which was to shower down salvation, till their arms felt stiff, and their hands were blistered with the work, they acted well and wisely. That generation, indeed, had nothing more of Christianity than the besom could communicate; but the next went to school and to mass, and became good catholicks.

One good effect, the missionaries say, results from the evils consequent upon the loss of cast, which is, that a convert gives better proof of his sincerity than could possibly be obtained, were the sacrifice which he made by his profession less. There results also this important advantage from the system, that Christianity may intelligibly be represented as a superiour and all-embracing cast itself: this the Hindoos are prepared to believe. The rumour among them

is, that there is another incarnation, the Tenth, which they have so long expected; and when that comes all casts are to be destroyed. There is no reason why a salutary advantage should not be taken of so general an expectation. And if, from their gross notions of incarnations, and obscure fancies of a Trinity, their minds can be gradually and dexterously led into the higher and more satisfactory doctrines of the gospel, no teacher should decline it. Indeed his task would be so much the easier. In other countries missionaries have had to create terms for these mysteries; but here they have the *Trimourtee* and the *Avatar* ready, and the people are prepared to receive the bible as the Shaster of the new cast.

The great difficulty which Christianity has had to encounter in other cases is, that it requires submission to certain restraints. Its yoke indeed is easy and its burthen light; but a yoke it was to the Greeks and Romans, and to the Celts and Goths whose previous belief laid them under few or no restrictions. In the Brahminical system every thing is burthensome, and its lax morality is a poor compensation for its oppressive ritual. A fine instance occurred to the Danish missionaries of the effect produced by offering an easier law. A penitent on the Malabar coast, having inquired of many Brahmans and Yoguees how he might make atonement for his sins, was directed to drive iron spikes through his sandals, and go thus shod a pilgrimage of nearly five hundred miles. If, through loss of blood or weakness of body, he was obliged to halt, that was allowable till he had recovered strength enough to proceed. One day, as he was halting under a tree, one of the missionaries came and preached in his hearing from these words: *The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin* While he was preaching, the man rose up, cast off his torturing sandals, and cried out aloud, this is what I want! "And he became," says Thomas, "a lively witness that the blood of Jesus Christ does indeed cleanse from all sins."—"Come ye who are heavy laden," is truly the invitation which the gospel holds out to the Hindoos. It is liberty to the oppressed; emancipation to the enslaved; equality to the degraded; good tidings of great joy to all. All human affections and instincts are on its side in Hindoostan; it forbids the mother to expose or sacrifice her child, the widow to be burnt with her husband's corpse, the son to set fire to his living mother's funeral pile!

"But why should we wish to convert the Hindoos?"—says the Bengal officer; and this is the question of all those who hold that the Universal Father is equally adored "by saint, by savage, and by sage!" The philosophy of the old fathers, who held the gods of the heathen to be the devils of their own mythology, was better philosophy than this. Why should we convert them?—Set the question of salvation aside. None but catholicks or Calvanists will now maintain the desperate doctrine, that salvation is exclusively attached to one system of faith, and that they who have never heard of Christ must be damned. It were better to worship the Lingam than to believe this, if this belief were all. But this cannot be denied, that under the Christian dispensation man has been progressive, and that his future and perpetual progression is provided for, and encouraged and enjoined by it; whereas every other system of belief tends to keep the human race stationary, or to degrade them. All the institutions of Christianity operate to produce the greatest possible quantity of virtue and of happiness; of all institutions they are the best adapted to the heart of man: so they needs must be, for from Him who made the heart of man did they proceed. It cannot be denied by those who admit a future state, wherein our identity is retained, that that state must be such as our moral habits here have qualified

us for, and, setting faith aside, that the best man here will be the happiest man hereafter ;—that religion, therefore, which most effectually promotes our well doing in this world, is necessarily in the same degree most instrumental to our well being in the world to come. To the deist as well as the Christian, the reasoning must be conclusive. And that it is the Christian's duty to spread the gospel, in obedience to the express injunction of our Divine Master, cannot be doubted by those who understand, or who ever read his words. This, we say, cannot be doubted, notwithstanding major Scott Waring assures us that bishop Horseley considered this injunction to be obsolete, that such was the universal opinion in 1781, and that that opinion was established by a vote of the house of commons, which, as it can make and unmake law, may perhaps be thought competent by the major to make and unmake gospel also!

Why should we convert the Hindoos?—Even were there no religious duty which called upon us to enlighten these unhappy idolaters, common humanity should make us attempt to rid them of their most burthensome and most inhuman superstition. Except the system of Mexican priestcraft, no fabrick of human fraud has ever been devised so deadly as the Brahminical ; and though the Mexican rites were bloodier, they were less heart-hardening, less injurious to society, less pernicious to the moral nature of man. There was a time when the custom of burning widows was disbelieved in Europe, as a fiction of lying travellers. The extent to which it is practised will not, perhaps, even now be credited by the admirers of the gentle Hindoos, and the mild doctrines of Brahma—whom the "late resident at Bhagulpore," is pleased to metamorphose into a lawgiver, and to represent under the shade of the banian tree, instructing his disciples in the duties of temperance, seclusion, and prayer!—An official inquiry was lately made at Calcutta, and a report given in of all these human sacrifices which were that year performed within thirty miles of that city, month by month, specifying place and person. In the year 1803 they amounted to 275—one of whom was a girl of eleven years of age. It is absurd, and worse than absurd, to say these sacrifices are voluntary, because in some instancesthey appear to be so. In those instances the victims chose death, because they thought it more tolerable than the infamy which was their only alternative. The fact that Alboquerque was blest by the women because he prohibited this custom, is proof decisive, if it were needful, to prove that women would not be burnt alive if they could help it! Do we feel less horrour at the thought of these dreadful sacrifices, for the theatrical pageantry with which they have sometimes been represented to our imagination? Here is the missionary Marshman's plain and faithful account of one at which he was present,—scarcely two years ago.

"A person informing us that a woman was about to be burnt with the corpse of her husband near our house, I, with several of our brethren, hastened to the place; but before we could arrive, the pile was in flames. It was a horrible sight. The most shocking indifference and levity appeared among those who were present. I never saw any thing more brutal than their behaviour. The dreadful scene had not the least appearance of a religious ceremony. It resembled an abandoned rabble of boys in England, collected for the purpose of worrying to death a cat or a dog.* Such were the confusion, the levity, the bursts of brutal laughter, while the poor woman was burning alive before their eyes, that it seemed as if every spark of humanity was extinguished by this accursed superstition. That which added to the cruelty was, the smallness of the fire. It did not consist of so much wood as we consume in dress-

* A bamboo, perhaps twenty feet long, had been fastened at one end to a stake driven into the ground, and held down over the fire by men at the other.

ing a dinner; no, not this fire that was to consume the living and the dead! I saw the legs of the poor creature hanging out of the fire, while her body was in flames. After a while they took a bamboo, ten or twelve feet long, and stirred it, pushing and beating the half-consumed corpses, as you would repair a fire of green wood, by throwing the unconsumed pieces into the middle. Perceiving the legs hanging out, they beat them with the bamboo for some time, in order to break the ligatures which fastened them at the knees (for they would not have come near to touch them for the world.) At length they succeeded in bending them upwards into the fire; the skin and muscles giving way, and discovering the knee-sockets bare, with the balls of the leg bones: a sight this which I need not say, made me thrill with horrour; especially when I recollected that this hapless victim of superstition was alive but a few minutes before. To have seen savage wolves thus tearing a human body limb from limb, would have been shocking; but to see relations and neighbours do this to one with whom they had familiarly conversed not an hour before, and to do it with an air of levity, was almost too much for me to bear!

"Turning to the Brahman, who was the chief actor in this horrid tragedy, a young fellow of about twenty-two, and one of the most hardened that I ever accosted, I told him that the system which allowed of these cruelties could no more proceed from God than darkness from the sun;* and warned him that he must appear at the judgment seat of God to answer for this murder. He with a grin, full of savage contempt, told me that 'he gloried in it; and felt the highest pleasure in performing the deed.' I replied, that his pleasure might be less than that of his master; but seeing it was in vain to reason with him, I turned to the people, and expostulated with them. One of them answered, that 'the woman had burnt herself of her own free choice; and that she went to the pile as a matter of pleasure.' Why then did you confine her down with that large bamboo? 'If we had not, she would have run away.' What, run away from pleasure!—I then addressed the poor lad, who had been thus induced to set fire to his mother. He appeared about nineteen. You have murdered your mother; your sin is great. The sin of the Brahman who urged you to it is greater; but yours is very great. 'What could I do? It is the custom.' True, but this custom is not of God, but proceedeth from the devil, who wishes to destroy mankind. How will you bear the reflection that you have murdered your only surviving parent? He seemed to feel what was said to him; but just at this instant that hardened wretch, the Brahman, rushed in, and drew him away, while the tears were standing in his eyes. After reasoning with some others, and telling them of the Saviour of the world, I returned home with a mind full of horrour and disgust.

"You expect, perhaps, to hear that this unhappy victim was the wife of some Brahman of high cast. She was the wife of a barber, who dwelt in Serampore, and had died that morning, leaving the son I have mentioned, and a daughter of about eleven years of age. Thus has this infernal superstition aggravated the common miseries of life, and left these children stripped of both their parents in one day. Nor is this an uncommon case. It often happens to children far more helpless than these; sometimes to children possessed of property, which is then left, as well as themselves, to the mercy of those who have decoyed their mother to their father's funeral pile!"

After such an example, it were insulting the feelings of the reader to say more. This accursed custom was not known when the Institutes of Menu were written, nor when they were glossed by Calidas, for rules are there given concerning the conduct of widows. They are merely restricted from second marriage, and that, it seems, had been abrogated under Vena, the same king who broke down the distinction of casts, and who for that wise measure was called the chief of sage monarchs,—far more probably than for the adulatory reason which Calidas has interpolated.

To what extent infanticide is carried, it is impossible to say. Among the lower classes every new-born infant who refuses the mother's milk, is put into a basket and hung up in a tree for three days, during which time the ants pick the bones clean—

* Yet there are men in Britain who reckon every attempt to introduce Christianity among these people as fanatical; and whose charity leads them to talk of their *going to heaven in their own way!*

if the birds of prey do not put it to a more merciful death! It is common for those who desire children, to make a vow of devoting the first born to the goddess Ganges; the victim is brought up till they have a convenient opportunity of performing their pilgrimage and sacrifice to the river. The child is taken with them, and at the time of bathing encouraged to walk into deep water till it is carried away by the stream; should the little wretch hesitate, the parent pushes it off. Sick persons, whose recovery is despaired of, are laid on the bank of the river, where they die for want of food, or the stream carries them off, or the sharks and crocodiles devour them. Sons have been seen to force their fathers back into the water, when (nature overcoming superstition) they have endeavoured to regain the shore! "Do not send men of any compassion here," says Thomas to his Missionary Society, "for you will break their hearts." But with that rapid transition of thought and feeling which marks the man of genius, he adds immediately: "Do send men full of compassion here, where many perish with cold, many for lack of bread, and millions for lack of knowledge! This country abounds with misery. In England the poor receive the benefit of the gospel, in being fed and clothed by those who know not by what they are moved; for when the gospel is generally acknowledged in a land, it puts some to fear and others to shame, so that to relieve their own smart, they provide for the poor. But here—O miserable sight! I have found the path-way stopped up by the sick and wounded people, perishing with hunger, and that in a populous neighbourhood, where numbers pass by, some singing, others talking, but none showing mercy—as though they were dying weeds, and not dying men!"

"Why should we convert the Hindoos?"—because our duty to God and man alike requires the attempt. Why should we convert them?—because policy requires it; religion requires it; common humanity requires it. Why should we convert them? —because they who permit the evil which they can prevent are guilty of that evil, and to them shall it be imputed.

Thus having shown that it is not only safe but politick to attempt the conversion of the Hindoos, that it is our interest as well as our duty, that the thing is possible because it has been done, and that it is comparatively easy, because their system supplies weapons for its own destruction, it remains to consider the last objection, the utter unfitness of the missionaries for their work.

They have been treated with the peculiar insolence, injustice, and want of all good feeling, which mark the criticism of the present times. Such qualities as these are seldom far removed from ignorance; accordingly the missionaries have, by a wretched vulgarity, been called Anabaptists: a name, which like that of Manichean in former times, has served the same purpose in ecclesiastical, that the watch word of the day has in political controversy.—Major Scott Waring objects that they are dissenters. The objection has been repeated from the pulpit, and Dr. Barrow recommends that no missionaries may be suffered to appear in India but those of the established church. Lastly, they are called fools, madmen, tinkers, &c.

Claudius Buchanan recommends a church establishment for India. It is highly desirable that there should be one, not for the honour only of the British people, who, God be praised, are, and ever will be, a religious people—but even for the sake of publick decency. It is desirable for our countrymen, who too often, as Burke has said, are unbaptized by crossing the ocean. Colonization in India is, indeed, forbidden; but says this pious, beneficent, and most liberal churchman: "Let us rightly understand what this colonization is;

for the term seems to have been often used of late, without a precise meaning. If to colonize in India be to pass the whole of one's life in it, then do ninety out of the hundred colonize; for of the whole number of Europeans who come out to India, a tenth part do not return!" A melancholy picture does this excellent man present of our countrymen in that remote empire, sinking into "that despondent and indolent habit of mind which contemplates home without affection, and yet expects here no happiness." "Does it not," he says, "appear a proper thing to wise and good men in England (for after a long residence in India we sometimes lose sight of what is accounted proper at home) does it not seem proper, when a thousand British soldiers are assembled at a remote station in the heart of Asia, that the Sabbath of their country should be noticed? That at least it should not become what it is, and ever must be, where there is no religious restraint, a day of peculiar profligacy! To us it would appear not only a politick but a humane act, in respect to these our countrymen, to hallow the seventh day. Of a thousand soldiers in sickly India, there will generally be a hundred who are in a declining state of health; who, after a strong struggle with the climate and with intemperance, have fallen into a dejected and hopeless state of mind, and pass their time in painful reflection on their distant homes, their absent families, and on the indiscretions of past life; but whose hearts would revive within them on their entering once more the house of God, and hearing the absolution of the Gospel to the returning sinner." Such an appeal is unanswerable. Nor is it sufficient, in reply to this, to increase the number of army chaplains. The first step towards winning the natives to our religion, is to show them that we have one.* This will hardly be done without a visible church. There would be no difficulty in filling up the establishment, however ample; but would the archbishop, bishops, deans, and chapters of Mr. Buchanan's plan do the work of missionaries? Could the church of England supply missionaries? Where are they to be found among them? In what school, for the promulgation of sound and orthodox learning are they trained up? There is ability and there is learning in the church of England, but its age of fermentation has long been over; and that zeal which for this work is the most needful, is, we fear, possessed only by the Methodists.

It was a favourite opinion with Priestley, that the Mahomedans will be converted by Socinian missionaries. Alas, his chymick art, mighty as it was, could not have extracted spirit of zeal enough for one out of all his Socinian coadjutors! Socinianism has paralized itself by its union with the degrading and deadening philosophy of materialism; and can with difficulty supply ministers for its own few and decreasing congre-

* O, sir, say the Converts in a letter to England, though we thought that many nations had many kinds of Shasters, yet in the country of the English we thought that there was no Shaster at all; for concerning sin and holiness, those that are here have no judgment at all. We have even thought that they were not men, but a kind of other creatures like devourers. One of the richest inhabitants of Tanjore said to Swarts: "Sir, if you send a person to us, send us one who has learned all your ten commandments." The letter of this excellent good man to the Society for promoting Christian knowledge, in reply to Mr. Montgomery Campbell (the Major Waring of his day) proves incontestably the fresh benefit which he, in his missionary capacity, conferred both upon the native Indians and the British, and may be referred to as a triumphant demonstration, that it is our interest to introduce Christianity in India.

gations. The Quakers, who are of all people best adapted to spread Christianity among the heathen, are so few in number, that according to the common chances of nature, they would not produce a missionary in an age. It is only the methodistical Christians who are numerous enough, zealous enough, enthusiastick enough to furnish adventurers for such a service, and wealthy enough to support the charge of such expensive undertakings. We must not, therefore, inquire whether the persons thus laudably employed are the best that could be imagined—they are the best that can be found.

All sects and all professions have their peculiar language; and it must be admitted that none is so odd and extraordinary as that of the professors of certain modes of religion. An old journalist of this very sect, in summing up the praises of a young woman, says: "She walked like a he-goat before the flock." These missionaries and their English brethren abound in such strange appropriations of scriptural phraseology. When Andrew Fuller preached to them before their departure, he said: "It is a great encouragement to be engaged in the same cause with Christ himself. Does he ride forth as on a white horse, in righteousness, judging and making war? Ye are called, like the rest of the armies of Heaven, to follow him on white horses, pursuing the same glorious object." Thomas, when he approaches Bengal, rejoices to be so near a flock of black sheep: but his vivid imagination having thrown out the metaphor in that half sportive mood, which minds the most serious delight in, pursues it with the passion of a poet: "I long," he cries, "to run and roll away the stone from the well's mouth, that they may drink." When Carey mourns over the "leanness of his own soul," and has much sweetness in a sermon, and when Fountain remembers to have had pretty strong convictions of sin, and remorse of conscience, "at eight or nine years old," it is pitiable to find such men expressing themselves in such a fashion. But it were more pitiable if we despised them because their fashion is not as ours;—if we did not pass lightly over the weakness of men, who have the zeal and the sincerity, the selfdenial and the selfdevotement of apostles. Hear Thomas, when he says: "Never did men see their native land with more joy than we left it; but this is not of nature, but from above." Hear him also, when, pouring out his heart to one of those relations of whom he had taken leave for ever, he exclaims: "If it were not for my engagement in the mission, I could come to old England to morrow, and kiss the ground I trod on, and water it with tears of joy, as the glory of all lands" —and then say, if the man who, with such feelings abandons his country for ever on such an errand, is to be regarded with contempt or with admiration. A single extract will show how eminently well this madman, as it pleases the anti-missionaries to call him, was qualified for his work.

"A large company of Brahmans, Pundits, and others, being assembled to hear him, one of the most learned, whose name was Mahashoi, offered to dispute with him. He began by asserting, 'that God was in every thing: therefore,' said he, 'every thing is God—you are God, and I am God.' 'Fie, fie, Mahashoi!' answered Mr. Thomas, 'why do you utter such words? Sahaib, meaning himself, is in his cloths; therefore [pulling off his hat and throwing it down] this hat is Sahaib! No, Mahashoi, you and I are dying men; but God ever liveth.' This short answer confounded his opponent, and fixed the attention of the people; while, as he says, 'he went on to proclaim *one God, one Saviour, one way, one faith*, and *one cast*, without and beside which all the inventions of man were nothing.'—Another time, when he was warning them of their sin and danger, a Brahman, full of subtilty, interrupted him by asking: 'Who made good and evil?' Hereby intimating, that man was not accountable for the evil which he committed. 'I know your question of old,' said Mr. Tho-

mas; 'I know your meaning too. If a man revile his father or his mother, what a wretch is he! If he revile his Goroo,* you reckon him worse: but what is this, turning to the people, in comparison of the words of this Brahman, who reviles God! God is a holy being, and all his works are holy. He made men and devils holy; but they have made themselves vile. He who imputes their sin to God is a wretch, who reproaches his Maker. These men, with all their sin-extenuating notions, teach that it is a great evil to murder a Brahman; yet the murder of many Brahmans does not come up to this. For if I murder a Brahman, I only kill his body; but if I blaspheme and reproach my Maker, casting all blame in his face, and teach others to do so, I infect, I destroy, I devour both body and soul, to all eternity.'——Being on a journey through the country, he saw a great multitude assembling for the worship of one of their gods. He immediately approached them; and passing through the company, placed himself on an elevation, near to the side of the idol. The eyes of all the people were instantly fixed on him, wondering what he, being a European, meant to do. After beckoning for silence, he thus began: 'It has eyes . . . [pausing, and pointing with his finger to the eyes of the image; then turning his face, by way of appeal to the people] but it cannot see! It has ears . . . but it cannot hear! It has a nose . . . but it cannot smell! It has hands . . . but it cannot handle? It has a mouth . . . but it cannot speak; neither is there any breath in it.' An old man in the company, provoked by these selfevident truths, added: 'It has feet; but it cannot run away!' At this a universal shout was heard. The faces of the priests and Brahmans were covered with shame, and the worship for that time was given up."

Nothing can be more unfair than the manner in which the scoffers and alarmists have represented the missionaries. We, who have thus vindicated them, are neither blind to what is erroneous in their doctrine, or ludicrous in their phraseology. But the antimissionaries cull out from their journals and letters all that is ridiculous, sectarian, and trifling; call them fools, madmen, tinkers, Calvinists, and schismaticks; and keep out of sight their love of man, and their zeal for God, their selfdevotement, their indefatigable industry, and their unequalled learning. These lowborn and lowbred mechanicks have translated the whole Bible into Bengalee, and have by this time printed it. They are printing the New Testament in the Sanscrit, the Orissa, Mahratta, Hindoostan, and Guzarat, and translating it into Persick, Telinga, Karnata, Chinese, the language of the Sieks and of the Burmans; and in four of these languages they are going on with the Bible. Extraordinary as this is, it will appear more so, when it is remembered, that of these men one was originally a shoemaker, another a printer at Hull, and a third the master of a charity school at Bristol. Only fourteen years have elapsed since Thomas and Carey set foot in India; and in that time have these missionaries acquired this gift of tongues. In fourteen years these lowborn, lowbred mechanicks have done more towards spreading the knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen, than has been accomplished, or even attempted by all the world besides.

A plain statement of the fact will be the best proof of their diligence and success. The first convert was baptized in December 1800, and in seven years from that time has the number amounted to 109, of whom nine were afterwards excluded or suspended, or had been lost sight of. Carey and his son have been in Bengal fourteen years; the other brethren, only nine. They had all a difficult language to acquire before they could speak to a native; and to preach and argue in it required a thorough and familiar knowledge. Under these circumstances the wonder is, not that they have done so little, but that they have done so much. For it will be found, that even without this difficulty to retard them, no religious opinions have spread more rapidly in the same time, unless there was some remarkable folly or extravagance to recommend them, or some powerful

* His teacher.

worldly inducement. Their progress will be continually accelerating; the difficulty is at first, as in introducing vaccination into a distant land; when the matter has once taken, one subject supplies infection for all around him, and the disease takes root in the country. The husband converts the wife, the son converts the parent, the friend his friend, and every fresh proselyte becomes a missionary in his own neighbourhood. Thus their sphere of influence and of action widens, and the eventual issue of a struggle between truth and falsehood is not to be doubted by those who believe in the former. Other missionaries from other societies have now entered India, and will soon become efficient labourers in their station. From government, all that is asked is toleration for themselves, and protection for their converts. The plan which they have laid for their own proceedings is perfectly prudent and unexceptionable; and there is as little fear of their provoking martyrdom, as there would be of their shrinking from it, if the cause of God and man require the sacrifice. But the converts ought to be protected from violence; and all cramming with cow dung prohibited on pain of retaliation with beef tea.

Let it not be deemed that this is spoken disrespectfully. Far from depreciating church establishments, our earnest wish and desire is, that they may be extended. Let there be one in India, the more magnificent the better. Make Dr. Barrow a bishop or an archbishop there, if it be thought fit. Build a St. Paul's at Calcutta, and raise the money by evangelical sermons. But do not think, even if this were done, to supersede the Baptist missionaries, till you can provide from your own church such men as these; and it may be added, such women also as their wives. Why will not the church of England adopt a policy more favourable to her views? Sectaries, such as these, instead of being discountenanced, should, in fact, be regarded as useful auxiliaries. Their services, indeed, are desultory; but, like the Pandours and Croats of military powers, they may precede the main body, and, by their zeal and intrepidity, contribute to facilitate the success of the regular force.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Memoirs of British Quadrupeds, illustrative principally of their Habits of Life, Instincts, Sagacity, and Uses to Mankind, arranged according to the System of Linnæus. By the Rev. W. Bingley, A. M. Fellow of the Linnean Society, and late of Peterhouse, Cambridge. With Engravings from original Drawings, executed chiefly by Mr. Samuel Howitt. 8vo. pp. 500. London, 1809. Price 18*s*.

OBSERVATION is the very life of natural science; and a habit of observation, is a source of pleasure to those who practise it, almost independent of adventitious enjoyments. Thomson seems to have felt the full force of this principle, when he exclaims:

"I care not Fortune! what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face.
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave,
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave."

The contemplation of nature is, when rightly conducted, a medium of virtue and devotion. It is of great importance, to younger minds especially, that it be judiciously directed

and facilitated. This is the end proposed by system; and though system has an air of constraint which is not precisely the character of nature, yet this imperfection is no more than might be expected, from human powers. It is the best man can do; as such let him value it We are glad, therefore, to see a systematick arrangement of the British Quadrupeds, presented to the British publick, in a single volume, and at a moderate price. Perhaps Pennant did as much service to science by his "Synopsis," as by any of his works; because it was within the purchase of all who were attentive to science; while his "British Zoology" was no less gratifying to the naturalist, than to the patriot. Mr. Bingley follows the same honourable course. We cannot expect that all should be new in a work of this description; yet Mr. B. contributes a portion of novelty. He understands his subject; he explains the leading principles of it with perspicuity; and he communicates the result of his assiduity in a pleasing manner. His plates are mostly etched in a spirited style; and we are glad to see the Misses Byrne employed in a manner so suitable to their talents. Many of these plates evince their skill. Others are by Mr. Howitt.

Specimens of the execution of this work selected from articles that occur constantly in Natural Histories, would not be doing justice to the author. We therefore select the history of the hares domesticated by the late poet Cowper; which Mr. B. has very properly admitted into a volume, intended to illustrate the manners of animals; that of the still less to be expected performances of the famous setting pig, whose portrait has lately gratified the amateurs of living extraordinaries are no less amusing.

"The hare is a very gentle animal, and when caught young is susceptible of education. The best proof that I can adduce of this, is to recite, without abridgment, Mr. Cowper's highly interesting narrative respecting his tame hares. This is inserted in some of the latest editions of his poems; but as it has not hitherto appeared, in illustration of the character of the animal, in any book of natural history, I trust that, without censure (on account of its length) I may be allowed to introduce it here.

'In the year 1744, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of any thing that would engage my attention without fatiguing it. The children of one of my neighbours had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection; perceiving that, in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present; and the consequence was, that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me, as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary I should here distinguish by the names I gave them: Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellations, I must inform you that they were *all males*. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in. Each had a separate apartment, so contrived that an earthen pan, placed under each, received whatsoever fell from them. This being regularly emptied and washed, they were thus kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the daytime, they had the range of a hall; and at night, each retired to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

'Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up and carry him about in my arms, and has, more than once fallen fast asleep on my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him; kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him (for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick) and, by constant care, and trying him with a variety of

herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again, upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him, always after breakfast, into the garden, where he hid himself, generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening. In the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden, by drumming on my knee, and by a look of such expression as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetorick did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull at it with all his force. Thus, Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed; the shyness of his nature was done away; and, on the whole, it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society, than when shut up with his natural companions.

'Not so Tiney. Upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He too was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if, after his recovery, I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his forefeet, spring forward, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way. Even his surliness was matter of mirth; and in his play, he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats in such a solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

'Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, when the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk, and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superiour to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party. One evening, the cat being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Bess upon the cheek; an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence, that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws, and hide herself.

'I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact; and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features, that he can, by that indication only, distinguish each from the rest; and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination, in the cast of countenances, would be discoverable in hares; and am persuaded that among a thousand of them, no two could be found exactly similar; a circumstance little suspected by those who have not had opportunity to observe it. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration that is made in a place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole had been burnt in the carpet. It was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the strictest scrutiny. They seem, too, to be very much directed by smell in the choice of their favourites. To some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming in, engaged their affection at once. His powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence. He little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes; of what gratitude they are capable; how cheerful they are in their spirits; what enjoyment they have of life; and that, impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

'That I may not be tedious, I will just give a short summary of those articles of diet that suit them best.

'I take it to be a general opinion that they graze; but it is an erroneous one: at least grass is not their staple: they seem rather to use it medicinally, soon quitting it for leaves of almost any kind. Sowthistle, dent-de-lion, and lettuce, are their favourite vegetables, especially the last. I discovered, by accident, that fine white sand is in great estimation with

them; I suppose, as a digestive. It happened that I was cleaning a bird-cage whilst the hares were with me. I placed a pot filled with white sand upon the floor, which, being at once directed to by a strong instinct, they devoured voraciously. Since that time, I have generally taken care to see them well supplied with it. They account green corn a great delicacy, both the blade and stalk; but the ear they seldom eat. Straw of any kind, especially wheat-straw, is another of their dainties. They will feed greedily upon oats; but if furnished with clean straw, never want them. It serves them also for a bed; and if shaken up daily, will be kept sweet and dry for a considerable time. They do not, however, require aromatick herbs, but will eat a small quantity of them with great relish, and are particularly fond of the plant called *musk*. They seem to resemble sheep in this, that, if their pasture be too succulent, they are subject to the rot; to prevent which I always made bread their principal nourishment, and filling a pan with it cut into small squares, placed this every evening in their chambers; for they feed only at evening and in the night. During the winter, when vegetables were not to be got, I mingled this mess of bread with shreds of carrot, adding to it the rind of apples cut extremely thin; for, though they are fond of the paring, the apple itself disgusts them. These, however, not being a sufficient substitute for the juice of summer herbs, they must at this time be supplied with water; but so placed that they cannot overset it into their beds. I must not omit to remark, that occasionally they are much pleased with twigs of hawthorn, and of the common briar, eating even the very wood when it is of considerable thickness.

'Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins by a fall. Puss is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he is grown more discreet, and less frolicksome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing, that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance—a spaniel that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution; but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear; nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is, therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare; but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it. They eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

'I should not do complete justice to my subject, did I not add, that hares have no ill scent belonging to them; that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themselves clean, for which purpose nature has furnished them with a brush under each foot; and that they are never infested by any vermin.'

"After Mr. Cowper's death, the following memorandum was found among his papers:

'Tuesday, March 9, 1786.—This day died poor Puss, aged eleven years eleven months. He died between twelve and one at noon, of mere old age, and apparently without pain."

The following is the history of the pointer pig.

"Those persons who have attended at all to the manners of swine, have observed, that they are by no means deficient in sagacity; but the short lives that we allow them, and the general confinement they undergo, entirely prevent their improvement in this respect. We, however, have frequently heard of exhibitions of '*learned pigs*;' and we know that Toomer, formerly the game-keeper of sir H. P. St. John Mildmay, actually broke in a black sow to find game, back, and stand, nearly as well as a pointer.

"This sow, which was a thin, long-legged animal (one of the ugliest of the New Forest breed) when very young, took a great partiality to some pointer puppies, that Toomer, then under keeper of Broomy Lodge, in the New Forest, was breaking. It played and often came to feed with them. From this circumstance, it occurred to Toomer (to use his own expression) that, having broken many a dog, as obstinate as a pig, he would try if he could not also succeed in breaking a pig. The little animal would often go out with the puppies to some distance from home; and he enticed it further by a sort of pudding made of barley meal, which he carried in one of his pockets. The other he filled with stones, which he threw at the pig, whenever she misbehaved, as he was not able to catch and correct her in the same manner that he did his dogs. He informed sir Henry Mildmay, who has been so obliging as to supply me with this account, that he found the animal very tractable, and that he soon taught her what he wished, by this mode of reward

and punishment. Sir Henry Mildmay says, that he has frequently seen her out with Toomer, when she quartered her ground as regularly as any pointer, stood when she came on game (having an excellent nose) and backed other dogs as well as he ever saw a pointer. When she came on the cold scent of game, she slackened her trot, and gradually dropped her ears and tail till she was certain, and then fell down on her knees. So stanch was she, that she would frequently remain five minutes and upwards on her point. As soon as the game rose, she always returned to Toomer, grunting very loudly for her reward of pudding, if it was not immediately given to her. When Toomer died, his widow sent the pig to sir Henry Mildmay, who kept it for three years, but never used it, except for the purpose of occasionally amusing his friends. In doing this, a fowl was put into a cabbage net, and hidden amongst the fern in some part of the park; and the extraordinary animal never failed to point it, in the manner above described. Sir Henry was, at length, obliged to part with this sow, from a circumstance as singular as the other occurrences of her life. A great number of lambs had been lost, nearly as soon as they were dropped, and a person being sent to watch the flock, the animal was detected in the very act of devouring a lamb. This carnivorous propensity was ascribed to her having been accustomed to feed with the dogs, and to eat the flesh on which they were fed. Sir Henry sent her back to Mrs. Toomer, who sold her to Mr. Sykes, of Brookwood, in the New Forest; where she died the usual death of a pig, and was converted into bacon."

We add a few notices, and corrections, for the advancement of knowledge. Mr. B. says "seal skins are sometimes used *in the south of Europe* for covering trunks:"—We believe that many thousands are annually used in London for that purpose; also as leather, &c. "Dogs—by a singular *depravity of taste*, generally prefer flesh that is, in part, corrupted."—The conformity of the dog to the wolf and the fox, which is noticed by Mr. B. should appear to support the inference that this particular is *not* a depravity of taste. The fur of the cat is remarkable for the electrick property of yielding sparks;—has any one ascertained whether this phenomenon may not be connected with the resplendence of the cat's eyes in the dark? which Mr. B. elucidates by reference to the properties of phosphorick light: Mr. B. speaks of the *white* mouse, as occurring "very rarely, in England." It is, we believe, constantly on sale in London, and may be rendered very tame. We remember to have seen one of the kind, bought when young, which was accustomed to run about a large table; but would not venture to jump down from such a height, though she often peered over the edge. She would feed from the hand, drink little drops of cream, or lick the edges of a tea-spoon, with great pleasure. She had several broods: and after the young were separated from her, she would enter their sleeping places and arrange their beds. She became at last swollen and heavy; her eye-sight failed her; and she died, apparently according to the course of nature, when about two years old. We once saw a squirrel run up the perpendicular brick wall of a house, at least three stories in height: he seemed to have drawn all the air into his body and tail, that his skin could hold. The rumination of the hare is a fact of importance: as it vindicates both Aristotle and Moses. A hint on behalf of the latter writer from Mr. B. would have been acceptable: as that particular has been made a difficulty among sportsmen-criticks. So also has the feeding of foxes on grapes; yet Mr. B. informs us that besides the grapes,

"The wall fruit in the marquis of Buckingham's gardens at Stow, was one summer nearly all destroyed by a fox, which was at length caught in the garden, in the presence, as I am informed, of the marquis."

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Memoirs of Captain George Carleton, an English Officer, including Anecdotes of the War in Spain, under the Earl of Peterborough, and many interesting Particulars relating to the Manners of the Spaniards, in the beginning of the last Century. Written by himself. Octavo, pp. 463. 12*s.* in boards. London, 1808.

FEW memoirs more interesting or more instructive to military men have appeared in this or any other country, than these details of the respectable captain Carleton. They refer principally to transactions in which the author, who was unquestionably a person of accurate observation and sound reflection, had participated, and of which he was an eye-witness, a circumstance that greatly enhances their value. And they particularly relate to the exploits of the celebrated earl of Peterborough in Spain, during the war for the Spanish succession, a correct and simple narrative of which is sufficient to inspire young minds with the most heroick sentiments. To those who have made choice of the profession of arms, this narrative points out the true road to martial fame; and it furnishes the most profitable and instructive lessons, by means both of similitude and contrast, to such of them as may be disposed to study the sublimer parts of military science, instead of wasting their time on an unprofitable application to those trifling minutiæ, which cannot be practised in the field or in the face of an enemy, but to which the attention of officers of the present day is so much directed.

It must be allowed, that seldom has any man ever surpassed the noble and generous lord Peterborough in variety of contrivance and stratagem, in fertility of resources both military and political, in celerity of movement, in presence of mind, in boldness of enterprise, in promptitude and correctness of decision, in prudence of arrangement, and in judgment in executing measures when once they had been adopted. His successes in Spain, when the circumstances in which he acted are fairly taken into consideration, appear not only wonderful, but such as even exceed belief; and they must with justice make him be regarded as one of those rare and extraordinary characters, which very seldom appear in the world, and are scarcely to be found even among the heroes of Plutarch. Though the service on which he was employed, namely, that of placing Charles of Austria on the throne of Spain, was even more romantick than it was splendid, he would have infallibly succeeded in the attempt, had he not been arrested in the career of his achievments by the influence of envy, false and malevolent insinuations, and detestable court intrigue, which caused him to be superseded in his command by a general, who, like some of those with whom we have lately been blessed, was a steady thoroughbred parade officer; who paid a decorous and formal attention to the customary rules of discipline, but who understood his profession merely as a trade, not as a science. Such a man was peculiarly improper to be employed in the field against the duke of Berwick; who was distinguished by humanity, contrivance, magnanimity and genius; and who was above being a slave to the common-place maxims of warfare. Of this truth, the battle of Almanza in 1707 was a melancholy proof.

The feats of Charles earl of Peterborough, the principal character in these memoirs, were, indeed, of a nature nearly unaccountable, and might have been regarded by people even less superstitious than the Spaniards as almost miraculous. With a handful of men, he not only took the fort of Monjouick, which had uniformly been regarded by the natives as impregnable, but also the

strong and extensive city of Barcelona, which, in the ordinary course of warfare, could not have been effectually invested by fewer than thirty thousand men. He afterwards relieved this very city with a small force, in the face of a powerful and numerous army, whom he obliged to decamp precipitately, leaving their battering train of artillery, and their ammunition, stores, and provisions, as well as their sick and wounded. With less than half the number of troops, he compelled the duke of Anjou to retire before him, and finally drove him out of Spain, at the head of a French army twenty-five thousand strong. He distinguished himself both as an admiral and as a general. He took walled towns with dragoons; and he procured money for the commander of the Portuguese troops from the bankers of Genoa, without having it in his power to offer them security. He succeeded, by his wonderful dexterity and skill, in gaining possession of Catalonia, and of the kingdoms of Valencia, Aragon, and Majorca, together with part of Murcia and Castile; and he thus opened the way for the march of the earl of Galway, a blundering French refugee, who supplanted him in the command, from Portugal to Madrid, without the least resistance or molestation. Such, indeed, was the universality of his genius, that he was not less successful in conciliating the natives, than in carrying his daring and adventurous enterprises into execution. Like a truly wise and virtuous man, he on every occasion restrained the excess of his troops; respected the religion, the laws, and even the prejudices of the Spaniards; and thus, though in their eyes he was a heretick, he became much more popular among them, than even the catholick prince whom he was endeavouring to place on their throne. Swift, in his *Conduct of the Allies*, speaks of him in these words: "The only general, who, by a series of conduct and fortune almost miraculous, had nearly put us into possession of Spain, was left wholly unsupported, exposed to the envy of his rivals; disappointed by the caprices of a young, unexperienced prince, under the guidance of a rapacious German ministry; and at last called home in discontent."

When the thanks of the house of peers were returned to him in June 1710—11, for his services in Spain, the lord chancellor addressed him in the following words: "Had your lordship's wise counsels, particularly your advice at the council of war in Valencia, been pursued in the following campaign, the fatal battle of Almanza and our great misfortunes, which have since happened in Spain, had been prevented, and the design upon Toulon might have happily succeeded." Besides his transcendent talents as a warriour and negotiator, this truly extraordinary man, to whom nature had been prodigal, possessed literary acquirements greatly surpassing those that could reasonably have been expected in a person of so much activity of life. His characteristick celerity in travelling is finely and emphatically described by Swift, in his Journal to Stella, 24th June, 1711.

As to captain Carleton himself, he observes in his dedication, that it was his fortune in his juvenile years *Musas cum Marte commutare;* and that to prevent the small advantage which he had reaped from the change after a series of long, severe, and dangerous services, from being imputed to a want of merit on his part, he had written these memoirs, and left the world to judge of his deserts. He very truly affirms, that they are neither set forth by any fictitious stories, nor embellished with rhetorical flourishes; since plain truth is most becoming the character of an old soldier. The simplicity and modesty, indeed, which reign throughout them, sufficiently evince the truth of this declaration, and even give occasional

dignity to his narratives of important events. He saw a variety of actions both by sea and land. After the Dutch war, which was proclaimed in 1672, he not only served under the command of the prince of Orange while he was generalissimo of the Dutch forces, but also during the whole of his reign as king of Great Britain. He was born at Ewelme, in Oxfordshire, and descended from an ancient and honourable family; lord Dudley Carleton, who died secretary of state to Charles I. being his great uncle; and in the same reign his father being employed as envoy at the court of Madrid, while his uncle, sir Dudley Carleton, was ambassadour to the states of Holland.

England was by treaty obliged to assist France against the Dutch, with 6,000 troops; and as soon as the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) was declared admiral of the English fleet, it was reckoned a mark of spirit in the young nobility and gentry to attend him. The author of these memoirs, therefore, then about twenty years of age, in imitation of others, entered himself as a volunteer on board the London, commanded by sir Edward Spragge, vice admiral of the red. He was soon afterwards present at the naval engagement between the combined fleets of England and France and the Dutch in Solebay, which took place on the 28th of May, and was obstinately contested from nine in the morning till ten at night. Of the combat he gives a very clear and distinct account; observing, however, " that the French acted more as spectators than as parties, and seemed unwilling to be too much upon the offensive for fear of offending themselves." The duke, having had two ships disabled under him, went on board the London, about four in the afternoon; remaining in her during the rest of the action, and till next morning, though De Ruyter directed his fire particularly at her, as if determined to blow her out of the water. Here Mr. Carleton had an opportunity of observing accurately and minutely his royal highness's conduct. And he makes the most unequivocal and honourable mention of his courage and intrepidity. He states also two circumstances which are deserving of notice. He says that our fleet, in sailing from the Nore to join that of the French, who were anchored at St. Helens, under the command of count d'Estreé, had nearly been intercepted at the mouth of the river by De Ruyter, who had notice of our intentions; and that they had a narrow escape by means of a thick fog, which enabled them to pass Dover before he was aware of it. He likewise observes, that the duke of York was in some measure, and would have been completely surprised by the Dutch admiral, had there been only a moderate breeze; adding, that although there was so little air stirring that our admirals could see the enemy's fleet making towards them long before it got near to them, they found great difficulty in forming their ships into a line of battle, so as to be in readiness to receive it.

The few observations which the author makes respecting the battle of Seneff, between the confederate army under the prince of Orange, and that of the French commanded by the prince of Condé, are not only sensible and instructive, but show that a general, after having obtained an important advantage, may suffer it to be snatched out of his hands by too much eagerness and heat of temper. Mr. Carleton was in the rear guard, which had been cut off by the French, who fell to plundering the baggage; and having made his escape to an eminence,

" It was," he says, " from that advantageous situation, that I presently discovered that the imperialists, who led the van, had now joined the main body. And, I confess, it was with an almost inexpressible pleasure that I beheld, about three o'clock, with what intrepid fury they fell upon the enemy. In short, both armies were universally engaged, and with great obstinacy disputed the victory till eleven at night. At which time the French,

being pretty well surfeited, made their retreat. Nevertheless, to secure it by a stratagem, they left their lighted matches hanging in the hedges, and waving with the air, to conceal it from the confederate army.

"About two hours after, the confederate forces followed the example of their enemies, and drew off. And though neither army had much reason to boast, yet, as the prince of Orange remained last in the field, and the French had lost what they before had gained, the glory of the day fell to the prince of Orange; who, although but twenty-four years of age, had the suffrage of friend and foe; of having played the part of an old and experienced officer.

"There were left that day on the field of battle, by a general computation, not less than eighteen thousand men on both sides, over and above those who died of their wounds: the loss being pretty equal, only the French carried off most prisoners. Prince Waldeck was shot through the arm, which I was near enough to be an eye witness of. And my much lamented friend, sir Walter Vane, was carried off dead. A wound in the arm was all the mark of honour that I, as yet, could boast of, though our cannon in the defiles had slain many near me.

"The prince of Condé, as we were next day informed, lay all that night under a hedge, wrapped in his cloak; and, either from the mortification of being disappointed in his hopes of victory, or from a reflection of the disservice, which his own natural overheat of temper had drawn upon him, was almost inconsolable many days after. And thus ended the famous battle of Seneff.

"But though common vogue has given it the name of a battle, in my weak opinion, it might rather deserve that of a confused skirmish; all things having been forcibly carried on without regularity, or even design enough to allow it any higher denomination. For, as I have said before, notwithstanding I was advantageously stationed for observation, I found it very often impossible to distinguish one party from another. And this was more remarkably evident on the part of the prince of Orange, whose valour and vigour having led him into the middle of the enemy, and being then sensible of his errour, by a peculiar presence of mind, gave the word of command in French, which he spoke perfectly well. But the French soldiers, who took him, for one of their own generals, making answer that their powder was all spent, it afforded matter of instruction to him to persist in his attack; at the same time, that it gave him a lesson of caution, to withdraw himself as soon as he could to his own troops."

After the peace of Nimeguen, which was concluded in 1678, the regiment in which the author served was stationed on garrison duty at the Grave for nearly four years, the soldiers being mostly employed in working on the fortifications. It was there, he informs us, and on that occasion, that he imbibed the first rudiments of fortification, and the practical part of the engineer profession, which in his more advanced years were of great service to him.

On the breaking out of Monmouth's rebellion after the death of Charles II. the English and Scotch regiments in the Dutch service were ordered over to England, and encamped on Hounslow Heath. Mr. Carleton had not thus been long returned to his native land, when he received a commission from king James as a lieutenant in a newly raised regiment, under the command of colonel Tufton, brother to the earl of Thanet. After James had abdicated the throne, and the prince of Orange had accepted the administration of affairs in this country, the author was employed with his regiment in Scotland, chiefly in the Highlands; during which service, having distinguished himself, he was, in consequence of a recommendation mentioning some particulars of his conduct from sir Thomas Levingston (afterwards earl of Tiviot) promoted to a company in brigadier Tiffin's regiment, lying in garrison at Portsmouth, to which place he immediately repaired. About two months afterwards, this regiment, among many others, was shipped off under the duke of Leinster, on a secret expedition; the object of which, though unknown to the general himself, till he opened his commission at sea, having been intrusted to *a female politician on land*, was soon made known to the enemy; a circumstance which rendered it necessary to countermand their orders, before they reached the place of

their destination. They were accordingly directed to land at Ostend; and not long after their landing, the famous battle of Steenkirk was fought: of which, and of some remarkable circumstances attending it, captain Carleton gives the following short and interesting account:

"Soon after this, happened that memorable battle at Steenkirk, which, as very few at that time could dive into the reason of, and mistaken accounts of it have passed for authentick, I will mention somewhat more particularly. The undertaking was bold, and, as many thought, bolder than was consistent with the character of the wise undertaker. Nevertheless, the French having taken Namur, and, as the malcontents alleged, in the very sight of a superiour army, and nothing having been done by land of any moment, things were blown into such a dangerous fermentation, by a malicious and lying spirit, that king William found himself under a necessity of attempting something that might appease the murmurs of the people. He knew very well, though spoke in the senate, that it was not true, that his forces at the siege of Namur exceeded those of the enemy. No man could be more afflicted than he at the overflowing of the Mehaigne, from the continual rains, which obstructed the relief he had designed for that important place; yet, since his maligners made an ill use of these false topicks, to insinuate that he had no mind to put an end to the war, he was resolved to evince the contrary, by showing them that he was not afraid to venture his life for the better obtaining what was so much desired.

"To that purpose, receiving intelligence that the duke of Luxemburg lay strongly encompassed at Steenkirk, near Enghien (though he was sensible he must pass through many defiles to engage him, and that the many thickets between the two armies would frequently afford him new difficulties) he resolved there to attack him. Our troops at first were forced to hew out their passage for the horse. And there was no one difficulty that his imagination had drawn, that was lessened by experience; and yet so prosperous were his arms at the beginning, that our troops had made themselves masters of several pieces of the enemy's cannon. But the farther he advanced, the ground growing straiter, so strait as not to admit his armies being drawn up in battalia, the troops behind could not give timely succour to those engaged, and the cannon we had taken was forcibly left behind, in order to make a good retreat. The French had lost all their courage in the onset. For though they had too fair an opportunity, they did not think fit to pursue it; or, at least, did it very languidly. However, the malcontents at home, I remember, grew very well pleased after this; for, so long as they had but a battle for their money, like true Englishmen, lost or won, they were contented.

"Several causes, I remember, were assigned for this miscarriage, as they call it. Some there were who were willing to lay it upon the Dutch; and allege a saying of one of their generals, who, receiving orders to relieve some English and Scotch that were overpowered, was heard to say: 'Damn them, since they love fighting, let them have their bellies full.' But I should rather impute the disappointment to the great loss of so many of our bravest officers at the very first onset. General Mackay, colonel Lanier, the earl of Angus, with both his field officers, sir Robert Douglas, colonel Hodges, and many others, falling, it was enough to put a very considerable army into confusion. I remember one particular action of sir Robert Douglas, that I should think myself to blame should I omit. Seeing his colours on the other side the hedge, in the hands of the enemy, he leaped over, slew the officer that had them, and then threw them over the hedge to his company; redeeming his colours at the expense of his life. Thus, the Scotch commander improved upon the Roman general: for the brave Posthumius cast his standard in the middle of the enemy, for his soldiers to retrieve; but Douglas retrieved his from the middle of the enemy, without any assistance, and cast it back to his soldiers to retain, after he had so bravely rescued it out of the hands of the enemy."

Captain Carleton next went with his corps to Dixmuyd, where he was for some time employed in fortifying that place; and after he had brought the intended works into a tolerably respectable state, the troops were ordered to reembark for England. On landing they marched to Ipswich, had their winter quarters in that town, and in the spring went to London to do duty in the Tower. Hence the regiment was removed to Flanders. And captain Carleton's description of and remarks on the prince of Vaudemont's retreat from

Watergaem are well calculated for conveying useful military instruction.

"While king William was engaged in the glorious and important siege of Namur, prince Vaudemont being posted at Watergaem, with about fifty battalions, and as many squadrons, the mareschal Villeroy laid a design to attack him with the whole French army. The prince imagined no less: therefore he prepared accordingly, giving us orders to fortify our camp, as well as the little time we had for it would permit. Those orders were pursued; nevertheless, I must confess, it was beyond the reach of my little reason to account for our so long stay in the sight of an army so much superiour to ours. The prince, in the whole, could hardly muster thirty thousand; and Villeroy was known to value himself upon having one hundred thousand effective men. However, the prince provisionally sent away all our baggage that very morning to Ghent, and still made show as if he resolved to defend himself to the last extremity, in our little intrenchments. The enemy, on their side, began to surround us; and in their motions for that purpose, blew up little bags of gun powder to give the readier notice how far they had accomplished it. Another captain, with myself, being placed on the right with one hundred men (where I found Monsieur Montal endeavouring, if possible, to get behind us) I could easily observe, they had so far attained their aim of encompassing us, as to the very fashion of a horse's shoe. This made me fix my eyes so intently upon the advancing enemy, that I never minded what my friends were doing behind me; though I afterwards found that they had been filing off so very artfully and privately, by that narrow opening of the horse shoe, that when the enemy imagined us past a possibility of escape, our little army at once, and of a sudden, was ready to disappear. There was a large wood on the right of our army, through which lay the road to Ghent, not broader than to admit of more than four to march abreast. Down this the prince had slid his forces, except to that very small party which the captain and myself commanded, and which was designedly left to bring up the rear. Nor did we stir till captain Collier, then aid de camp to his brother, now earl of Portmore, came with the word of command for us to draw off.

"When Villeroy was told of our retreat, he was much surprised, as thinking it a thing utterly impossible. However, at last, being sensible of the truth of it, he gave orders for our rear to be attacked; but we kept firing from ditch to ditch, and hedge to hedge, till night came upon us; and so our little army got clear of its gigantick enemy with very inconsiderable loss. However, the French failed not, in their customary way, to express the sense of their vexation at this disappointment, with fire and sword in the neighbourhood round. Thus prince Vaudemont acquired more glory by that retreat than an entire victory could have given him. And it was not, I confess, the least part of satisfaction in my life, that myself had a share of honour under him, to bring off the rear at that his glorious retreat at Arseel."

After the death of king William, his successour and consort, queen Anne, adhered to his counsels and pursued his measures. On the recommendation of lord Cutts, who had distinguished himself at Venlo, Ruremond, and Hochstet, and who, on his arrival from Germany was appointed general of all her majesty's forces in Ireland; the earl of Peterborough carried captain Carleton with him on his expedition to Spain. They first went to Lisbon; and the earl, after having exchanged two regiments of foot there, with the consent of lord Galway, received the archduke of Austria and all who chose to follow him on board the fleet, and transported them at his own expense to Barcelona, for which he never received any reimbursement or remuneration. On leaving Lisbon, he sailed to join the squadron under sir Cloudsley Shovel, which he met at the appointed station off Tangier. Having formed this junction, he made the best of his way towards Gibraltar, where he staid no longer than to take two regiments on board out of that garrison, in lieu of two which were sent on shore out of the fleet. And here he found the prince of Hesse, who immediately took the resolution of accompanying the archduke on that expedition.

It was an unfortunate circumstance for both of these princes, as well as for the service, that they accompanied the earl of Peterborough; who,

had it not been for the counteraction which he experienced from them, and by orders from home in consequence of senseless representations by Mr. Crow, the queen's agent in those parts, in the prosecution of his own wise measures, and for the necessity under which he felt himself of most reluctantly carrying other plans into execution, which he entirely disapproved, would have infallibly completed the business on which he was sent, and have placed the archduke on the throne of Spain. Knowing that king Philip and the royal family at Madrid had with them only a few horse, barely sufficient for serving as guards, and those in a bad condition, it was his intention, after having secured Valencia and the towns adjacent, which were all ready to submit to and declare for king Charles, to commence his march immediately for the metropolis; on which march he could have been supplied not only with horses and mules in abundance, but also with the necessary carriages for his artillery, baggage, and ammunition. Sensible of there being no forces in the middle parts of Spain to oppose his progress, and that the principal part of their regular troops were in the city of Barcelona, and the remainder on the frontiers of Portugal, he perceived that he could immediately drive Philip out of his capital, and reduce him to the necessity of quitting Spain altogether, or of retiring either towards Portugal or Catalonia; in either of which last cases, lord P. would have the open country at his command, and be enabled to prevent any communication between bodies so far separated from each other as the frontiers of Portugal and Barcelona. The earl was obliged, however, to abandon this judicious plan of operations; and, in compliance with the repeated desires of the archduke, the importunities of the prince of Hesse, and his instructions from England, to proceed to the bay of Barcelona: though he knew that this city was not only fortified with bastions, but also secured on the eastern side by a horn work, and on the western by a very strong fortress called Monjouick. That it was a place of such extent, that thirty thousand men would scarcely suffice for forming the lines of circumvallation; and that it had actually resisted for many months an army of that force. On arriving there, he found that the boasted promises of assistance made by the prince of Hesse, and the representations by Mr. Crow of cooperation on the part of the Catalans, were fallacious and delusive. Independently of the strength of the place, its garrison was much more numerous than the little army with which he was required to attack it. Under these circumstances, six several councils of war rejected the siege as impracticable, and a species of madness; the Dutch general in particular, declaring, "that he would not obey even the commands of the earl of Peterborough, if he should order the sacrifice of the troops under him in so unjustifiable a manner without the consent of a council of war."

Such was the perplexing situation of this nobleman before Barcelona. Impossibilities proposed; no expedients to be accepted; the archduke and the prince of Hesse reproaching; councils of war rejecting; and the Dutch general declaring that he would withhold the assistance of his troops. It was too late for him to say that he never would have taken the archduke on board, or given him the least hope of ascending the Spanish throne, if he could have supposed it possible that he should not have been left at liberty to pursue his own designs according to his own judgment; and, far from being of that stubborn and unmanageable turn of mind which generally indicates ignorance, he was ever solicitous about the honour of his country. These difficulties, then, great as they were, instead of discouraging him,

set every faculty of his mind at work; and his natural sagacity suggested to him the only probable or even possible means of success. His intentions, however, he kept entirely unknown to his friends as well as his enemies; for he was as remarkable for secrecy, when necessary, as for other eminent qualities.

If all circumstances, indeed, be taken into consideration, the attack and capture of Monjouick and Barcelona may justly be regarded as among the most singular achievements recorded in history. And if any officer or other person, at all acquainted with the nature of military operations and the difficulties attending them, will look at a plan of those places while he is reading the following truly interesting account of the taking of the former of them, which was soon followed by the surrender of the latter, he will be at a loss whether to admire most the boldness of the enterprise, or the judgment and ability with which it was conducted.

"The earl having made his proper dispositions, and delivered out his orders, began his march in the evening, with twelve hundred foot and two hundred horse, which, of necessity, were to pass by the quarters of the prince of Hesse. That prince, on their appearance, was told, that the general was come to speak with him; and, being brought into his apartment, the earl acquainted him, that he had at last resolved upon an attempt against the enemy; adding, that now, if he pleased, he might be a judge of their behaviour, and see whether his officers and soldiers had deserved that character which he had so liberally given them. The prince made answer, that he had always been ready to take his share; but could hardly believe that troops marching that way could make any attempt against the enemy to satisfaction. However, without further discourse, he called for his horse.

"Brigadier Stanhope and Mr. Methuen (now sir Paul) were the general's particular friends, and those he most consulted, and most confided in; yet he never imparted this resolution of his to either of them; for he was not willing to engage them in a design so dangerous, and where there was so little hope of success; rather choosing to reserve them as persons most capable of giving advice and assistance in the confusion, great enough already, which yet must have been greater, if any accident had happened to himself. And I have very good reason to believe, that the motive, which mainly engaged the earl of Peterborough in this enterprise, was to satisfy the prince of Hesse and the world, that his diffidence proceeded from his concern for the troops committed to his charge, and not for his own person. On the other hand, the great characters of the two gentlemen just mentioned are so well known, that it will easily gain credit, that the only way the general could take to prevent their being of the party, was to conceal it from them, as he did from all mankind, even from the archduke himself. And certainly there never was a more universal surprise than when the firing was heard next morning from Monjouick.

"But I now proceed to give an exact account of this great action; of which no person that I have heard of, ever yet took upon him to deliver to posterity the glorious particulars. And yet the consequences and events, by what follows, will appear so great, and so very extraordinary, that few, if any, had they had it in their power, would have denied themselves the pleasure, or the world the satisfaction, of knowing it.

"The troops which marched all night along the foot of the mountains, arrived two hours before day under the hill of Monjouick, not a quarter of a mile from the outward works: for this reason, it was taken for granted, whatever the design was which the general had proposed to himself, that it would be put in execution before daylight. But the earl of Peterborough was now pleased to inform the officers of the reasons why he chose to stay till the light appeared. He was of opinion that any success would be impossible, unless the enemy came into the outward ditch under the bastions of the second enclosure; but that if they had time allowed them to come thither, there being no palisadoes, our men, by leaping in upon them, after receipt of their first fire, might drive them into the upper works; and following them close, with some probability, might force them, under that confusion, into the inward fortifications.

"Such were the general's reasons then and there given; after which, having promised ample rewards to such as discharged their duty well, a lieutenant, with thirty men, was ordered to advance towards the bastion nearest the town; and a cap-

tain, with fifty men to support him. After the enemy's fire, they were to leap into the ditch; and their orders were to follow them close, if they retired into the upper works; nevertheless, not pursue them further, if they made into the inner fort; but to endeavour to cover themselves within the gorge of the bastion.

"A lieutenant and a captain, with the like number of men, and the same orders, were commanded to a demibastion, at the extremity of the fort towards the west, which was above musket shot from the inward fortification. Towards this place the wall, which was cut into the rock, was not faced for about twenty yards; and here our own men got up, where they found three pieces of cannon upon a platform, without any men to defend them.

"Those appointed to the bastion towards the town, were sustained by two hundred men, with which the general and prince went in person. The like number, under the direction of colonel Southwell, were to sustain the attack towards the west; and about five hundred men were left under the command of a Dutch colonel, whose orders were to assist, where, in his own judgment, he should think most proper; and these were drawn up between the two parties appointed to begin the assault. My lot was on the side where the prince and earl were in person; and where we sustained the only loss from the first fire of the enemy.

"Our men, though quite exposed, and though the glacis was all escarped upon the live rock, went on with an undaunted courage; and, immediately after the first fire of the enemy, all, that were not killed or wounded, leaped in, *pelmel*, amongst the enemy; who, being thus boldly attacked, and seeing others pouring in upon them, retired in great confusion; and some one way, some another, ran into the inward works.

"There was a large port in the flank of the principal bastion, towards the north east, and a covered way, through which the general and the prince of Hesse followed the flying forces; and by that means became possessed of it. Luckily enough, here lay a number of great stones in the gorge of the bastion for the use of the fortification; with which we made a sort of breast work, before the enemy recovered of their amaze, or made any considerable fire upon us from their inward fort which commanded the upper part of that bastion.

"We were afterwards informed, that the commander of the citadel, expecting but one attack, had called off the men from the most distant and western part of the fort, to that side which was next the town; upon which our men got into a demibastion in the most extreme part of the fortification. Here they got possession of three pieces of cannon, with hardly any opposition; and had leisure to cast up a little intrenchment, and to make use of the guns they had taken to defend it. Under this situation, the enemy, when drove into the inward fort, were exposed to our fire from those places we were possessed of, in case they offered to make any sally, or other attempt against us. Thus, we every moment became better and better prepared against any effort of the garrison. And, as they could not pretend to assail us without evident hazard, so nothing remained for us to do till we could bring up our artillery and mortars. Now it was that the general sent for the thousand men under brigadier Stanhope's command, which he had posted at a convent, half way between the town and Monjouick.

"There was almost a total cessation of fire, the men on both sides being under cover. The general was in the upper part of the bastion, the prince of Hesse below, behind a little work at the point of the bastion, whence he could only see the heads of the enemy over the parapet of the inward fort. Soon after an accident happened which cost that gallant prince his life.

"The enemy had lines of communication between Barcelona and Monjouick. The governour of the former, upon hearing the firing from the latter, immediately sent four hundred dragoons on horseback, under orders, that two hundred dismounting should reenforce the garrison, and the other two hundred should return with their horses back to the town.

"When those two hundred dragoons were accordingly got into the inward fort, unseen by any of our men, the Spaniards waving their hats over their heads, repeated over and over, *Viva el Rey, Viva.* This the prince of Hesse unfortunately took for a signal of their desire to surrender. Upon which, with too much warmth and precipitancy, calling to the soldiers following: 'They surrender, they surrender!' He advanced with near three hundred men who followed him without any orders from their general, along the curtain which led to the ditch of the inward fort. The enemy suffered them to come into the ditch, and there surrounding them, took two hundred of them prisoners, at the same time making a discharge upon the rest, who were running back the

way they came. This firing brought the earl of Peterborough down from the upper part of the bastion, to see what was doing below. When he had just turned the point of the bastion, he saw the prince of Hesse retiring, with the men that had so rashly advanced. The earl had exchanged a very few words with him, when, from a second fire, that prince received a shot in the great artery of the thigh, of which he died immediately, falling down at the general's feet, who instantly gave orders to carry off the body to the next convent.

"Almost the same moment an officer came to acquaint the earl of Peterborough that a great body of horse and foot, at least three thousand, were on their march from Barcelona towards the fort. The distance is near a mile, all uneven ground; so that the enemy was either discoverable or not to be seen, just as they were marching on the hills, or in the vallies. However, the general directly got on horseback, to take a view of those forces from the rising ground without the fort, having left all the posts, which were already taken, well secured with the allotted numbers of officers and soldiers.

"But the event will demonstrate of what consequence the absence or presence of one man may prove on great occasions. No sooner was the earl out of the fort, the care of which he had left under the command of the lord Charlemont, (a person of known merit and undoubted courage, but somewhat too flexible in his temper) when a panick fear (though the earl, as I have said, was only gone to take a view of the enemy) seized upon the soldiery, which was a little too easily complied with by the lord Charlemont, then commanding officer. True it is, for I heard an officer, ready enough to take such advantages, urge to him, that none of all those posts we were become masters of, were tenable; that to offer at it would be no better than wilfully sacrificing human lives to caprice and humour; and just like a man's knocking his head against stone walls, to try which was hardest. Having overheard this piece of lip-oratory, and finding by the answer that it was too likely to prevail, and that all I was likely to say would avail nothing, I slipped away as fast as I could, to acquaint the general with the danger impending.

"As I passed along, I took notice, that the panick was upon the increase; the general rumour affirming, that we should be all cut off by the troops that were come out of Barcelona, if we did not immediately gain the hills, or the houses possessed by the Miquelets. Officers and soldiers, under this prevailing terrour, quitted their posts; and in one united body (the lord Charlemont at the head of them) marched, or rather hurried out of the fort; and were come half way down the hill before the earl of Peterborough came up to them; though on my acquainting him with the shameful and surprising accident, he made no stay; but answering, with a good deal of vehemence, 'Good God, is it possible!' hastened back as fast he could.

"I never thought myself happier than in this piece of service to my country. I confess I could not but value it, as having been therein more than a little instrumental in the glorious successes which succeeded; since immediately upon this notice from me, the earl galloped up the hill, and lighting when he came to lord Charlemont, he took his half pike out of his hand; and turning to the officers and soldiers, told them, if they would not face about and follow him, they should have the scandal and eternal infamy upon them, of having deserted their posts, and abandoned their general.

"It was surprising to see with what alacrity and new courage they faced about, and followed the earl of Peterborough. In a moment they had forgot their apprehensions; and, without doubt, had they met with any opposition, they would have behaved themselves with the greatest bravery. But as these motions were unperceived by the enemy, all the posts were regained, and anew possessed in less than half an hour, without any loss; though, had our forces marched half musket-shot further, their retreat would have been perceived, and all the success attendant on this glorious attempt must have been entirely blasted.

"Another incident which attended this happy enterprise was this. The two hundred men which fell into the hands of the enemy, by the unhappy mistake of the prince of Hesse, were carried directly into the town. The marquis of Risburg, a lieutenant general, who cammanded the three thousand men which were marching from the town to the relief of the fort, examined the prisoners as they passed by; and they all agreeing that the general and the prince of Hesse were in person with the troops that made the attack on Monjouick, the marquis gave immediate orders to retire to the town; taking it for granted, that the main body of the troops attended the prince and general; and that some design, therefore, was on foot to intercept his return, in case he should venture too far. Thus, the unfor-

tunate loss of our two hundred men turned to our advantage, in preventing the advance of the enemy, which must have put the earl of Peterborough to inconceivable difficulties.

"The body of one thousand, under brigadier Stanhope, being come up to Monjouick, and no interruption given us by the enemy, our affairs were put into very good order on this side; while the camp on the other side was so fortified that the enemy, during the siege, never made one effort against it. In the mean time, the communication between the two camps was secure enough; although our troops were obliged to a tedious march along the foot of the hills, whenever the general thought fit to relieve those on duty on the side of the attack, from those regiments encamped on the west side of Barcelona.

"The next day, after the earl of Peterborough had taken care to secure the first camp to the eastward of the town, he gave orders to the officers of the fleet to land the artillery and ammunition behind the fortress to the westward. Immediately upon the landing whereof, two mortars were fixed; from both which we plied the fort of Monjouick furiously with our bombs. But the third or fourth day, one of our shells fortunately lighting on their magazine of powder, blew it up; and with it the governour, and many principal officers who were at dinner with him. The blast, at the same instant, threw down a face of one of the smaller bastions; which the vigilant Miquelets, ready enough to take all advantages, no sooner saw (for they were under the hill, very near the place) but they readily entered, while the enemy were under the utmost confusion. If the earl, no less watchful than they, had not at the same moment thrown himself in with some regular troops, and appeased the general disorder, in all probability the garrison had been put to the sword. However, the general's presence not only allayed the fury of the Miquelets, but kept his own troops under strictest discipline: so that, in a happy hour for the frighted garrison, the general gave officers and soldiers quarter, making them prisoners of war."

Our limits, which we have already exceeded, will not permit us to detail the other various exploits of lord Peterborough in Spain; particularly his compelling king Philip to quit his dominions, by relieving Barcelona with a handful of men, comparatively speaking, when it was besieged by the king and mareshal de Tess with an army of upwards of twenty-five thousand men; and after they had, with a loss of more than three thousand men, retaken Monjouick in twenty-three days, which lord P. took (as we may say) in one hour.

Captain Carleton mentions an almost unparalleled instance of publick spirit in the earl of Peterborough, as well as of generosity towards the very man who, unfortunately for the cause in which they were embarked, had succeeded in undermining the earl's authority and supplanting him in his command. The clergy and magistrates of Huette, hearing that lord P. suspected the inhabitants of having given intelligence to the enemy respecting his baggage, which had been plundered within a league of that place, and taken from the small guard which general Windham had appointed to escort it to the camp at Guadalaxara, and fearing that out of resentment he might lay their town in ashes, offered his lordship full satisfaction, and to pay in money or *decontado* the amount of what he had lost: but he told them that "he had just come from my lord Galway's camp at Chincon, where he found that they were in a likelihood of wanting bread; and as he imagined it might be easier to them to raise the value in corn than in ready money, if they would send to that value in corn to lord Galway's camp, he would be satisfied."

The author's relation [p. 226] of the cruel and barbarous treatment, which a captain of the English guards and his party of convalescents, going to join their battalion, experienced from the Spaniards in a villa not far from Campilio, is sufficient to fill every one who reads it with horrour. In his account of the fatal battle of Almanza, he gives, with much candour and simplicity, a beautiful and interesting picture of the duke of Berwick, both as a man and as a commander. By the representations of

two Irish officers, who pretended to be deserters, and were properly instructed for the purpose, the duke made the credulous Galway believe that the duke of Orleans was in full march to join him (Berwick) with twelve thousand men. Galway therefore became eager to attack before the junction should take place; and the duke of Berwick was overjoyed to see him appear, a little after noon, with forces fatigued by a hard march of three long Spanish leagues in the heat of the day. Finding Galway ready to run headlong into the snare prepared for him, the duke drew up his army in the form of a half moon, with three regiments advanced to a convenient distance, in order to make up the centre, and conceal his disposition from the enemy; which regiments were expressly ordered to retreat at the very first charge. This stratagem had nearly the same effect on the English, who attacked them, which Annibal's contrivance produced on the Romans at the battle of Cannæ: for our troops, seeing the others retire suddenly before them, pursued them after their then customary manner with shouts and hallooings, till the duke, observing that they had advanced far enough, ordered his right and left wings to close, and thus cut off from the rest of our army all those who had so eagerly followed the imaginary runaways. His native sympathy, however, and goodness of disposition would not suffer him to allow his troops to attack those who had retreated to the top of the hills under major general Shrimpton, and whom it was in his power to have destroyed; and thus he exhibited, in his own person, a striking verification of the noble maxim, "that victory to generous minds is only an inducement to moderation."

The few very concise observations, which the author makes respecting the recall of the earl of Peterborough, are calculated to create indignation in every honest and generous breast; and a universal sentiment of regret will also be excited, by the reflection that the zealous, faithful, and intelligent writer himself was so unworthily passed by without reward for all his services.

These Memoirs were first published in the year 1743, a few years before the commencement of our labours; and having become scarce and little known, they have been properly reprinted by an anonymous editor, who has duly executed his office by prefixing some introductory observations, and a few biographical particulars of the eminent hero who is the principal subject of them. Besides the useful military instruction which they afford, they contain much topographical and characteristick description; together with clear and distinct accounts of the manners, customs, and amusements of the Spaniards; for all which particulars we must refer to the volume, persuaded that a perusal of it will gratify the historian, the professional man, and the general reader.

FROM THE PANOPLIST.

The Works of Mrs. Anne Steele, complete in two volumes, 12mo. Boston. Munroe, Francis, and Parker. 1808.

THE specimens of Mrs. Steele's compositions, given to the American publick in Dr. Belknap's collection of psalms and hymns, excited a general desire to see her whole works; and we congratulate the community, that they have at length made their appearance. Either the

English edition was out of print, or few copies of it, we presume, were imported; for, after diligent inquiry, we were never able to find but a single copy of a single volume. This edition is very neatly and correctly printed, and does credit to the respectable press from which it proceeds.

Mrs. Steele's character, as a writer, is too well known to require notice; and too well established, to need confirmation. To many, who have not seen these volumes, it may be grateful to know, that they are more replete with evangelical truth, than the selected specimens, excellent as they are, may have led them to imagine. The divinity of Christ, the atonement, the influence of the Spirit, and the perseverance of saints, are here prominently exhibited.

The prose is of too poetical a cast; but the sentiments flow from a heart deeply affected with a sense of its own imperfections, and aspiring after the beauties of holiness. The poetry is seldom if ever, prosaick. It is of a character somewhat resembling the poetry of Watts; yet distinct and peculiar. It has its simplicity, its tenderness, its grace, and sometimes its sublimity. If, in general, it be less fertile in its imagery, it is more chaste; if less elevated, it is more equable; if less familiar, it is more delicate; if less adventurous, it is more correct. The author, distinguished for exquisite sensibility, as well as for ardent piety, cheered her own pilgrimage with these songs of Zion; and such must be their influence on every reader, whose soul is attuned to celestial harmony.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Pathetick Tales, Poems, &c. By J. B. Fisher, author of the Hermitage, Mort Castle, &c. 12mo. pp. 155. 7*s*. London. 1808.

THIS author is modest, and frankly avows that poverty has been his muse. He begins by celebrating a patron or patroness to whom multitudes have been obliged, but whom we never saw addressed by name before.

"All hail Subscription! 'tis to thee we owe
The plenteous fruits, which from invention grow,
Without thy aid, full oft the toiling bard
Would lose, unpitied, his deserved reward."

We rejoice to find that this goddess has been tolerably propitious to Mr. Fisher; for his humility is by no means unaccompanied by merit; though, at the same time, we cannot but wish him a more steady patron; or, what would be yet better, a more profitable employment than writing verses. The following is a just and successful ridicule of modern tales of horrour:

"THE STORM KING. A SONNET.

"Heard you the wailing scream, at midnight hour,
Of the Storm King?—Heard you the rattling shower
Pour down the steep; while through the dismal gloom,
The bird of darkness chanted from the tomb?
Heard you the neighbouring monks despairing cry,
As, fired by lightning, blazed their monastry?
Heard you the dead men's mouths move to and fro,
And ghastly grin, and chatter tales of wo!
Heard you the traveller's agonizing shriek,
Tost by the roaring tempest, from the peak?
Heard you all nature shudder with affright,
Fearful her reign was closed in endless night?
While the fierce Storm King rode wild through the sky,
Those horrours heard you?—No!—No more did I." p. 92.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Dr. Toulmin to the Editor.

SIR,

WHEN I was a youth, I frequently heard of Job, the African, as a character which, some years before, had attracted notice. I have been since in possession of his history, drawn up by a gentleman who was intimately acquainted with him, Mr. Thomas Bluett. It is, in my opinion, too interesting and curious to be permitted to sink into oblivion; and, if I mistake not, it will prove instructing and entertaining to your numerous readers. With these views I offer it for a place in your miscellany, recomposed from Mr. Bluett's narrative, and differently arranged. It will appear that he was himself a very respectable person; and his history, if it were necessary, might serve to rekindle the joy, which rectitude and philanthropy have felt on the abolition of an inhumane and iniquitous traffick.

I am, sir, your's respectfully,

JOSHUA TOULMIN.

Birmingham, Sept. 7, 1808.

A MEMOIR OF JOB,

AN AFRICAN HIGH PRIEST.

JOB'S name, according to the custom of his country, in which the appellations that distinguished individuals included their progenitors several degrees backwards, was Hyuba, Boon Salumena, Boon Hibrahama; i. e. Job, the son of Solomon, the son of Abraham. The surname of his family was Jallo. He was born about the year 1702, at a town called Boonda, in the country of Galumbo, or, as in our maps, Catumbo, in the kingdom of Futa, in Africa; which lies on both sides the river Senegal, and on the south side reaches as far as the river Gambia. The town of Boonda had been founded about twenty years before his birth, by Hibrahim, the grandfather of Job, in the reign of Bubaker, then king of Futa, who was, by his permission, the lord and proprietor of it, and at the same time high priest or alpha; so that he had power to make what laws he thought proper for the increase and good government of his new city. Sometime after the settlement of this town Hibrahim died; and as the priesthood was hereditary in that country, Salumen his son, the father of Job, became high priest. When Job was fifteen years old, he assisted his father, as emaum, or subpriest. About this time he married the daughter of the alpha of Tombut, who was then only eleven years old. By her he had a son, when she was thirteen years old, called Abdollah; and after that two more sons, called Hibrahim and Sambo. About two years before his captivity, he married a second wife, daughter of the alpha of Tourga, by whom he had a daughter named Fatima, after the daughter of their prophet Mahomed. Both these wives, with their children, were alive when he came from home.

In February 1730, Job's father, hearing of an English ship lying in Gambia river, sent him, with two servants as attendants, to sell two

negroes, and to buy paper and some other necessaries; but desired him not to venture over the river, because the Mandingoes, the inhabitants of the country on the other side of the river, were in a state of hostility with the people of Futa. The ship was commanded by captain Pike, in the service of captain Henry Hunt, brother to Mr. William Hunt, a merchant in Little Tower street, London. Job, not agreeing with the captain, sent back the two servants to acquaint his father with it, and to inform him of his intentions to go further. Accordingly, he engaged a man, named Loumein Yoal, who understood the Mandingoe language, to accompany him as his interpreter; crossed the river Gambia; and disposed of his negroes for some cows. On his return home, he stopped for some refreshment at the house of an old acquaintance; and the weather being hot, he hung up his arms in the house, while he refreshed himself. The arms were valuable, consisting of a gold-hilted sword, a gold knife worn by the side, and a rich quiver of arrows. A company of the Mandingoes, who live upon plunder, passing by, and observing Job unarmed, rushed in, to the number of seven or eight, at a back door, and pinioned him, together with his interpreter, before he could reach his arms. They then shaved their heads and beards, which Job and his man resented as the highest indignity, though the Mandingoes meant no more by it than to give them the appearance of slaves taken in war. On the 27th of February they were purchased by captain Pike at Gambia, and on the 1st of March put on board.

Soon after, Job found means to acquaint captain Pike, that he was the same person who had traded with him a few days before, and after what manner he had been taken. The captain permitted him to redeem himself and his attendant. Job sent to an acquaintance of his father's near Gambia, who promised to inform him of his son's situation, that he might adopt measures for his liberation. But the distance of this friend's residence from Job's father, being a fortnight's journey, and the ship sailing about a week afterwards, he was carried with the other slaves to Annapolis, in Maryland, and delivered to Mr. Hunt's factor, Mr. Vachell Denton; by whom he was sold to Mr. Tolsey, in Kent Island, in Maryland.

His owner put him to work in making tobacco; but he soon perceived that Job had never been used to such labour. He every day showed more and more uneasiness under this toil; and, unable to bear it, he grew sick, so that his master was obliged to find easier work for him, and employed him to tend the cattle.

Job would often leave the cattle, and withdraw into the woods to pray; but a white boy frequently watched him, and whilst he was at his devotion, would mock him, and throw dirt in his face. This treatment very much disturbed Job, and aggravated his misfortunes; all which were heightened by his ignorance of the English language, which prevented his complaining, or telling his case to any one near him. Grown in some measure desperate by his sufferings, he resolved to travel at a venture, in hope that possibly he might fall into the hands of a master who would use him better, or that by some happy incident his grief might be alleviated or removed. He travelled through the woods till he came to the county of Kent, upon Delaware Bay. Job, according to a law in force through Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, as far as to Boston in New England, not being able to give an account of himself, was cast into prison.

This happened in June 1731, when Mr. Thomas Bluett, a gentleman who was attending the courts in Maryland, having heard of Job, went with several gentlemen to the gaoler's house, which was a tavern, and de-

sired to see him. He was introduced to them; but as he could not speak one word of English, signs being made to him, he wrote a line or two before them; and when he had read it, pronounced the words *Allah* and *Mahomed*. By this, and his refusal of a glass of wine which was offered to him, it was discovered that he was a Mahomedan. But they were perfectly at a loss to ascertain of what country he was, or how he came there. It was easy to perceive, from his affable deportment and the composure of his countenance, that he was not a common slave.

After Job had been confined for sometime, an old negro man who lived in the neighbourhood, and could speak the Jallop language, which Job also understood, went to see and converse with him. From this negro the gaoler learnt to whom Job belonged, and the cause of leaving his master; to whom, therefore, he wrote, and who soon after fetched him home, and treated him with more attention and kindness than before, allowing him a place to which he might retire for his devotions, and affording him some other conveniences in order to make his slavery as easy as possible. But confinement and slavery to which he had never been used, were by no means agreeable to him. In hope that some means of redeeming him might be found, he wrote a letter in Arabick to his father, giving an account of his misfortunes. This letter he sent to Vachel Denton, desiring that it might be forwarded to Africa by captain Pike. He being gone to England, Mr. Denton enclosed the letter in another to Mr. Hunt, to be committed to the care of captain Pike. Previously to the receipt of it, he had sailed to Africa. Mr. Hunt, therefore, kept it in his own hands till a proper opportunity of transmitting it should offer. In the mean time the letter was seen by James Oglethorpe, Esq. who, according to his wonted goodness and generosity, moved with compassion for the situation of Job, gave his bond to Mr. Hunt for the payment of a certain sum on the delivery of him in England. On this Mr. Hunt wrote to Mr. Denton, who purchased him again for the same sum which he himself received for him of his master, who, finding him no ways fit for his business, was very willing to part with him.

The rivers of Maryland were then frozen up, so that no ship could sail for some time. In this interval, while Job resided with Mr. Denton, he ingratiated himself with many persons by his good nature and affability; and, in particular, became acquainted with the rev. Mr. Henderson, a gentleman of great learning, minister of Annapolis, and commissary to the bishop of London, who gave Job the character of a man of great piety and learning.

In March 1733, he set sail in the William, captain George Uriel commander. Mr. Bluett, the gentleman mentioned before, happened to be a passenger in the same ship. He and the captain, from the character which they had received of him at Annapolis, were induced, as he could speak but few words, and those scarcely intelligibly, in English, to teach him as much as they could of the language. They applied themselves to this as soon as they were out at sea; and in about a fortnight's time he had learnt his letters, and to spell almost any single syllable, if distinctly pronounced to him; but he and Mr. Bluett falling sick, his progress was for that time impeded. When they arrived in England, the latter end of April, he had learnt so much of the language, that he was able to understand most of what was said in common conversation; and they who were used to his manner of speaking, could tolerably understand him.

During the voyage, on no pretence, notwithstanding the weather, during all the time, was very tempestuous, would he ever omit his devotions.

As he eat no flesh, unless he had killed the animal with his own hands, or knew that it had been killed by a Mussulman, he was often permitted to kill the fresh stock of the ship, that he might partake of it himself. He had no scruple about fish, but would not eat pork, as it was expressly forbidden by his religion. By his good nature and affability, he conciliated the good will of all the sailors, who, not to mention other kind services, showed him all the way up the channel, the headlands, and remarkable places; the names of which he carefully wrote down, and the accounts that were given him about them.

On their arrival in England it was told them, that Mr. Oglethorpe was gone to Georgia, and that Mr. Hunt had provided a lodging for him at Limehouse. There Mr. Bluett, after he had paid a visit to his friends in the country, went to see him. He found him very sorrowful: for he had been informed that Mr. Hunt had been applied to by some persons to sell him, under the pretence of their intention to send him home. This excited his fears, that they would either sell him again as a slave, or if they sent him home, would expect an unreasonable ransom for him. Mr. Bluett took him to London, and waited on Mr. Hunt to request his permission to carry him to Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, which was granted. He owned that he had received such applications as Job suggested, but declared that he did not intend to part with him without his own consent; but as Mr. Oglethorpe was out of England, if any friends would advance the money, he would accept it, on condition that they would engage to send him to his own country; and he also promised that he would not dispose of him till he heard again from Mr. Bluett.

Job, during his abode at Cheshunt, had the honour of being invited to their houses by most of the gentry of that place. They were greatly pleased with his company, and concerned for his misfortunes. He received several handsome presents, and a subscription for the payment of the money to Mr. Hunt was proposed. The night before they set off again for London, the footman of Samuel Holden, Esq. brought a letter directed to sir Bigby Lake. This was delivered at the African house; upon which the house was pleased to order that "Mr. Hunt should bring in a bill of the whole charges which he had been at about Job, and be there paid." This was done, and the sum amounted to 59*l.* 6*s.* 11 1-2*d.* On the payment of this amount, Mr. Oglethorpe's bond was delivered up to the company. Job's fears of being sold again as a slave were now removed: but yet he could not be persuaded but that, when he got home, he must pay an extravagant sum for his ransom. Mr. Bluett, as the sum was great and Job's acquaintance in England was very limited, had also his doubts concerning the success of a subscription. He, therefore, to give Job's mind ease, spoke to a gentleman who had been all along in a remarkable manner his friend. This gentleman, so far from discouraging the measure, began the subscription himself with a handsome sum, and promised his further assistance at a dead lift. Several other friends, both in London and in the country, readily added their charitable contributions. Yet there was a deficiency of 20*l.* but the worthy and generous gentleman who opened the subscription made up the defect, and the sum was completed.

Mr. Bluett, being desired, went to the African company and stated the matter. When he had made his report, the orders of the house were shown him. These were, "that Job should be accommodated, at the company's expense, till one of their ships should sail for Gambia, in which he should be sent back to his friends without any ransom." The company then asked Mr. Bluett, if they could

do any more to make Job easy; and upon his desire, they ordered "that Mr. Oglethorpe's bond should be cancelled," which was immediately done; "and that Job should have his freedom in form." This he received handsomely engrossed, with the company's seal affixed. After which, the full sum of the whole charges, viz. 59*l.* 6*s.* 11 1-2*d.* was paid in to their clerk, as was before proposed. Job's mind was now perfectly easy, and he cheerfully visited his friends in town and country. One day, at sir Hans Sloane's, he expressed a great desire to see the royal family. Sir Hans promised to get him introduced when he was provided with a proper dress. Job knew how kind a friend he might apply to on the occasion; and he was soon furnished with a rich silk habit, made after the fashion of his country, and introduced to their majesties and the royal family. Her majesty was pleased to present him with a rich gold watch. On the same day he had the honour to dine with the duke of Montague and others of the nobility, who, after dinner, made him handsome presents. His grace, afterwards, often took Job into the country with him, and showed him the tools necessary for tilling the grounds, both in fields and gardens; and directed his servants to teach him how they were used. He also furnished Job with all sorts of implements and other rich presents, which he ordered to be carefully packed up in chests, and put on board for his use. The favours which he received from the duke and other noblemen and gentlemen were too many to be enumerated. They displayed a singular generosity; and the goods and articles, which he carried over with him from these donations, were worth upwards of 500*l.* Besides this he was liberally furnished with money to meet any accident which should oblige him to go on shore, or occasion particular charges at sea. About the latter end of July, he embarked on board a ship of the African company bound for Gambia.

Job's stature was five feet and ten inches; his limbs were straight, and his constitution naturally good; though the fatigues he underwent, and his practice of religious abstinence gave him a weakly and lean appearance. His countenance, though grave and composed, was exceedingly pleasant. His hair, very different from that of the negroes commonly brought from Africa, was long, black, and curled.

His natural parts were remarkably good; his head clear; his judgment solid; and his memory tenacious and quick in recollection. There was nothing overstrained, trifling, or dissembling in his reasonings: but his manner of arguing and debating was marked by strong sense, joined with an innocent simplicity, a strict regard to truth, and a desire to find it. Notwithstanding it was natural for him to have prejudices in favour of his own religious principles, it was very observable that he would reason upon any question of that kind in conversation with great temper and impartiality; at the same time he framed his replies in a manner calculated at once to support his own opinion, and to oblige or please his opponent. It was a considerable disadvantage to him in company, that he was not sufficiently master of our language; yet they who were accustomed to his way, by making proper allowances, always found themselves agreeably entertained by him.

The acuteness of his genius appeared upon many occasions. He readily conceived the mechanism of most of the ordinary instruments subjected to his inspection. When a plough, a grist mill, or a clock was taken to pieces before him, he was able to put them together again without any further direction. It is a proof of the powers of his memory, that at the age of sixteen he could say the whole Koran by heart. While he

was in England he wrote three copies of it without the assistance of any other copy, and without so much as looking to one as his guide in writing the others. He would often laugh at his friend, Mr. Bluett, on hearing him say he had forgotten any thing. He told him, "that he hardly ever forgot any thing in his life, and wondered that any body should."

There was a happy mixture of the grave and cheerful in his natural temper. His gentle mildness was guarded by a proper warmth. To all in distress he was kind and compassionate. He was commonly very pleasant in conversation; and would every now and then divert the company with some witty turn or agreeable story, but never to the prejudice of religion and good manners. It was visible that, notwithstanding his usual mildness, he had on necessary occasions sufficient courage. A story which he told showed this. Passing one day on his way home through the country of the Arabs, with four servants and several negroes which he had bought. he was attacked by fifteen of the wild Arabs, the common banditti or robbers in those parts. On the sight of this gang, Job prepared for defence; and, setting one of his servants to watch the negroes, he, with the other three, stood on his guard. One of his men was killed in the fight, and Job himself was run through the leg with a spear. However. two of the Arabs, together with their captain and two horses being killed, the rest fled, and Job secured his negroes.

His aversion to pictures of all sorts was exceedingly great; and, with great difficulty was he prevailed on to sit for his own. He was assured that pictures were never worshipped in this country, and his was desired for no other end but to preserve the remembrance of him. He at last consented, and it was drawn by Mr. Hoare, who, when the face was finished, asked in what dress it would be most proper to draw him? Job, desiring to be drawn in his own country dress, the artist replied, that unless he had seen it, or it were described by one who had, he could not draw it. Job remarked upon this: "If you can't draw a dress you never saw, why do some of you painters presume to draw God, whom no one ever saw?" Many of his repartees in company showed him to be a man of wit and humour. He expressed a disapprobation of Christianity as not allowing divorces. It was once observed to him, that a Christian takes a wife for better or for worse. Job replied: "What, if she prove *all worse?*"

Though he was a Mahomedan, he did not believe in a sensual paradise, nor did he adopt many other ridiculous and vain traditions, which pass current among the generality of the Turks. He was very constant in his devotion to God. He called one afternoon on the learned Dr. David Jennings, an eminent dissenting minister, after the family had dined. It was found that he had not broken his fast that day. Some pastry was procured and set before him, but he would not partake of it till he had retired into another parlour for devotion. He said, that he never prayed to Mahomed, nor did he think it lawful to address any but God himself in prayer. He was so fixed in the belief of one God, that it was not possible to give him any notion of a Trinity. A New Testament in his own language was put into his hands. When he had read it, he told Mr. Bluett he had "perused it with a great deal of care, but could not find one word in it of three Gods, as some people talk." On all occasions he discovered a singular veneration for the name of God, and never pronounced the word *Allah* without a peculiar accent, and a remarkable pause. His notions of God, Providence, and a future state, were indeed very just and reasonable.

His learning, considering the disadvantages of the place from whence

he came, was far from being contemptible. The books in his country, amounting to not more than thirty in number, and all on religion, were in Arabick and in manuscript. The Koran, he said, was originally written by God himself, not in Arabick, and God sent it by the angel Gabriel to Ababuker before Mahomed's birth. The angel taught Ababuker to read it; and no one can read it but those who are instructed after a different manner from that in which the Arabick is commonly taught.* Job was well acquainted with the historical part of our Bible, and spoke very respectfully of the good men who are mentioned in it, particularly of Jesus Christ, "who," he said, "was a very great prophet, and would have done much more good in the world if he had not been cut off so soon by the wicked Jews, which made it necessary for God to send Mahomed to confirm and improve his doctrine."

Job, in his captivity, comforted himself with reflections on the providence of God directing all events; and would, on proper occasions, speak in conversation justly and devoutly of God's care of all his creatures, and particularly of the remarkable changes in his own circumstances, all of which, he piously ascribed to an unseen hand. He frequently compared himself to Joseph. And when he was informed that the king of Futa had killed a great many of the Mandingoes on his account, he said with a good deal of concern: "If he had been there he would have prevented it; for it was not the Mandingoes, but God, who brought him to a strange land."

Job had heard, by vessels from Gambia, that after captain Pike sailed, his father sent down several slaves to purchase his redemption; and that Sambo, king of Futa, made war upon the Mandingoes, and cut off great numbers of them, upon account of the injury they had done to his school-fellow.

It was an instance of Job's good sense and foresight, that the reason of his learning from the sailors and writing the names of the headlands on the English coast was, as he told Mr. Bluett: "That if after his return he should meet with any Englishman in his own country, he might be able to convince him that he had been in England."

* The difference, in Mr. Bluett's opinion, depended only upon the pointing the Arabick, an invention of late date.

SIR E. BRYDGES, K. J. AND ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, "PASTORAL POET."

TURNING over, accidentally, the *Censura Literaria* for February, I happened to stumble, at p. 91, upon some blank verse of Robert Bloomfield's, introduced by a strong encomium of sir E. Brydges, K. J. Of the critical faculties of sir E. Brydges, K. J. I have not a very exalted notion; and I turned, therefore, to the poem itself, there to form my own opinion. It is addressed to a *Spindle*, once in the possession of Mr. Bloomfield's mother. And much as I may be inclined to praise the motive of the verse, yet I do believe, that any thing more contemptible in the form of ten-syllable lines, cannot be penned by a man of common sense. I will justify this assertion by two or three extracts.

"Relick of affection, come;
Thou shalt a moral teach to me and mine.
The hand that wound thee smooth is cold and spins
No more ! ! !"

This last line is as pure prose as ever fell from the pen of sir E. Brydges, K. J. himself; and it is as purely *bathos* as any thing to be found in English literature.

"Debility pressed hard around
The seat of life, and terrours filled her brain:
Nor causeless terrours: giants grim and bold,
Three mighty ones she feared to meet: they came;
Winter, *Old Age* and *Poverty*, all came!!!
The last had dropped his club."

What the *club of poverty* is, Mr. Bloomfield, I suppose, can tell me; but, as for the three giants, they are quite new.

"When death beheld
Her tribulation he fulfilled his task,
And to her trembling hand and heart at once
Cried, 'SPIN NO MORE!'"

Here, then, is the moral; and it appears that dame Bloomfield possessed the rare faculty of *spinning* with her *heart* as well as her *hand*; and that death came to ease them both. How natural that this last mentioned gentleman should find her in the very act of spinning. She, as her son so poetically exclaims,

"She who could spin so well!"

But she was a mighty spinner; for she spun "through all her days."

But now comes the great moral. The spindle was left half full of "downy fleece," and so

"'Tis the motto of the world!
We spin vain threads, and dream, and strive, and die,
With *sillier things* than *spindles* in *our hands!!!*"

This is, indeed, a pathetick and a sublime moral; and it serves Mr. Bloomfield for a basis whereby to make a transition to his "spinning" of verses.

"Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines."

His case seems desperate, and nothing but the same gentleman who stopped his mother's spindle will stop his pen; for thus he says himself:

"Then feeling, as I do, resistlessly,
The bias set upon my soul for verse,
Oh! should old age still find my brain at work,
And death, over some poor fragment striding, cry
'*Hold! spin no more!*' Grant Heaven, that purity
Of thought and texture may assimilate
That fragment unto thee," &c. &c.

This is unintelligible nonsense in some parts; and in others, it conveys alarming tidings as to the perpetual labours of Mr. Bloomfield's brain.—But now, let us hear sir E. Brydges, K. J. He introduces the above silliness [I have quoted nearly the whole of the piece] by saying:

"Every one is acquainted with the pastoral poetry of Bloomfield. It is not generally known, with what wonderful power and *pathos* he can write blank verse!!"

And he concludes it by adding:

"There is no reader of English poetry who does not recollect Cowper's exquisite lines on his mother's picture. *This fragment of Bloomfield's forms a noble companion to them!!!* It strikes me to be written in a loftier tone, and still more excellent manner than any of his other productions. Let him give new delight and astonishment to the world by a moral and descriptive poem in *blank verse!*"

Let me ask you, sir, who is most pitiable: he who receives such glaring adulation, or he who gives it. Perhaps the latter. For whether he bestows it from meanness of spirit, or from a wretched imbecility of intellect which disqualifies him for judging what he writes about, he is equally an object of pity. I do not remember any thing so absurd from Mr. Brydges, till he was made a knight. If any of your readers can give me a new perception, and teach me to find the meanest degree of merit in what I have extracted, I will unfeignedly thank him. But till then, my prayer is, that Mr. Bloomfield may ever have such an admirer, and such an admirer such poets to admire.

Sir E. Brydges, K. J. calls Mr. Bloomfield's prosaick inanity a "companion" to Cowper's exquisitely pa-

thetick lines on his Mother's Picture. I will take Cowper from my shelf, and quote the first dozen lines, and leave your readers to judge :

"Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine; thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft, in childhood, solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
'Grieve not my child, chase all thy fears away.'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannick claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same."

Let sir E. Brydges, K. J. confine himself to copying the titles of old books, and giving abstracts of their contents, and he will be suitably employed: but let him reverence himself in future, too much, to write such hyperbolical encomiums on so barren and mean a topick.

I am, sir, your's, &c.

CASTIGATOR.

March 7, 1809.

FROM THE LONDON ATHENÆUM.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,

THE following example of escape from apparently inevitable death is so singular, that I think it deserves to be recorded, and cannot but prove acceptable to your readers.

In the attack of Manilla by sir William Draper, in the year 1762, captain Richard Bishop, of the marines, greatly distinguished himself by his intrepidity and professional knowledge; in consequence of which, he was by that general made governour of the town and fort of Cavite, the principal port in the island of Luçonia. At this time there was in the neighbourhood a Malay of extraordinary bulk and strength, and of the most ferocious disposition, who had formerly worked in the dock yard, but had deserted, and having collected nearly a hundred men of like characters with himself, committed every species of lawless violence on the persons and property of the peaceable inhabitants. For the apprehension of this man captain Bishop had long offered considerable rewards, but without effect; when, one day riding out with a brother officer, attended by about forty men, he saw this desperado, armed with a carbine, a brace of pistols, a scymetar, and a dagger, issue out of a wood at a short distance, at the head of his troop. Instigated by a sudden emotion of resentment, Bishop determined to inflict on this man the just punishment of his offences; but being himself without weapons, he borrowed a pistol from the holsters of the officer who accompanied him. Thus provided, he galloped up to the Malay, and presented the pistol to his head. The Malay and his followers, confounded at this bold act of a single man, offered no resistance. The pistol missed fire; on which, Bishop, striking the Malay with it a violent blow on the head, knocked him off his horse. In the meanwhile the English troop, hastening to the assistance of their leader, and concluding him to be fully equal to cope with his fallen antagonist, pursued the banditti, who immediately fled, and both parties were soon out of sight. All this was the work only of a few seconds; during which, Bishop see-

ing the Malay stunned on the ground, alighted in order to secure him; or, if necessary, to kill him with one of his own weapons. No sooner, however, was he off his horse, than the Malay was on his feet, and began a desperate struggle with his rash assailant. It was the business of the former merely to employ his own offensive weapons; the latter had the double necessity of defeating their use, and of applying them to his own advantage. The Malay was singularly strong and active, inured to hard labour, and exerting himself in his native climate: the Englishman of much less muscular force, and that reduced by long privations, and by the influence of excessive heat; but the disparity was in a considerable degree compensated by the energy of an invincible mind.

This contest for life continued for almost an hour, when at length Bishop, almost fainting with fatigue, was thrown on his back, and the Malay, kneeling on him, drew his dagger, and with all his force aimed at his breast the fatal blow. At that moment Bishop, exerting his last remains of strength, with both hands averted the point of the dagger as it descended, and changing its direction, drove it upwards into the throat of the Malay, who immediately fell down dead upon him.

Bishop, unable to walk, crawled on his hands and knees to his horse, which he found grazing at the distance of a quarter of a mile, near the spot where the contest began. He mounted him with difficulty, and was soon afterwards happily joined by his friends, who had chased their opponents into some dangerous passes, and returned, not without solicitude for the fate of their commander, whom they had so long left.

The victor carried away the spoils of his enemy, part of which, the scymetar and fatal dagger, the writer of this letter has more than once seen. The story was first related to him by captain Bishop himself, and afterwards fully confirmed by the late colonel Flint, who at that time served with captain Bishop in the island.

Your readers will naturally look with anxiety to the subsequent history of this gallant officer; and they will learn, with deep regret, that he was lost on board his majesty's ship the Thunderer, commanded by commodore Walsingham, in the great hurricane which occurred in the West Indies, in the year 1780.

I am, sir,
Your obedient
Servant,
P. H. C.

LAW REPORT.

THE following case is perhaps unparalleled in the annals of Bow-street.

On Tuesday, May 16th, Miss Mary York, a young lady, about 24 years of age, was brought by Lavender before Mr. Nares, the sitting magistrate, on a charge under the Black Act, of a most extraordinary nature. Robert Coombes stated, that on Sunday afternoon, about five o'clock, he was passing through Kempton Park, in Sunbury; and as he was looking at some young men playing at cricket, he heard a gun go off, and immediately saw the prisoner, Miss Mary York, in a paddock, divided from the park by a paling, with a gun in her hand. He, in consequence, went up to the paling, and found Henry Parker there speaking to Miss York, and observing to her that, if she fired the gun off again in such a careless manner, he should come over the paling and take the gun from her. He heard her ask

her servant what fellow that was? pointing towards him. The servant replied, she did not know. Miss York then said: "I shall take the liberty of firing at *him*," and presented the gun at him. It snapped twice. He then got behind a tree to avoid its contents. She snapped the piece again, and it went off, presented at him. He saw Miss York put shot into the gun out of a shot belt, and saw her prime it with powder; her servant supplied her with powder to prime it. After the gun was fired, he and Parker got over the paling, and took the gun from her.

Henry Parker, a carpenter, of Sunbury, confirmed the above, and said, as he was walking along the road, he saw Miss York fire off the gun; her servant was close by her side at the time; he observed the ball from the gun strike the gravel road about three paces before him; he, in consequence, went to the paling, and asked her what she was firing at? She replied, if he insulted her in her private walks, she would shoot him: the ball made an aperture through the paling. At this the other witness, Coombes, came up to him, and related what had happened: and he, Parker, with Coombes, jumped over the paling, and took the gun from her.

The defence set up by Miss York was, that the witness, Coombes, had made use of some very improper language to her, and had thrown some pieces of the paling at her, which induced her to send her servant for the musket, and she had discharged it at Coombes in her own defence.

This was confirmed by the servant. Mr. Rolfe, the uncle of Miss York, the proprietor of the house where she resides, and the joint proprietor of the park, attended in behalf of Miss York, and in extenuation of the conduct of his niece, stated, that there was no road through the park, and therefore the witnesses, and those who were playing at cricket, were committing a trespass; but he, by no means, justified the conduct of his niece, in discharging a musket at them. Mr. Rolfe endeavoured to throw discredit upon the testimony of Coombes, insinuating that he was not a respectable character. Mr. Nares, however, did not consider any thing that had been said in defence, to amount to a justification of one of the most serious and outrageous acts that ever was committed, and particularly by a young lady; but would give it another hearing, upon Mr. Rolfe undertaking for the future appearance of Miss York and her servant, who, he conceived, had acted equally improper in fetching the gun, and in assisting in loading it. The prosecutors undertook to produce three witnesses to corroborate what they had stated, and on Friday the parties were again brought up to be examined, but on the witnesses being called, they did not answer. Some suspicion was entertained that they had been tampered with, and the magistrate ordered Miss York to be committed to New Prison, Clerkwell. Elizabeth Too, the servant, was admitted to bail, to answer what shall be objected against her at the next Quarter Sessions, herself in 300*l.* and two sureties 150*l.* each.

Order for the Lord Mayor's preparing the Ceremony of the Solemn Entry of Charles I. of Spain into London, A. D. 1522.

THE meeting of the emperour, his grace, with the lord mayor of London, and his brethren, with all other crafts of the said city in their liveries.

First, the said lord mayor must meet him at Deptford, and there shall receive him with procession.

Also at London bridge, there shall be two great giants standing at either

side of the gate, which shall deliver to the king's grace the keys, and the king to deliver them to the emperour.

Also upon the drawbridge shall be one pageant of Jason with the golden fleece; because the emperour giveth the golden fleece, as the king of England doth give the garter.

Also there shall be set, the likeness of the emperour, and all the kings that hold of the emperour, with crowns on their heads.

Also at the conduit, in Gracechurch street, there shall sit one man, in likeness of king Charles, with an emperour's crown upon his head, the emperour sitting on the right hand, and the king of England on the left hand of him; and he shall have two swords in his hand, and deliver one sword to the emperour, the other to the king's grace.

That is to understand, to the emperour as heir apparent, and to the king's grace as heir and governour generall.

Also, at the Leadenhall shall be one pageant of the duke of Lancaster, how he was married in Spain, and of all his lineage that came of him since that time, and targetts upon them, that they may be known, and their arms upon the targetts, to be known thereby.

At the conduit in Cornehill shall sit king Arthur as an emperour, and all the kings crowned that did hold of him.

Then he shall present the king with one sword, and welcome the emperour with a speech.

Also at the conduit in the Stocks, there shall be made one castle and an orchard, and one garden made by advice, and shall be with birds singing upon trees, and divers manner of wild beasts, and motes with sluices, with fishes swimming in them.

And out of two ports of the corners shall come two men, one like the king, another like the emperour, having two swords in their hands, clean armed, and shall meet and kiss, and the Father of Heaven being over their heads, blessing them.

Also at the great conduit in Cheapside shall be two ports, one shall be the east gate, and the other shall be the west; and at the coming of the east gate there shall be there a rose, like to the bud of a rose, and so to come down and open more and more, and at the last it shall be opened all.

And there shall be a maiden with a red rose and a white in her hands, clothed in cloth of gold, delivering unto the king the red rose, and to the emperour the white rose.

Also at the standard in the Cheap there shall be the storie of king Solomon, with his progeny.

Also a cross in the Cheap, gilded after the best manner.

Also at the little conduit in the Cheap, shall be the assumption of Our Lady, as goodly as can be wrought, &c. angells, archangells, patriarchs, prophets, with the apostles in the heavenliest manner. The sun, the moon, with the stars shining bright, which shall open and bow down to the honour of Our Lady, with voices of young choristers, the which shall sing most sweetly, as may be devised by musick.

CHARACTERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE specimen which follows is very whimsical but very expressive, and may serve as a lively picture of former manners, of parts of dress now unknown, of delicacies perfectly foreign to the present taste, and of national peculiarities to which modern customs bear not the smallest similitude. It is extracted from *Thomas Reeve's* Sermons, delivered with-

in the city of London, and entitled, "God's Plea for Nineveh, or London's Precedent for Mercy. Printed by William Wilson, for Thomas Reeve, B. in Divinity, living at the Bunch of Grapes in Chancery Lane, near Lincolnes-Inne. 1657."

The Drudge.

If thou beest for profit, thy ranges are known; after thou hast called up thy servants to hunt for gain at home, thou thyself, as one in full quest for lucre abroad, art visiting other men's storehouses, searching their warehouses, ransacking their cellers; thou goest to the customhouse to try what exporting and importing there hath been, thou repairest to the exchange to examine what merchant thou canst meet with, with whom thou maist truck in minivers, and tissues, musks, and civets, the teeth of elephants, the bones of whales, the stones of bezars, the claws of crabs, the oyles of swallows, the skins of vipers, yea, be it but in black coal, black pitch, white chalk, white sope, rusty iron, or abominable mummy, it will serve the turn; or if thy merchandising fail there, thou turnest thy trading another way, to seek about for a license, or a patent, or perhaps to pry out some decayed heir, or foundered gallant, that thy ferret might be sent forth into that burrow, or thy setting dog let loose to drive that covey, to hook in some mortgage, or to prey upon some forfeiture, and if all these devices will not take place, then thou stirrest thy legs to go suck venome from a petty-fogger, or magick from some conjurer. And thus doth the *Drudge of the World* spend his day.

The Gallant.

If thou beest for bravery, I cannot follow thee by the track, nor find out thy various motions. The gallant is counted a wild creature; no wild colt, wild ostrich, wild cat of the mountain, comparable to him; he is, indeed, the buffoon, and baboon of the times; his mind is wholly set upon cuts and slashes, knots and roses, patchings and pinkings, jaggins, taggins, borderings, brimmings, half-shirts, half-arms, yawning brests, gaping knees, arithmeticall middles, geometricall sides, mathematicall waste, musicall heels, and logicall toes. I wonder he is not for the Indians branded skin, and ringed snowts. His phantastick dotages are so many, that he hath a free-school, bookish about inventions for him; nay, an academy of wits studying deeply to devise fashions according to his humour: know ye not the multitude of students, artists, graduates that are subliming their notions to please this one light head? Then hear them by their names, perfumers, complexioners, feather-makers, stitchers, snippers, drawers, yea who not? yet amongst these doth the nited spark spend out his time: this is the *Gallant's* day.

The Epicure.

If thou beest for dainties, how art thou then for spread-tables and plenished flagons? thou art but a pantry-worm, and a pastry-fly. Thou art all for inlandish meat, and outlandish sawces, thou art the dapifer to thy palate or the cup-barer to thy appetite, the creature of the swallow, or the slave of the wesand. The land hath scars flesh, the sea fish, or the air fowl curious enough for thy licorous throat; by thy good will thou wouldst eat nothing but kids and fawns, carps and mullets, snipes and quailes; and drink nothing but Frontiniack, white muskadines, leathick wine, and *Vin de Pary*. Thy olies, and hogoes, creepers and peepers, Italian cippets and French broths, do shew what a bondman to the paunch thou art; even the idolatour of the banquetting house. *Thy belly is thy god.* Thus doth the glutton waste out his pilgrimage: this is the *Epicure's* day.

HISTORY OF ALI, PACHA OF JANINA:

His Origin, Character, Power, Subjects, and Resources.

IN a regular government, as understood among ourselves, we admit as an incontrovertible maxim, that the exercise of power should flow from one source. That source is the paramount officer of the sovereignty: in Britain, the crown. We know no divided, or parallel authority: no principle on which an individual holds an office, or governs a district, in contradiction to the will of the king, as advised by his council. We know of no army paid from any other purse than that of the nation. Even the king himself dare not show a single troop clothed and accoutred from his private purse; still less dare a noble to raise a regiment, or train a battalion without a commission from the chief of the realm. When our sovereign thinks proper too, he can withdraw his commission, and the party who held it is no longer competent to perform acts of government. No governour considers his province as his property, and therefore refuses to relinquish the appointment: no governour presumes to enlarge his province by acquiring influence in another, or by carrying his arms into neighbouring districts, and forcing the inhabitants to acknowledge his supremacy. No governour considers the duties on commerce as the revenue of himself, or of his province, exclusively, further than may contribute to, or at least than consists with, the general welfare of the state, as one body. But every dominion is not so happily constituted. The connexion between the supreme power and the delegate is, in some constitutions, but feeble: and a man of intrepidity shall sometimes cause the sovereign, whose subject and servant he professes to be, to tremble. The cause of this is despotism. A despot must be served by other despots: they individually tremble before him: he trembles before them, collectively. Or when two or three of these acquire influence over their fellows, and become leaders of a party, the head of the government is not safe in his castle.

It has lately been our duty to record revolutions and re-revolutions by which the Turkish court and capital have been convulsed. We saw Mustapha Bairactar expel the drones who formed the Ottoman ministry. In a few weeks we saw Mustapha overwhelmed by an insurgent multitude, and his enemies prevail against him. The means employed to accomplish this are known to few: and most of our countrymen who have taken up the persuasion that the Grand Seignior is a despotick prince (as in truth he is) are at a loss to conceive by what means his deputies can organize insurrections against him, and imprison or destroy their master, almost at their pleasure.

Among the adherents of Mustapha Bairactar, Ali, pacha of Janina, holds a conspicuous place. The army and the publick have directed much of their attention to his conduct, and have watched his proceedings with anxiety. We have thought, that the history of this chief might contribute to throw light on the cause of this publick attention, while at the same time it would show what sandy materials are combined in the service of the Sublime Porte. On this sandy nature of these materials Buonaparte places his reliance, for the accomplishment of his projects against the Turkish empire. He conceives, that this subdivided government, when invaded by his concentrated forces, will yield with little resistance, and that he may substitute himself as the centre of allegiance, instead of a descendant of Ottoman, at a word speaking. On the other hand, we suspect that the approach of extreme danger would induce these now disunited pachas to com-

bine for their mutual protection. That they would have discretion enough to perceive that the destruction of the Ottoman authority would not fail to issue in the ruin of their own houses, and the formation of dukedoms, and marquisates, &c. for the generals of the emperour and king. He will meet with a resistance in detail. The nature of the country favours his adversaries; and there is a possibility, that some desperate genius of a Turk may teach him to think less of his own abilities, and not to sell the bear's skin till he has conquered and flayed the bear. The present war with Austria has Turkey for its object, on the part of France. If Turkey is wise, her troops will take a position that will not permit Russia to direct a great force at her pleasure. Turkey, in short, may hold a kind of check on her neighbours, if not properly speaking, the balance of her neighbourhood; and Buonaparte may f[illegible] that the road to Persia and India, his ultimate object, is blocked up too strongly to admit of his passage.

But waving all further reference to the politicks of Napoleon *le grand!* we wish to introduce our readers to a Turkish chief, who, in spite of adversity, has raised himself to distinction; who studies the newspapers of Europe, and foresees that one day these cursed Europeans may give him uneasiness; a chief who wants nothing but skill in the discipline of the unbelievers to make them tremble in their turn, and dread the very name of the pacha of Janina. The attachment of a semi-barbarian to his savage independence, may present greater obstacles to the progress of infuriate ambition, than all which have affected to oppose the triumph of the insolent victor, throughout the regions of civilized but infatuated Europe.

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Ali, the present pacha of Janina, was born in a village, in the neighbourhood of Tebeleni, or Tebdélem, a town of the ancient Thesprotia, now a part of Albania, distant about 60 miles from Janina, north. His father was, it is said, a pacha of two tails, who commanded there; and his mother, who possessed the courage of the Amazons of that country, imparted it to him with his existence. When his father died, Ali was too young to defend his dominions, and would have been despoiled of them, had not his mother seized the reins of administration, put herself at the head of the Albanese, and by her undaunted courage, aided by the sacrifice of her property, successfully repelled the repeated attacks of his numerous enemies.

In the midst of battles, by which the peace of Thesprotia was frequently disturbed, Ali, in rising to manhood, imbibed the first principles of war, and the habit of command. As soon as he was able to carry a musket, he took his place in the ranks. Bravest among the brave, he successively went through all the steps of military promotion, and did not presume to command his companions, till he had proved himself worthy of preeminence, by military achievements which secured their friendship. He then succeeded his mother. He was not indeed always successful; and Fortune, more than once, betrayed his courage without daunting it. Ali, expelled from Tebeleni, having lost almost all his villages, was at one time reduced to a few *piarats* with which to pay his troops. Undismayed by adversity, he knew how to create other resources, and the consequent revolution decided his fate.

From that moment his power was on the rise; men of courage from all parts flocked to his standard; and his dominions were gradually extended. He soon carried his thoughts beyond the narrow limits by which his youth had been circumscribed. The late pacha of Janina, from want of energy, had left the whole of

Albania a prey to anarchy, and on his being beheaded, Ali was named to the vacant pachalick, and took possession of Janina, the present seat of his power.

Prudent in prosperity, Ali lost no time in taking the necessary steps to strengthen his precarious and blood-stained authority. He accordingly increased his dominions, by reducing the rebels in arms against the Porte; these he afterwards took under his protection as subjects; and above all he sheltered and favoured the Greek religion. He also contracted alliances with the Agas of Thessalia; and associated his two sons into his power, by obtaining for them the titles of pachas. Lastly, after a series of successes, which surpassed even his most sanguine expectations, Ali received the three tails, on his return from the Widin expedition against Passwan Oglu, in 1798.

He is now [1809] 52 years of age; and no signs of premature old age are discernible in him; his noble and open countenance, marked by strong features, pourtrays all the violent emotions of his soul. He knows, however, how to command it, when necessary; and his looks become engaging. Yet even at such times, his but half-constrained laughter, denotes that his tongue is at variance with his heart. On the other hand, when he punishes, he is unable to conceal his wrath; and the convulsive distortion of his features manifests without reserve his violence of temper. In figure he is tall and athletick: brave to the extreme: and his arms and bosom are graced by numerous honourable scars.

Steady in his plans, he has adopted a line of conduct, from which he has sometimes deviated through circumstances, but which he has kept constantly in view. Convinced that by money he can always preserve favour with the Porte, he regularly pays his tributes to the Sultan, though he has made himself independent in fact. His avarice, for which he has been harshly censured, has no other motive; and it may be considered as his means of self-preservation. He delights in saying that he is a modern Pyrrhus (or *Bourrhous*, as he pronounces it) but a Pyrrhus, however, who shows a due regard for his sovereign. Unlike most other pachas, by his general knowledge, his eyes are always fixed on what is passing in Europe. He gets newspapers translated; eagerly seeks for information; and is no stranger to the various oscillations of the political system.

Equally attentive to the frequent commotions which take place in the Turkish empire, he uniformly avails himself of the weakness of that government, to extend his dominions, and to seize advantageous posts. He trusts for his justification in his numerous creatures, in the powerful friends whom he pays, even in the divan; and the Porte, knowing his resources, feels deeply interested in keeping on fair terms with him.

Not satisfied, however, with an ephemeral power, Ali has looked forward to futurity, with a determination not to leave his pachalick to a stranger. We have already said, that he has obtained for his two sons, the titles of pachas; and the Porte, which generally waits for the death of its officers, to reassume its rights, seems to have lost Albania for ever. Mouctar, the eldest son of Ali, following his father's example, has given proofs of the greatest energy; he may even be accused of ferocity. Veli, of a more gentle disposition, seems engrossed by the cares of administration. United, however, by the firmest friendship, no motives of interest have hitherto divided these brothers. Ali has governed Orta, and Negropont, with the title of pacha. Veli fills the place of *Dervendgi Pacha*, or "inspector of the highways." By this union of offices, the sensible Ali has secured supports in his two sons, whose strict union strengthens his authority more and more. Ali, always a true Albanese

at heart, speaks only that language, or modern Greek. He places his happiness in commanding those to whom he is indebted for his elevation. Mouctar has learnt Turkish, and from his youth has been familiar with the din of arms, as led by his warlike disposition. Veli, better informed, acquires every day more instruction, and is acquainted with the oriental languages.

Ali has chosen his residence in a peninsula, formed by the lake Acherusia; and connected with Janina by a narrow isthmus, which is defended by a strong castle. Here, inaccessible to attack, Ali lives secluded from the town, and from his subjects. In this strong hold, capable of resistance for a long while, even after the taking of Janina, he is surrounded by a chosen band of Albanese, secured by conscious bravery rather than by the display of terrour. He does not, however, neglect that mean of enforcing his authority in his capital; but it is tempered with occasional marks of condescending confidence. Not long ago [in 1805] all the shops were shut on his appearance in the streets; and he felt some complacency, in seeing himself thus feared. He begins to perceive, that the love of his subjects is preferable to their fear; and he has laid aside part of the terrifick pomp that surrounded him. Free from that barbarous ferocity which sheds blood without motive, he never imbrues his hands in it, but through interest, or to secure his tranquillity, which, from his mistrustful temper, he perhaps considers as exposed to more dangers than actually exist. Moreover he protects commerce and industry. These he delights in fixing in his dominions: and his views on this subject are really astonishing, considering the barbarous state in which he has been till now supposed to live.

The army of Ali pacha is almost exclusively composed of Albanese, who being accustomed to the keen air of their mountains, and wrapt up in their thick surtouts, seem to disregard the difference of seasons. While encamped they spend the whole day in wrestling, singing, and dancing; and from their habitual sobriety, a slight distribution of wheaten, or maize bread, with black olives, or a few pickled sardines, is reckoned a treat. Very different from the Turks, whom they call *Osmanlis*, and whose sole happiness is in indolence, the Albanese are always in motion. They hail the approach of danger with joyful acclamations; but, whatever be the event, they never fail of claiming the whole merit of the success; and above all they never acknowledge a defeat. When repulsed, they only say, that they have not been victorious; but if they can carry off a head, they loudly exult in the trifling advantage. At night, those thick surtouts we have mentioned serve them as beds. Their head is barely covered by their *fechs* (a kind of bonnet, somewhat like that of the Highlanders) their legs are, however, well guarded by *cothurnes*; they are, literally, loaded with arms; and satisfied with their lot, they place their happiness in a camp life. Diseases are so few among them, that out of six thousand men encamped on active service, for a length of time, no more than twenty could be found on the sick list. It must be said, on the other hand, that as an Albanese never complains, except when actually ill, so no power can keep him in the ranks when he is sick. He then retires to his family, in his native mountains; but hastens to join his colours when recovered.

The Albanese soldier glories in his profession. He shows, with pride, his numerous scars, as titles to honourable distinction. The tattered state of his linen and garments, is also an occasion of exultation; and to express the utmost bravery of an Albanese, they say, that he never quits his shirt till it falls in rags. In short, in the men of Epirus an observer might find the soldiers of Alexander, of Pyrr-

hus, and of Scanderberg. With such men properly disciplined, a general might do wonders, and could, perhaps, change the face of the oriental world. In the decline of the empire, the Albanese alone have maintained their true characteristicks; proud, and panting for battle, they are delighted, they are transported, at the clashing of arms. The Albanese officers are generally accompanied by a kind of squire, who, on a march, carry their cuirass, and their arms. Their dress and mode of living, give some faint idea of our ancient knights.

It would be useless here to detail the petty intrigues, the desultory warfare and the crimes of all kinds by which Ali gradually extended his dominions. They now comprise Epirus, Arcadia, the mountains of Pindus, Phocida, a part of Etolia, Thessalia, and some districts of Macedonia; together with Crevesa, and other seaports formerly belonging to the Venetians, and which he has wrested from the French.

The pachas of Arta, Argyro-castron, Ochrida, and Delvino, are, in fact, dependent on him, though he suffers them to enjoy the show and trappings of authority; and even the fierce tribes which dwell in the craggy mountains of Epirus, have either felt the power of his arms, or have been subdued by his intrigues.

The revenue drawn by Ali from these countries, may be valued at 400,000*l.* including the taxes, which are collected with less severity than in the rest of the empire; the produce of his numerous flocks, and his profits on the sale of wool and timber, and indeed on trade in general, for he is the greatest trader and first monopolist in his dominions. This sum is sufficient to pay his tributes to the Porte; to defray the expenses of his household; and to maintain his army.

His forces may amount in peaceable times to six or eight thousand Albanese; though in cases of great emergency, as in the expedition against Passwan Oglu, he has brought five and twenty thousand men into the field; but then the additional expense is amply repaid by the Porte. He has, besides, in his dominions, the elements of a most excellent militia; for the profession of arms is that of every Albanese. They are found throughout the empire, in the service of every pacha, whose guard they generally compose, and they take an active and leading part in all the commotions which desolate the empire. When by these means they have acquired what they consider a competency, they invariably return to their native mountains; and are always ready to obey the call of their pacha. Others prefer the profession of *haïdouts*, *i. e.* highway robbers, and after having acquired a property by that course of life, they likewise return, and are never thought the worse of, on that account. As they are acquainted with the darkest passes of the country, they are most formidable in partial encounters, in which the Mussulmen are known to be generally superiour to the disciplined troops of Europe.

To these natural means of defence and attack, Ali unites all the craft of a politician; as well in attaching men to his interests, as in effecting the ruin of those whose designs he suspects. He never vexes his agas by preventing their extortions. On the contrary, he lets them act at their own discretion; well convinced, that rogues will never seek for change, when they are assured of impunity; and from this conduct some of them are fanatically devoted to him.

He never lulls himself in dangerous security; and, always on the watch for European news, as we have observed already, he never lets a foreigner pass through his dominions, without summoning him into his presence; not so much with a view to extort a present from him, though he is as greedy as any other

Turk, as to get information. He afterwards compares the various intelligence that he has received; he calculates events; and every thing induces a belief that Ali will be one of the strongest supports of his master, though his services will be those of a great feudatory, rather than of a devoted slave.

The pachalick of Ali, like the rest of the Ottoman empire, having a population infinitely disproportionate to its extent of territory, the land though not remarkably fruitful or well cultivated, produces more than is adequate to the wants of the inhabitants. With the surplus they procure the money for paying their taxes; and to purchase European manufactures, so necessary in a country where even the most common arts of civilisation are utterly unknown. Arms of every kind form an object essentially necessary to such a warlike people. They even are an object of luxury among them. They generally prefer the guns and pistols from the manufactures of Brescia. They likewise import their glass and their paper from Italy. Their women, whose greatest finery is a gold-embroidered handkerchief, receive gold and silver thread from Vienna. Germany also, supplies them with woollen cloth and hardware.

From the ports of Orta, Crevesa, Vallona, Durazzo, and from the mouths of the Boïnna, they export annually in Sclavonian, or Ragusan vessels, five or six cargoes of oil, for Trieste and Venice; three or four of wool, of all kinds, mostly unwashed, destined for Ancona and Genoa; three or four of corn for Genoa; and one or two of tobacco, for Naples and Messina.

Before the revolution, France, which had a constant intercourse with Albania, monopolized most of that trade, with the addition of several valuable cargoes of timber, much superiour in quality to that of the Baltick. It was employed in the dock yards of Toulon; and it has been remarked that the finest frigates in the French navy were built of that kind of oak, which had been furnished by the forests of Albania.

PREMATURE ERUDITION.

AN article in the foreign journals, under the head of Mersburgh, June 10, says: "A distinguished professor in one of our colleges being desirous to excite emulation among his pupils, brought before them a child of only seven years and ten months. He listened with attention to the Greek lesson which the professor was expounding, and which he desired the child to go on with. All his astonished pupils heard the child construe, to the satisfaction of every one, a passage in Plutarch with which he was previously unacquainted, and give every explanation that could be required. Cesar's Commentaries were next handed him, and he translated, readily and distinctly, sentences which had puzzled the youths around him. In the course of his translating, he was also examined on the parts of speech, concord, syntax, &c. which he analyzed and explained with a facility and accuracy which excited the astonishment of all who were present. He construed, likewise, an Italian book, which one of the company had brought with him, and conversed familiarly in that language. The sequel of the conversation proved his extensive knowledge in history, geography, &c. Fortunately for this prodigy of learning, he is well formed, and enjoys perfect health. He possesses all the playfulness, all the modesty and simplicity of a child of his tender years, and is not even conscious that he is the object of

universal admiration. His father is the celebrated doctor Charles Wette, minister of Lochan, near Halle, who unfortunately refuses to communicate the method (peculiar to himself) which he adopted to instruct a child who resembles Heinckenand Baratier, the prodigies of their times. It is a well attested fact, that the former excelled in knowledge at the tender age of two years, and that he died before he had completed his fourth. Baratier, after having astonished Europe by the variety and extent of his acquirements at a very early period, died, apparently of old age, before he attained his nineteenth year.

OBITUARY.

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE MRS. HANNAH COWLEY.

ON the 11th of last March, died at Tiverton, Devonshire, the place of her nativity, in the 66th year of her age, Mrs. Hannah Cowley, an authoress, who may be justly said to have been celebrated in every walk of the drama, and in every measure of poetry.

This lady was the daughter of the late Mr. Parkhurst, also of Tiverton; a gentleman as universally respected and esteemed for his learning and probity, as for a peculiar flow of humour, which enlivened his conversation. Mrs. Cowley's genius may, in some respects, be considered as hereditary. Her grandmother by the father's side having been first cousin to the celebrated poet Gay, by whom she was held in such high estimation, that he passed a considerable portion of his time at her house in Barnstaple.

In addition to his other qualifications, Mr. Parkhurst had attained a proficiency in classical literature, which gained him the reputation of having been an excellent scholar.

Under such a tutor, was the genius of our authoress inspired and cultivated; and she presented him in return with the first fruits of her muse, by prefixing his name to the poem of the Maid of Aragon, in a dedication, which evinced at once the fire of youthful genius, and the genuine effusions of filial gratitude.

Mrs. Cowley's first dramatick *Coup d'Essai*, was the comedy of the Runaway. This play, produced in March, 1776, was the last new piece brought out by Mr. Garrick, previous to his resigning the management of Drury-lane theatre.

The first act of this play, *verbatim*, as it now stands, is said to have been produced one morning before dinner. It met the encouragement of her husband, who wished to see it finished. It was accordingly completed in a fortnight, and transmitted to Mr. Garrick, at his then residence, at Hampton court.

This comedy which was so favourably received, that it first introduced the practice of what, in dramatick phraseology, is termed "Running Plays," was performed a successive number of nights, with distinguished applause. And we may judge what must have been the receipts of the treasury of the theatre, when it produced to the fair authoress eight hundred guineas.

Her next effort in the drama, in point of composition, though not of representation, was the tragedy of Albina, which was brought out by Mr. Colman, at his summer theatre in the Haymarket, on the 30th of

July, 1779. The farce of "Who's the Dupe," was performed at Drury-lane, in the month of April preceding, and it was received with that applause, which, whenever performed, it now never fails to obtain.

The Belles Stratagem, came out at Covent Garden, in February, 1780, and it was received with such loud and boundless acclamation, that it had the honour of being patronized by the queen, before whom it was performed once every season, for twenty years after its first appearance.

This play, when published, was by express permission dedicated to her majesty.

Stimulated by her favourable reception with the publick, Mrs. Cowley continued to cultivate her acquaintance with the dramatick muses, and the Belles Stratagem was successively followed by the comedies of "Which is the Man," "A Bold Stroke for a Husband," &c.

The limits of this article will not permit us to dwell upon the merits of several beautiful pieces of fugitive poetry; such as her specimens in imitation of Cowley, Monologue on the death of Chatterton, the verses occasioned by lady Manners's Ode to Solitude [which produced an intimacy between the two ladies] her poem entitled, Edwina, inserted in a late history of Cumberland, with some beautiful little poems, which appeared in the newspapers of the day, and which raised newspaper poetry to an eminence it had never before attained. We proceed to notice her flights in the higher regions of epic poetry.

Her productions in this line, which have yet been published, are the Maid of Aragon, the Scottish Village, and the Siege of Acre.

The poems which we have above alluded to, abound with beautiful and glowing imagery; but in critical justice it must here be admitted, that amidst the most luxuriant descriptions, and the most smooth and elegant numbers, we find inequalities, which prove that our fair authoress had been more intent upon seizing the pictures of those images, which, in the enthusiasm of genius, crowded upon her mind, than in polishing what she had written.

This objection, indeed, may be applied to most of her poems, and those passages which abound in animated and impressive imagery, throw into stronger contrast the few lines which appear inharmonious and prosaick.

It must still, however, be allowed, notwithstanding these objections, that nothing can exceed the charms of the poetry, in many of the passages; thus, in the Maid of Aragon, the Old Aragonian King, the Fair Osmida, the Moorish Prince, and the French De Couci, are so many distinct portraits, coloured by the vivid pen of genius; whilst in the tragedy of Albina, the characters of Old Westmoreland and Gondibert, are portrayed in the grandest style, and display an intimate acquaintance with the age of chivalry.

The wonderful facility of this lady's pen, and the rapidity with which, if we may be allowed the term, the flashes of her genius were transferred to her paper, is not less remarkable than the strength and variety of its powers. Her productions, indeed, from that sprightliness and ease, by which they are characterized, exhibit those spontaneous coruscations of genius, which all the laboured exertions of art must despair to accomplish.

——Ipse volens facilisque sequetur,
Si te Fata vocant; aliter non viribus ullis
Vincere, nec duro poteris convellere ferro.

In all the walks of the legitimate drama, Mrs. Cowley has left ample specimens, to entitle her to rank with the first dramatick authors of the day. Scorning to attempt ephemeral fame, to administer to the perverted taste of the times, to court the acclamation of the galleries, and implore the aid of the grimacer, the painter, or

the machinist, Mrs. Cowley, like the veteran Cumberland, has never deserted those banners of legitimate comedy, under which she first enlisted.

Equally at home in the sublime and pathetick, as in the humorous, she entered at once into the feelings of a hero, or a monarch, with as much success as into those of a slop-seller, or a coquette. Doiley, in the farce of Who's the Dupe, is perhaps unrivalled on the stage; whilst Gradus, Doricourt, Flutter, Hardy, lord Sparkle, and the Pendragons, are all distinct and highly coloured portraits.

We must also here, in justice to departed merit, notice her peculiar excellence in colouring the female character. For proof of this we can safely rest our appeal to her Miss Hardy in the Belles Stratagem, and Olivia in the Bold Stroke for a Husband.

The last hurried effort of this lady's pen was in unison with the excellence of her heart. It was a little poem in aid of benevolence; an act of charity to one who moved in the humble sphere of sexton of the parish, and whose little property had been swallowed up by the late floods.

This little poem gives a pathetick picture of the poor man's efforts, whilst his cottage was overwhelmed; describes his losses; and delicately claims attention towards one whose pride was in conflict with his poverty; one whose situation claimed that assistance which he could not bring himself directly to beg.

From her habits, Mrs. Cowley might truly be termed a most disinterested votary of the muses. Her pen was not guided by mercenary views. She wrote merely for the pleasure she felt in writing. The poem of the Siege of Acre, was given to a respectable bookseller, who asked for it. She reserved none of her manuscripts, nor did she wait to correct them. Thus her newspaper poetry was written and sent off, frequently within four and twenty hours after the event which had given birth to it.

Her dramatick habits had given a dramatick hue to all her compositions; and we find her occasionally assuming a fictitious signature, and answering or addressing some love-sick youth, or despairing maid, where existence to her was merely ideal.

In this lady's conversation (and the writer of this article has had the pleasure of having been occasionally present) there was nothing of that proud superiority which persons, possibly of more learning, but less genius, sometimes assume to awe and intimidate. Easy and affable in her manners, it was ever Mrs. Cowley's endeavour to raise to a level with herself, those whose timidity would have placed below it.

Sometimes, indeed, she would enliven the topick under discussion with some sprightly sallies; but these were bright without being dazzling, the spontaneous effusions of genius, emanating from an excellent heart, and corrected by a well regulated mind.

The same ease and affability which distinguished her conversation, characterized her epistolary correspondence, where the ease and familiarity of the style soothed any sense of inferiority, and rendered her letters probably not the least perfect of her compositions.

Mrs. Cowley was married at a very early period to a gentleman who died in India, a captain in the company's service, and brother to Mr. Cowley, an eminent merchant of Gateaton street.

She has left a son, now at the bar, and a daughter, married in India to the Rev. Dr. Brown, provost of the magnificent college of Calcutta.

The following is a list of her principal known publications, viz.

Epic poems—The Maid of Aragon; Scottish Village; and Siege of Acre.

Tragedies—Albina, Fate of Sparta

Comedies.—The Runaway; Belles Stratagem; Which is the Man; A Bold Stroke for a Husband; More Ways than One; A Day in Turkey; Both Ends of the Town; Second Thoughts are Best; with the farce of, Who's the Dupe.

These, as they have individually passed the ordeal of criticism, and would be an acquisition to the library, we hope to see republished in a collective shape.

ANECDOTES.

ROLF KRAGE, with a party of his warriours, once entered a house in Sweden. The Swedes, who hated him, lighted a fire according to the custom of those days, in the middle of the room. But they gradually added so much fuel to the fire, that the heat became intolerable. When Rolf perceived there was no passage for a retreat from the upper part of the room where he and his friends sat; and that the Swedes, who occupied the lower part, might go out wherever they thought proper, he calmly inquired into their motives for such conduct? "We mean nothing at all," said the Swedes in a scoffing tone. "Rolf and his men are known not to dread either fire or steel!" "True!" said Rolfe, "we will therefore show you that we even dare to add fuel to the fire, and then to pass through it." Rolf, and his followers, then threw their shields into the fire, by which the flames were, for a moment subdued; when they leaped over it, and chastised the wanton malignity of the Swedes. Hardihood was at that time a quality so requisite in a hero, that Rolf could not have solicited them to spare his life, without disgrace. This happy thought saved both his life and honour.

IN the diocese of Aggershuus, in Norway, lived many years ago a gentleman, whose life was remarkable, though it has not excited much publick curiosity. He had been a student, and was afterwards appointed to a vicarage; but feeling no inclination for the church, he resigned, and was made a justice of the peace for the province of Lower Rommerige, which situation he filled during twenty years. As he resided always in the country, agriculture soon became the principal object of his attention. He carried it on diligently himself, and encouraged others to follow his example.—It was his delight to husband uncultivated lands, and improve those already cultivated. He, therefore, greatly promoted fertility and opulence among his neighbours and others. To increase this benefit, he bestowed great pains, particularly in his latter years, in the improvement of agriculture, and in encouraging and rewarding industry. He was a gentleman of independent circumstances, had no children, lived frugally, and daily increased his store. He was, therefore, able to render services to others, in a manner which did him honour. Many benevolent traits of his life have either been forgotten, or not remarked. Some, however, are recorded, which deserve notice here.

In the year 1748, when the inhabitants of Lower Rommerige were distressed for seed corn, he lent them eighty quarters of oats of his own growth, on condition, that it should be paid, as circumstances might make it convenient. Part of it remained unpaid at his death, in 1750, and he never attempted to enforce payment during his life time.

In the preceding year, he purchased a large, but neglected, and badly cultivated farm in the parish of Hoeland, which he improved in such a manner, that the annual seed increased from 15 to 35 quarters, and the crop from 35 to from 2 to 300 quarters. Having thus established this farm, he presented it to a poor farmer's boy (not related to himself) whom he had brought up in rural economy; and thinking him likely to become an able manager, he further gave him 2000 dollars.

He also purchased a fourth part of a farm, which he improved greatly, and presented it to an old and faithful servant, whom he had also brought up to the study of agriculture.

Independent of these estates, he had three others in the parish of Fend, as well as other lands; and, in order to be certain that these lands, by being well cultivated, might yield benefits to those who had inclination, without means, to become purchasers, he made known, that he would dispose of them to young and industrious poor people, on such conditions, as would suit their circumstances. He proposed, that they should pay him a small sum annually during his life; and, at his decease, the property to belong to them and their heirs, without any further payment. But before this noble intention was effected, he died; and many young people had to regret their having lost such an excellent opportunity of establishing their future welfare.

The people in the neighbourhood zealously followed his worthy example, which induced Lembak to confer on them silver medals in testimony of his high sense of their exertions.

He also distributed rewards for the extermination of ruinous animals, and birds of prey.

Thus this generous patriot substantially proved, how near the welfare of his country clung to his heart, by encouraging and assisting the farmers; but Lembak's zeal was not confined to that particular class of men. Wherever he found industry, it was always sure of meeting his countenance. The female peasants in the neighbourhood never exhibited to him their work but he immediately made purchases; and commending their diligence, paid them a higher price than they demanded for their goods, although he might have bought them better and cheaper elsewhere. From the poor cottagers, who were capable of manufacturing wooden ware, he bought ploughs, harrows, and other implements of husbandry, even when he did not want them. Beneficent as he thus proved himself to the industrious, he was inexorable to vagrants, whom he not only denied his assistance, but even made it a point to see them conveyed to places where they would be forced to labour.

In domestick life, he proved himself a virtuous and considerate man; paid the highest regard to religion; and acted in his situation according to the dictates of conscience. He dressed and lived frugally; it was pleasing to him to gain in an honest way; but it was still more agreeable for him to lay out what he had gained to real advantage. Whenever he received rents, or any other certain, or uncertain revenue, he said: "This shall be planted in the ground, and bear fruit."

When his publick or private concerns afforded him moments of leisure, his chief amusements consisted in reading and musick. He sang songs of his own composition, and accompanied himself on the guitar. He read good books, particularly the works of the immortal Holberg, on which he placed the highest value, as he had been personally acquainted with the author.

In Lembak's country, the fruit of his individual industry, which diffused its wholesome spirit among the inhabitants, is every where conspicuous, and presents the noblest memorial of his existence. It was a clause in his will: That he should

be born to his grave by twelve of the most diligent farming peasants, to whom he bequeathed a present for their trouble. His wish was accordingly indulged; and each peasant expended the sum allotted to him, on a piece of plate, which their descendants preserve in memory of the beneficent and honest Niels Lembak.

When Charles the Twelfth invaded Norway, in the year 1716, the main body of his army advanced towards Christiana, whence a detachment was sent to destroy the silver works at Konsberg. On this expedition a party of 800 horsemen, commanded by colonel Loeven, passed through a narrow defile in the Harestue wood, and quartered for the night at Norderhoug, in the neighbourhood of which a small detachment of Norwegian dragoons had been stationed to watch the motions of the enemy. The Swedish commander, who put up at the parsonage, soon after his arrival received information that the Norwegians were only at the distance of three miles, and altogether ignorant of his arrival. Mrs. Anna Colbioernsen, the wife of the clergyman, who was confined at the time to his bed, happened to overhear a consultation among her guests, in which it was resolved to attack the Norwegians by break of day, and then to march against Konsberg. She immediately determined to apprize her countrymen of their danger. In the mean time the greatest attention was paid to her guests; and, while she appeared wholly occupied in providing for their entertainment, improved her information. She displayed equal apparent benevolence towards the comforts of the private soldiers; and, on pretext of wanting other necessaries to complete their entertainment, she despatched a servant, as it were, to procure them.

The Swedish colonel, in the mean time, inquired of Mrs. Colbioernsen the road to Steen, where he intended to station his outposts, and was completely deceived by her replies. He ordered his horses to be kept in readiness at the door; but she contrived to make the grooms drunk, upon which she put the horses in the stable and locked the door. Her next object was, under the plea of compassion, to obtain permission of the colonel to light a fire in the yard to comfort his men. This fire she insensibly increased to such a degree, that it served as a beacon to guide the Norwegians to the spot. For she had informed her countrymen that a fire would be the signal for them to advance. Every thing succeeded to her utmost wishes, and her address and intrepidity were rewarded by the arrival of the Norwegians at her house without discovery. They took the Swedish colonel prisoner, and either cut to pieces or put to flight the whole of his party. Upon which they sat down to the entertainment which Mrs. Colbioernsen had provided for their enemies.

The next morning she went out, in company with another female, to view the field of battle. The Swedes, who had fled during night, in the mean time, rallied, and being still superiour in numbers to the Norwegians, they resolved to attack them; but, being ignorant of the force of the enemy, they sent out a reconnoitring party, who, falling in with Mrs. Colbioernsen, the corporal rode up to her, and pointing his carabine to her breast, demanded instant information as to the position and numbers of the Norwegians. Her companion fainted away; but Mrs. Colbioernsen boldly asked: "Is it the order of your king to shoot old women?" The corporal abashed, removed his carabine, but persisted in his first question. "As to their numbers," she replied, "that you may easily find out, as they are this moment mustering behind the church in order to pursue you. More I cannot tell you, not having counted them. But this I know, they are as numerous as the bees in a hive." Re-

lying upon this intelligence, the party returned to their countrymen, who fled in all directions. And such was their confusion and disorder, that many were taken by the natives, and many lost in the forests.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

☞ COMMUNICATIONS for this head, from authors and booksellers, post paid, will be inserted free of expense. Literary advertisements will be printed upon the covers at the usual price.

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Also—A Valedictory Oration, delivered on the same occasion.

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Lord teach us to pray, Luke ix. 1.

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Mathew Carey, Philadelphia,

To republish, Fordyce's Sermons to Young Ladies.

Kimber & Conrad, and Johnson & Warner, Philadelphia,

To republish, Arrowsmith's Maps of America, Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Perhaps there is no science, which blends more intimately the pleasing with the useful, than that which makes us acquainted with the figure and the laws of motion of the globe, which we inhabit, together with the relative position, and natural and artificial boundaries of the continents, countries, islands, seas, rivers, mountains, &c. with which its surface is diversified. It is a study, which at once amuses the imagination, exercises the memory, and strengthens the judgment; and is of primary importance in the education of youth, before the latter faculty is so far unfolded as to render the pupil competent to more severe studies.

Mr. Locke, in his tract entitled "Some Thoughts concerning Education," observes: "Geography, I think, should be begun with; for the learning of the figure of the globe, the situation and boundaries of the four parts of the world, and those of particular kingdoms and countries being only an exercise of the eyes and memory, a child with pleasure will learn and retain them; and this is so certain, that I now live in the house with a child, whom his mother had so well instructed in this way, in geography, that he knew the limits of the four parts of the world, could readily point, being asked, to any country on the globe, or any county in the map of England, knew all the great rivers, promontories, straits, and bays, in the world, and could find the longitude and latitude of any place before he was six years old. These things that he will thus learn by sight, and have by rote, are not all, I confess, that he is to learn upon the globes. But yet they are a good step and preparation for it, and will make the remainder much easier, when his judgment is grown ripe enough for it; besides that it gets so much time now, and by the pleasure of knowing things, leads him insensibly to the gaining of languages."

This science is not only of importance to be taught to children, but adults will derive great advantages from its cultivation. Scarce a page in history can be read, and its import understood without the assistance of maps. They are indispensably necessary in order to enable us to comprehend the causes and calculate on the consequences of the wonderful events which are now developing on the grand theatre of Europe. Editors of newspapers, and of other political and scientifick periodical publications, whose duty it is to convey to the American publick correct information on the above mentioned subjects, will find themselves lost in a wilderness of conjectures, without the assistance of accurate maps, to be referred to, whenever they hazard an opinion upon articles of important intelligence. Without a competent knowledge of the topography of the kingdoms and republicks, which have come within the vortex of the powers, which have convulsed the eastern hemisphere, and shaken the civilized world to its centre, the best written accounts of the efforts of the contending nations will be involved in obscurity, and afford the reader but little instruction.

Of such consequence was this science esteemed by the literati and politicians of France, that soon after the revolution, they founded topographical schools, in which the knowledge of geography was carried to a pitch of almost incredible accuracy.*

Aided by the labours and intelligence of the pupils of these schools, the French are enabled to explore every part of the habitable globe for the purpose of business, pleasure, or conquest, without the necessity of recurring to guides, or the casual and precarious information, which may be gleaned from the inhabitants of the countries they visit. It is hoped that Americans will not suffer themselves to be surpassed by any nation in a science of such utility and importance.

Impressed with these sentiments, we are happy in announcing to the publick, that Messrs. Kimber and Conrad, and Johnson and Warner, have now in the hands of the best engravers in this city, Arrowsmith's Maps of America, Europe, Asia, and Africa. These will be executed in a style equal to the London engravings, and on the same scale, and it is believed the prices will be considerably lower than they can be imported for. They have likewise engaged to have made under their directions, Geographical Globes. First, those of twelve inches diameter, and afterwards the other sizes as the sales may require.

* *See Amilat De La Croix, and other French writers, on this subject.*

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SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR OCTOBER, 1809.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Lettres et Pensées du Maréchal Prince de Ligne, publiés par Madame la Baronne de Staël Holstein. Letters and Thoughts of Marshal Prince de Ligne, published by the Baroness de Staël Holstein. 2 vols. octavo, price 10s. London, 1809.

THE name of the fair editor, which graces the title page of this publication, might, alone, afford a strong presumption in its favour. For in this mode of literary adoption, the judgment of a writer of her high reputation and discernment, cannot be biassed by those parental feelings which too often are the prolifick source of selfdelusion. Indeed, some over cautious criticks, knowing the lady's extraordinary turn of mind; her romantick democracy; her subtle metaphysicks, and her *perfectability of melancholy*,* might pause a while, thinking it likely that, notwithstanding her acknowledged talents, the work she has thus ushered before the publick, might be a stupendous production of the genuine German school. In this, however, they will be most agreeably disappointed. "The marshal prince de Ligne," as the editor tells us in her preface [page 1 and *passim*] "was acknowledged by all Frenchmen (those of happier times, of course) as one of the liveliest, best bred men in France. And seldom did they give that praise to a man who was not born among them. The prince de Ligne is even the only foreigner, perhaps, who in French composition, may be taken as a model, instead of being considered as a copyist. [We know another foreigner, much superiour to the prince in the originality of his French compositions; we mean our countryman Hamilton.] His bravery had that dashing character of impetuosity, which is usually attributed to French courage. There is reason to suspect, that on various occasions, since the date of his letters, the prince de Ligne would have wished for more opportunities to display his French bravery against the French. "It follows of course, that the editor has not taken upon herself to refute or to support, any of the opinions maintained by the prince de Ligne, on different subjects," &c. This alludes principally to the sentiments expressed by the prince on the French nation, and French revolution; sentiments not perfectly congenial to those of the

* Madame de Staël has written to prove, that the absolute perfection of human nature is a state of perfect melancholy; and that we are distinguished from brutes, only by a disposition to arrive at that perfect state: to express which, she has coined the word *perfectibilité*.

editor, or to those of the present ruler of France. This blemish, however, will not weigh heavily against the prince de Ligne in the judgment of our readers. And they will peruse, with a lively interest, the spontaneous effusions of a nobleman already known by several valuable publications on history, and on military affairs. A nobleman who saw his company courted, and his conversation sought after by the greatest men of his age; who served his sovereign successfully, both in the cabinet, and in the field; who enjoyed the favour and even the intimacy, of *six* crowned heads; among whom were Frederick II. of Prussia, Joseph II. of Austria, and Catharine II. of Russia; who, to the most brilliant gallantry joined the most accurate judgment, with the most thorough knowledge of the world; and who, in the midst of courts, knew how to flatter without degrading himself, and to speak the truth without offending the delicate ears of majesty. The following extracts display the true character of the prince de Ligne's work; and therefore we shall introduce them without further preliminaries.

The first is an extract from a sprightly account given by the prince of a journey in company with their imperial majesties of Russia and Austria, and holding conversations with them on subjects so interesting and important, that we will not lose the privilege of listening. We have seldom an opportunity of joining such distinguished society, or of visiting the distant region to which a few lines will now transport us.

"I fancy myself still dreaming, when in the corner of a coach with six seats, which is a real triumphal chariot, adorned with cyphers in precious stones, I find myself seated between two persons, on whose shoulders the heat often makes me fall asleep, and from whom, in waking, I hear these expressions:—'I have thirty millions of subjects, as they say, reckoning only the males.'—'I have twenty-two,' replies the other, 'including all.'—'I ought to have an army of at least six hundred thousand men,' says the first, 'from Kamschatka to Riga.'—'With half that number,' answers the second, 'I am exactly suited.'

"In our carriage, we pass in review all states and all great people. God knows how we treat them. 'Rather than subscribe to the separation of thirteen provinces, like my brother George,' said Catharine the second, 'I would have shot myself.'—'And rather than dismiss myself, as my brother and brother-in-law have done, by convoking and reassembling the nation to talk of abuses, I know not what I would have done,' said Joseph the second.

"They agreed in opinion also respecting the king of Sweden, whom they did not like, and against whom the emperour said he had taken a prejudice in Italy, on account of a robe de chambre of blue and silver, with a bunch of diamonds. They allowed him energy, talent, and understanding.—'Yes certainly,' I said in his defence (for the favours conferred by him on me, and the marks of a great character which I have seen him display, attach me to him), 'Your majesty really ought to prohibit a dreadful libel, which dares to treat as a Don Quixote, a prince of excellent qualities, amiable, and endowed with genius.'

"Their imperial majesties sometimes felt one another's pulse in respect to those poor devils the Turks; and they threw out observations, looking at one another. As an admirer of glorious antiquity, and a little fond of novelty, I spoke of re-establishing the Greeks; and Catharine wished to give birth again to Lycurguses and Solons. For my part, I spoke of Alcibiades: but Joseph the second, who attends more to the future than the past, and is more attached to substance than imagination, inquired: 'What the devil must we do with Constantinople?'

"In this manner, they captured several islands and provinces, without appearing to be engaged in any thing particular; and I said within myself: 'Your majesties will only capture miseries.'—'We treat him too well,' said the emperour, speaking of me; 'he has not sufficient respect for us. Do you know, madame, that he was in love with one of my father's mistresses; and that he defeated me when just entering into life, in a contest for a marchioness, who was beautiful as an angel, and who was the first love of us both?'

"Here is no reserve between these two great sovereigns. They related to each other the most interesting circumstances. 'Has your life never been attempted? I have been menaced.—I have received

anonymous letters. Here is a confessor's tale,—and delightful details unknown to the whole world, &c."

The writer's portrait of prince Potemkin will be interesting to others beside those who wish to form a judgment of Russian commanders.

"Behold a general-in-chief, who seems lazy, yet his mind is incessantly occupied; who has no desk but his knees, and no comb but his fingers. Always stretched at full length, sleeping neither day nor night, because he is kept in a continual state of agitation, by his zeal for the service of his sovereign whom he worships as a deity, and because he starts at the firing of a gun not aimed against himself, from the idea that it may cost the life of some of his soldiers. Fearful for others, yet exposing his own person; stopping under the hottest fire of a battery to give orders, yet having more of Ulysses than of Achilles; uneasy at the foresight of any kind of dangers; gay in the midst of them; sad when surrounded with pleasures; miserable by too much happiness; benumbed in all his powers of perception; easily wearied, sullen, inconstant, a deep philosopher, an able minister, a sublime politician, or—a child of ten years old. In no wise vindictive; apologizing for the slightest pain he has given; eager to repair an injustice; believing that he loves God; fearing the devil, whom he conceits to be greater still and bulkier than a prince Potemkin; kissing one hand to the women he likes; crossing himself with the other; folding his arms on his breast at the foot of a Madona; entwining them round the alabaster neck of his mistress; receiving innumerable favours from his great sovereign; sharing them immediately after; accepting lands from the empress; returning them immediately, or paying her debts without acquainting her; selling, then buying again immense estates, to erect a colonade, or plant an English garden; then parting with them again; gambling incessantly, or not at all; more inclined to give away his money, than to pay his debts; immensely rich, or pennyless; alternately full of suspicions, or of confident good nature; of jealousy, or of gratitude; of spleen or of joke; easily prejudiced for or against; changing his mind with equal facility; entertaining his generals with theology, and his archbishops with military topicks; averse to reading, but watching closely in conversation, and contradicting frequently to obtain further information; assuming the most savage or the most amiable countenance; affecting the most disgusting or the most pleasing manners; in short, resembling alternately the proudest satrap of the east, or the most polished courtier of Louis XIV; excessively harsh according to exteriour appearances, but really mild and gentle in his heart; fanciful as to his hours, his meals, his rest, and his amusements; wishing for every thing like a child, yet knowing how to support all kinds of privations like a great man; temperate with all the appearance of a glutton; biting his nails or munching apples or turnips; scolding or laughing, mimicking or cursing, gamboling or praying, singing or meditating; calling to him, sending away from him, calling again twenty aids-de-camp without giving them any orders; supporting heat better than any one, yet always solicitous to procure the most voluptuous baths; despising cold, yet apparently unable to exist without furs; either in his shirt, not retaining even drawers, or in regimentals laced down all the seams; either barefooted, or wearing slippers embroidered with gold spangles, without either a cap or a hat; [in that equipage I saw him once in an engagement] sometimes clad in a sable night gown; sometimes in a magnificent tunick, with his three stars, his ribands, and diamonds as large as one's thumb, round the picture of the empress. These diamonds seem intended there to attract the balls—bent in two, and huddled head to heels when at home. He is tall, erect, haughty, beautiful, noble, majestick or enchanting when he appears at the head of his army, like Agamemnon surrounded by the kings of Greece.

"In what, then, consists his magick art? in his genius; certainly in his genius—and again in his genius. He has, besides, a great share of natural wit, an excellent memory, an excellent mind. He is keen without malice, and artful without cunning. By the happy mixture of his whims he gains every heart. When he happens to be in the benevolent mood, his generosity is unbounded; he is graceful and just in the distribution of rewards; he possesses a great perspicacity; the talent of guessing at what he does not know: with a thorough understanding of mankind."

To show how the prince de Ligne contrived to manage this extraordinary character, while acting as a commissary of the emperour of Austria, at the Russian army before Oczakow, we translate the following

passage from one of his letters addressed to the emperour Joseph II. from the camp before that town.

"I am here absolutely like a nursery maid; but my child is tall, strong, and very froward. Yesterday, again, he asked me: 'Do you believe that you came here to lead me by the nose?'—'Do you believe,' said I, 'that I would have come, had I not expected it? Lazy and without experience, what can you do better, my dear prince, than to trust a man anxiously zealous for your glory, and that of the two empires? So very little is wanting to make you a model of perfection! But what can your genius do, if unassisted by trusty friendship?'

"The prince told me: 'Make your emperour cross the Save, and I will cross the Bog.'—'How can you,' said I, 'stand upon ceremonies, as if you were at the door of a drawing room? My emperour gives you up all claims to precedency. There is a Turkish army acting against him. There is none opposed to you.'—'Do you think,' said he, 'that he would give us crosses of Maria Theresa, and accept crosses of St. George for those who should distinguish themselves in our two armies?' I saw what he was at. He is mad for orders. He has only *twelve* of them; and I assured him that Oczakow was well worth our grand cross; and that if he should facilitate to your majesty, the taking of Belgrade, he might pretend to the order of St. Stephen. I beg, sir, you may be pleased to confirm those hopes I have given him; and if our Roman-catholicity could bend a little in his favour, and promise him the Golden Fleece, he would be entirely our own."

Every one knows, that this Turkish war, the result of the interview of the two sovereigns, on the banks of the Boristhenes, disappointed the interested views of both parties, equally eager for the spoil; but by no means agreed as to their respective share of it. "What the d—l shall we do with Constantinople?" Joseph used to say [vol. I. p. 96.] in the unreserved familiarity which prevailed among the illustrious travellers and their suite, during the whole of their extraordinary journey; yet this apparent friendship covered the heart burnings of jealousy, which even courtly dissimulation itself, could not prevent from breaking out at times. This disposition of the two courts, which was indeed to be expected, may account in some measure for the disasters of Austria and the inactivity of Russia, in the first campaign; but from the publication before us (and we need no better authority) there is abundant reason to believe, that the Turks are a much more formidable enemy to the two empires, than is generally supposed. The prince de Ligne fairly owns as much in several of his letters. Writing to his sovereign from the camp before Oczakow, in October 1788, he says [vol. I. p. 193] "The month of September will repair the misfortunes of the Bannat, and the want of success in Bosnia. Could any one have believed, that this shattered, Mussulman empire, should have reduced Russia to so mortifying a situation?" Again, in a letter to marshal de Lazy, December 1789 [vol. I. p. 226] "Nothing can be thought of at St. Petersburgh, until peace is made with Constantinople. The day the news arrived there that Bulgakoff had been sent to the Seven Towers, the empress was almost sorry for it." The reason of this is, we think, explained by details which the prince de Ligne gives on the Turkish mode of warfare, &c. We shall extract some of these: *passim.*

"I see Turks [vol. II. p. 13, letter to M. Segur] who pass for being void even of common sense in war, yet carry it on with a kind of method; who scatter themselves to prevent the fire of our artillery and of our battalions from being directed against them; aiming perfectly, and firing always at collected objects; by that sharp shooting, hiding their own kind of manœuvres; lurking in every cleft, in every hollow, or on trees; or else advancing in number 40 or 50, with a standard, which they carry, running, and place forward to gain ground. They first kneel on the ground to fire; they then step back to reload, and so on in succession till by another race, in advance, they carry their whirlwind, and their standard further. These standards are intended to mark the line, so that the head of none of these little troops should outpass that of another. Imagine the most dreadful yells, the cries

of allah! encouraging the Mussulmen, and causing dismay among the Christians; add to that, the cutting off of heads, and the whole is, I think, terrifick enough. How in the name of wonder, could my father and three uncles, who fought against the Turks, say, that their order of march resembled the flight of geese, that it was shaped like a pig's head, or like the *cuneus* of the ancients? thus

I have seen nothing which could induce the idea that the like ever existed among them."

In the next letter addressed to the same gentleman, also dated from Oczakow, 1st September 1788, the prince de Ligne enters into some further details on the same subject; to which he adds his sentiments on the means of enabling the Christians to fight the infidels on better terms. This last part has been a good deal abridged by the editor, through fear of mistakes. And we shall omit it altogether, when not intimately connected with our object, which is to convey information on the mode of Turkish warfare.

"They run, they climb, they leap, because they are lightly clad, and lightly armed. The weight carried by the stupid Christians, reduces them to the bare power of moving. I had been told that the Turks fought with their arms naked, to have a free use of them, and to cut off heads more dexterously. But this may be more naturally accounted for. They wear neither shirts nor stockings. They are often even without shoes; and except a small waistcoat, and large drawers, they are quite naked, no doubt, to be more active in the warm countries, where they carry on war. Nevertheless, as they are not famous for foresight, they are not otherwise clad in the coldest weather, when they are shut up in their towns, or during a winter campaign.

"Let us have tents as well contrived as those of the Mussulmen; the same faith, if possible, in predestination; and let us try to give the same tools to cavalry, which moving faster than infantry, erects intrenchments, which the last has only to man in occupying its camp.

"Let it be forbidden in the army to pronounce the word *Neboïssé*, which means *do not be afraid;* and which the Turks, who are by no means jocose, pronounce in cutting off a head. I have remarked, that this word has an astonishing effect on Christians. Let the soldier be told beforehand of the yells of the infidels, of their ridiculous prancing, which is useless against us, and hurtful to them. With my regulations, we might easily suffer ourselves to be surrounded by those clouds of spahis [horse soldiers] who buzz about like wasps.

"Coolness is necessary when in presence of any troops in the world; but more especially when before these people; for when the head of an opponent is morally gone, it is soon physically gone also. Whatever has been said of their opium, and of the fury it excites, is an idle tale. Officers may, perhaps, use it, sometimes, but it is too dear for the common Turk; and I have never seen one who had taken any.

"The mein and dress of the haughty Ottoman are more dignified than the awkward air, and very often hang dog looks of Christians. The Turks are, at the same time, the most dangerous, and the most contemptible enemy in the world. Dangerous when they attack; contemptible, when they are anticipated. On heights, and in woods, they have had, till now, the advantage over us; because they run to the attack with confidence, knowing that we have none ourselves when we are thus situated. They have two excellent customs: one is, to get the intrenchments of their camps raised by the spahis, as I mentioned before: and the other is, to dig holes in the ground, or within an intrenchment, to shelter themselves from cannon balls. Every man has his hole, where he remains till the firing is over.

"It is impossible to say positively, which is infantry and which is cavalry. The spahi who has lost his horse, runs and mixes with the infantry; and the foot soldier who has either won, or taken, or bought a horse, finds his rank among the spahis. In consequence, these last are excellent marksmen; and whenever they can fire with effect, they use their muskets a great deal; but they do not set about it like our Christian cavalry, which is always in the wrong, when it has recourse to that weapon. The spahi alights nimbly from his horse, fires his piece

and springs again on horseback with great agility.

"The reason why we often witness deeds of heroick bravery from the Mussulman, is, because he never fights, but when he has a mind to it. It is only when in good health, in good humour, and after having taken his coffee, that he prepares his arms for battle. He even waits often for a fine day, and for a vivifying sun. In the beginning of the siege, I used to get up at break of day; which, in our European armies is often the time chosen for enterprises. Now, I rest at my ease. The fashionables, easily distinguished by their beautiful horses and the striking colours of their dresses, never issue out before ten, to engage in battle. During the whole siege, the Turks only undertook one trifling operation by night; and then, probably, because they wanted a general's head, which they accordingly took from M. Maximovitz.

"Their artillery, in sieges, is worked by the first soldiers who get up, and who go and fire their pieces by way of amusement. The Turks, owing to their instinct, which is often preferable to the boasted systematick sense of the Christians, are extremely handy, and capable of performing the operations of war in all its branches; but, the first impulse only is in their favour: they are not susceptible of a second thought. And after that lucid moment, of which they make a tolerably fair and proper use, they become a compound of childhood and madness.

"Their religious phrenzy increases in proportion to danger. Their cries of *Hechter Allah!* [that is, one only God!] augment daily, and the besiegers are sure not to be heard, whatever noise they make in opening the trenches. They are never disturbed the first night, which surely is the most interesting."

The prince de Ligne had afterwards the command of an army against these very Turks, which he had so accurately observed. And he had a considerable share in retrieving the honour of the Austrian arms, and in conquering Belgrade. His correspondence during that campaign, contains some curious specimens of official communications, between the commanders of the hostile armies during a kind of armistice, which did not prevent the Turks from now and then cutting off a few heads in the Austrian lines, attacking the boats on the Danube, and celebrating their festivals, by firing their great guns with balls, which reached the Austrian camp. The prince de Ligne was not behindhand in this kind of merriment, which was considered by the Turks as a matter of course; and the death of a few spectators killed in these delightful *feux de joie*, did not occasion the smallest complaint.

The following is a letter from the prince giving a lively picture of Turkish manners and scenery.

Parthenizza.

"From the silver shores of the Black Sea—from the banks of the largest rivulet which receives all the torrents of Fezeterdan:—from under the shade of the two largest walnut-trees in existence, and which certainly are coeval with the world:—from the foot of a rock, near which still stands a column, the melancholy remain of the temple of Diana, celebrated for the sacrifice of Iphigenia:—from the left side of the rock from which Thoas precipitated strangers into the sea; in short—from the finest and most interesting spot of the whole world, am I writing this letter to you.

"I am seated on Turkish cushions, and on Turkish carpets; surrounded by Tartars, who gaze on me, while writing, and lift their eyes in admiration, as if I were a second Mahomed.

"My eye reaches the happy shores of ancient Idalia, and the coast of Natolia; the blossoms of the fig, the palm, the olive, the cherry and the apricot trees, perfume the air with their fragrance, and shelter me from the rays of the sun; the surge rolls diamond pebbles at my feet. On turning myself round, I discern through the foliage, the shelving habitations of the kind of savages around me, who are deeply engaged in smoking on their flat roofs, which they use as drawing rooms. I perceive their cemetery, which, owing to the situation always chosen by Mussulmen for that purpose, presents an idea of the Elysian fields. This cemetery is on the banks of the rivulet I mentioned before; but on the very spot where its stream is the most impeded by pebbles; this rivulet widens a little half way down the sloping hill, and then flows gently by the roots of fruit trees, which lend their hospitable shade to the dead. The peaceful abode of the departed is marked by tombstones crowned with turbans, some of which are gilt;

and by a kind of cinerary urns, of marble, but of rude workmanship. The variety of this mortuary scene, while it excites contemplation, disinclines me from writing. I stretch on my cushions, and indulge in meditation.

"No, all that passes in my soul cannot be conceived. I feel a new existence. Escaped from grandeurs, from the tumult of festivity, from the fatigue of pleasure, and from their two imperial majesties of the west and the north, whom I have left on the other side of the mountains, I at last enjoy myself. I ask, where I am?——by what chance I find myself here? and, without intending it, I review all the inconsequences of my life.

"I perceive, that unable to enjoy happiness but in tranquillity and independence, both of which are within my reach, and naturally inclined to laziness of body and of mind, I harass the one in wars, in inspection of troops, or in journeys, and I exhaust the other, to please those who very often are not worth the expense.—Naturally gay enough for my own satisfaction, I fatigue myself to enliven those who are dull. If for an instant I am occupied with a hundred things which cross my mind together, they tell me, *you are sad*: it is enough to make one so; or, *you are tired*: it is enough to make me tiresome.

"I ask myself, how it came to pass, that disliking restraint, and not being fond of honours, riches, or favours; being duly qualified to attach no importance to those things—nevertheless, I have spent my life at court in all the countries of Europe.

"I recollect, that some marks of a kind of paternal goodness from the emperour Francis I. who was fond of very giddy young men, first attached me to him; that being beloved afterwards by one of his female friends, I was long detained at court; for having, as a matter of course, lost the affections of that charming lady, I retained those of our sovereign. At his death, I thought myself, though very young, a courtier of the old court; and I was just ready to criticise the new one without being acquainted with it, when I perceived that the young emperour knew likewise how to be amiable; and that he possessed qualities which make his esteem more courted than his favour!

"Having ascertained that he disliked showing marked preferences, nothing prevented me from indulging my inclination for his person; while I blamed his too great haste in his operations. I could not avoid admiring by far the greater part of them; and I shall always praise the good intentions of a prince, whose genius is equally active and fruitful.

"Sent to the court of France at the most brilliant age, and on the most brilliant occasion, with the news of a victory, I intended never to visit it again. Chance brings the count d'Artois into a garrison, near another where I was inspecting some troops.

"There I went with about thirty of my Austrian officers, fine looking men. He took notice of us; called me; and beginning as a king's brother, he ended as if he had been my own. We drank, played, and laughed. Tasting freedom for the first time, he was at a loss how to enjoy it. I was charmed by that first effusion of gayety, and by the sprightliness of youth. I could not resist that ingenuousness, and that good nature which mark his character. I must, he said, visit him at Versailles. I answered, that I should see him when he visited Paris; he insisted; and spoke of me to the queen, who ordered me to attend. The beauties of her countenance, and of her mind, both equally fair and equally unspotted, the charms of her society, quickly induced me to spend five months in every year, at Versailles, almost without quitting it for a moment. The love of pleasure first brought me to Versailles: gratitude induced me to return thither.

"Prince Henry, of Prussia, was visiting the scenes of war. Our pursuits in philosophy, and in military affairs, were the same; this was the first link; I followed in his suite, and soon had the happiness to find that my company was agreeable to him. This brought marks of favour from him, and a redoubled assiduity from me. Then followed a long correspondence, and a *rendezvous* at Spa, and at Reinsberg.

"A camp of the emperour in Moravia attracted thither the then king of Prussia, and his present majesty. The first soon perceived my enthusiastick admiration for great men, and induced me to visit Berlin. Connexions with him, the marks of favour and esteem I received from that first of heroes, intoxicated me with glory. His nephew, the prince royal, went to Strasburgh. We had been connected, though at a distance, by some little offices in a love affair; by some little money, and some friendly services he had required of me confidentially, for the object of his regard. So far from home, strangers soon grow intimate, notwithstanding the difference of interests, of rank, and of party. I withdrew from the tender sentiments of two other northern kings. The one, a

shallow pate, soon completely unsettled the too lively imagination of the other: and thus I escaped the endless insipidity which awaited me, in my intended journey to Stockholm, and to Copenhagen. I ransomed myself, by entertaining one of these kings; and being entertained by the other.

"My son Charles married a pretty little Polish lady. Her family gave us paper, instead of cash. They were claims on the court of Russia. Passing through Poland, I made myself, or I was made, a Polander. A mad bishop (hanged since) uncle to my daughter-in-law, conceited that I was on terms of intimacy with the empress, because he had learnt that she had received me most favourably; and he imagined that I should be king of Poland, were I but naturalized. 'What a change,' said he, 'in the face of European politicks! What happiness for the Lignes, and for the Masalskys.' I laughed at him. But I felt a fancy to please the nation then assembled in diet, and by the nation I was applauded. I spoke Latin; I kissed, and I caressed mustachios; I intrigued for the king of Poland; who is himself an intriguer; like all kings who are suffered on the throne, only on condition of acting according to the will of their subjects, or that of their neighbours. He is goodnatured, amiable, insinuating; I gave him advice, and we became quite intimate.

"I arrived in Russia; and the first thing I did was to forget the object of my journey; because it appeared to me rather indelicate to take advantage of the favourable reception I experienced every day, to solicit favours. I was captivated by the unreserved and alluring simplicity of Catharine the Great*; and by her genius I have been led to this enchanted abode. . . .

. . . . . .

This is the famous Cape Parthenion, distinguished by many events. On this spot mythology exalted the imagination. All the talents in the retinue of the heathen deities had here established their empire.

"If, for an instant, I leave fable for history, I discover Eupatori, founded by Mithridates; I gather near this spot, in that old Cherson, fragments of alabaster columns; I find the remnants of aquaducts, and of walls, which present a circumference more extensive than that of London and Paris together. Those two cities shall disappear as this has done. This was the scene of similar intrigues, both in love and in politicks; every one here thought he was making a conspicuous figure in the world; but, even the name of these countries, disfigured under the appellations of Tartary, and the Crimea, is now completely forgotten! What a reflection for moralizing men! Why, then, I look around, and approve the laziness of my good Mussulmen, who sit with arms folded, and legs crossed, squat and motionless on their flat roofs. I found among them an Albanese, who knew a little of Italian. I desired him to ask them, whether they were happy? if I could do any thing for them? and if they knew that they had been given to me by the empress? They answered, that they knew generally, that they had been allotted; which they did not well understand; that they had been happy till now; that if their fate should change, they would embark on board two vessels they themselves had constructed, and seek a refuge among the Turks in Romania. I bid the interpreter tell them that I loved lazy people; but that I desired to know their means of living. They pointed at some sheep lying on the grass, like myself. Oh, how happy I accounted the lazy! They showed me their fruit trees; and desired the interpreter to tell me, that when the gathering season arrives, the Kaimakan comes from Baschisaria to take the half of the produce. Each family sells fruit yearly, to the value of two hundred livres [8*l.* 8*s.*] and there are forty-six families in Parthenizza and Nitika, another small estate belonging to me; the Grecian name of which signifies *victory*. Again I felicitated the lazy! I promised to prevent their being oppressed. They brought me butter, cheese and milk; not mares's milk, as among the Tartars. Once more I accounted the lazy happy! and I sunk again into my meditations.

. . . . . I estimate the world; I consider it as a kind of magick lantern, till the moment, when I myself shall disappear under the scythe of time. I then recollect, as a dream, nine or ten campaigns I have made:* a dozen of battles or engagements, at which I have been present. I muse on the emptiness of glory; which, unnoticed, is forgotten; which envious people attack, or dispute. And, notwithstanding all that, I say to myself, a part of my life has been spent in risking

* By a refinement of flattery the article *the* is in the *masculine* gender in the French original.

* This was previous to the Turkish war, which broke out soon after; and in which the prince highly distinguished himself.

that very life in pursuit of glory! I shall not disparage my own bravery. It is, perhaps, sufficiently brilliant; but I do not find it sufficiently disinterested; it is alloyed with desire of being puffed up. I pay too much attention to the spectators. I prefer the bravery of my dear, good Charles [his son] who does not mind whether he is seen or not. I again consult my own bosom. I discover numerous faults within myself; I think afterwards on the inanity of ambition. Death has already bereft, or soon will bereave, me of the favours of some great captains, or great sovereigns, while inconstancy, or malice, may blast all my hopes. Intrigue setting me aside, the soldier shall soon forget me. . . . . Without regretting the past, or fearing the future, I commit my existence to the impulse of my destiny.

"After laughing heartily at my want of merit, and at my courtly and military adventures, I congratulated myself on not being worse than I am, and above all, I applauded the grand talent I have of enjoying my portion of happiness.

"And now the mantle of night began to obscure the scenery. The sheep which were grazing near my Turkey carpet, by their bleatings, called the Tartars; who gravely came down from their roofs, to lock them up near their wives, whom they have kept carefully concealed during the whole day. The criers, from the top of the minarets, called the faithful to the mosque. I felt with my left hand for the beard which I had not; I laid my right hand on my breast; I poured out benedictions on the lazy, and I took my leave of them, leaving them in equal astonishment at seeing me their master, and at hearing that I had determined they should have no other masters but themselves.

"I then recalled my wandering spirits; I collected, as well as I could, my incoherent thoughts. I turned around with emotion to behold that beautiful spot, which I am never to visit again; and to which I am indebted for a day, the most delicious in all my life. A fresh breeze which sprung up suddenly put me out of conceit with the boat which was to conduct me to Theodosia. I took a Tartar horse, and my guide walking before me, I plunged again into all the horrours of darkness, of bad roads, of torrents, to recross those famous mountains, and to meet at the end of forty-eight hours their imperial majesties, at Carassbazar."

We could have wished to have presented our readers with some delineations of the moral character of the Turks, drawn by the same able hand; and with some of the lively anecdotes contained in this publication, but our article has already been protracted to an unusual length. For this, the peculiar situation of Turkey, as the object of political envy, and Tilsit distribution, must plead our excuse. The authority of this noble soldier supports opinions we have ventured in favour of the Ottomans. But we must dismiss the work, however reluctantly, recommending the perusal of it, as one of the most entertaining collections we have lately seen.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Gertrude of Wyoming, a Pennsylvanian Tale, and other Poems. By Thomas Campbell, author of the Pleasures of Hope, &c. 4to. pp. 130. London. 1809.—New York, republished by D. Longworth, 12mo. pp. 132. 1809.

WE open this volume with no ordinary impression of the delicacy and importance of the task which it imposes on us, and the difficulty of discharging it at once with justice to the author and to that publick at whose bar we as well as Mr. Campbell must be considered to stand. It is not our least embarrassment that, in some respects, Mr. Campbell may be considered as his own rival; and in aspiring to extensive popularity has certainly no impediment to encounter more formidable than the extent of his own reputation. To decide on the merit of Gertrude of Wyoming as the work of a poet hitherto undistinguished, would be comparatively easy. But we are unavoidably forced upon comparing it with Mr. Campbell's former pieces, and while our judgment is embroiled by the predilections, prejudices, and preferences, which the recollection of them has imprinted upon our imagination, there are other peculiar

circumstances which enhance expectation, and increase, proportionally, the difficulty of affording it complete gratification.

The Pleasures of Hope, a poem dear to every reader of poetry, bore, amidst many beauties, the marks of a juvenile composition, and received from the publick the indulgence due to a promise of future excellence. Some license was also allowed for the didactick nature of the subject, which, prescribing no fixed plan, left the poet free to indulge his fancy in excursions as irregular as they are elegant and animated. It is a consequence of both these circumstances, that the poem presents, in some degree, the appearance of an unfinished picture. In gazing with pleasure on its insulated groupes and figures, the reflection will often intrude, that an artist matured in taste and experience would have methodized his subject; filled up the intermediate spaces; and brought to perfection a sketch of so much promise. The publick readily made every allowance that could be claimed on the score of youth—a seeming generosity often conferred on the first essays of poets, painters, and orators, but for which a claim of repayment, with usurious interest, is regularly preferred against them upon their next appearance. But the hope of improvement was, in Mr. Campbell's case, hardly necessary to augment the expectation raised by the actual excellence of his first poem. The beauties of a highly polished versification, that animated and vigorous tone of moral feeling, that turn of expression, which united the sweetness of Goldsmith with the strength of Johnson, a structure of language alike remote from servile imitation of our more classical poets, and from the babbling and jingling simplicity of ruder minstrels; new, but not singular; elegant, but not trite; justified the admirers of the Pleasures of Hope in elevating its author to a preeminent situation among living poets. Neither did Mr. Campbell suffer the admiration excited by his first essay to subside or be forgotten. From time to time we were favoured with exquisite lyrical effusions calculated rather to stimulate than to gratify the publick appetite. The splendid poems of Hohenlinden and Lochiel, manifesting high powers of imagination, and other short performances replete either with animation or tenderness, seemed to declare their author destined to attain the very summit of the modern Parnassus. By some this preeminence was already adjudged to him, while others only adjourned their suffrage until a more daring, extended, and sustained flight should make good the promises of his juvenile work and of his shorter detached poems.

It has for a considerable time been known that a new poem of some length was in Mr. Campbell's contemplation, and when it was whispered that he who sung the doubtful conflict of Hohenlinden and the carnage of Culloden, had chosen for his theme the devastation of Wyoming, expectation was raised to its height. Desire was not too suddenly quenched; and it is only after a long period of suspense that the work has been given to the publick. But it is no easy matter to satisfy the vague and indefinite expectation which suspense of this nature seldom fails to excite. Each reader is apt to form an idea of the subject, the narrative, and the style of execution; so that the real poem is tried and censured, not upon its own merits, but for differing from the preconceived dream of the critick's imagination. There are few who have not felt disappointment of a similar nature on visiting, for the first time, any spot highly celebrated for its scenery. Expectation has not only exaggerated its beauties, but often sketched a landscape of its own which the mind unwillingly exchanges even for the most splendid reality. Perhaps, therefore, it is a natural consequence of over-strained

hope, that the immediate reception of "Gertrude of Wyoming" should be less eminently favourable than the intrinsick merit of the poem and the acknowledged genius of the author appeared to ensure; and perhaps, too, we may be able, in the course of our investigation, to point out other reasons which may, for a season, impede the popularity of a poem containing passages both of tenderness and sublimity, which may decline comparison with few in the English language.

The tale of Gertrude of Wyoming is abundantly simple. It refers to the desolation of a beautiful tract of country situated on both sides of the Susquehanna, and inhabited by colonists whose primeval simplicity and hospitality recalled the idea of the golden age. In 1778, Wyoming, this favoured and happy spot, was completely laid waste by an incursion of Indians and civilized savages under a leader named Brandt. The pretext was the adherence of the inhabitants to the provincial confederacy; but the lust of rapine and cruelty which distinguished the invaders was such as to add double horrours even to civil conflict.

We do not condemn this choice of a subject in itself eminently fitted for poetry; yet feeling as Englishmen, we cannot suppress a hope that Mr. Campbell will, in his subsequent poems, choose a theme more honourable to our national character, than one in which Britain was disgraced by the atrocities of her pretended adherents. We do not love to have our feelings unnecessarily put in arms against the cause of our country. The historian must do his duty when such painful subjects occur; but the poet who may choose his theme through the whole unbounded range of truth and fiction may well excuse himself from selecting a subject dishonourable to his own land.

Although the calamity was general and overwhelmed the whole settlement of Wyoming, Mr. Campbell has judiciously selected a single groupe as the subject of his picture; yet we have room to regret, that, in some passages, at least, he has not extended his canvass to exhibit, in the back ground, that general scene of tumult and horrour which might have added force to the striking picture which he has drawn of individual misery.

The opening of the poem describes Wyoming in a state of more than Arcadian ease and happiness, where exiles or emigrants from all quarters of Europe met in peace, and contended only which should best adorn and improve their seat of refuge. The following stanzas comprehend this interesting description, and are, at the same time, a just specimen of the style and structure of the poem.

I.

"On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming,
Although the wild-flower on thy ruined wall
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall,
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantick wave their morn restore.
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!

II.

"It was beneath thy skies that, but to prune
His autumn fruits, or skim the light canoe,
Perchance, along thy river calm at noon,
The happy shepherd swain had nought to do
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew;
Their timbrel, in the dance of forests brown
When lovely maidens prankt in flowret new,
And aye, those sunny mountains half way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantick town.

III.

"Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see

Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men,
While harkening, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arched his neck from glades, and then
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

IV.

"And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard but in transatlantick story rung;
For here the exile met from every clime,
And spoke in friendship every distant tongue;
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
Were but divided by the running brook;
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning hook.

V.

"Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native rondelay.
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away?
Green Albyn!* what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay;
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar!†

VI.

"Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear!
Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee;
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life; to plant fair freedom's tree!

* Scotland.

† The great whirlpool of the Western Hebrides.

VII.

"Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
Nor sealed in blood a fellow creature's doom,
Nor mourned the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, beloved of all,
Sufficed where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall,
And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall."—p. 5 to 9.

This Albert, the judge and patriarch of the infant settlement, is an Englishman. Gertrude, the heroine of the poem, is his only child. The chaste and affecting simplicity of the following picture would furnish a beautiful subject for the pencil.

XIII.

"I may not paint those thousand infant charms;
(Unconscious fascination, undesigned!)
The orison repeated in his arms;
For God to bless her sire and all mankind,
The book, the bosom on his knee reclined;
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind)
All uncompanioned else her years had gone
Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer shone."—p. 13.

An Indian, of a tribe friendly to the settlers, approaches their cottage one morning, leading in his hand an English boy

"Of Christian vesture and complexion bright,
Led by his dusky guide like morning brought by night."

The swarthy warriour tells Albert of a frontier fort occupied by the British which had been stormed and destroyed by a party of Hurons, the allies of France. The Oneida chief who narrates the story hastened to aid, but only arrived in time to avenge its defenders. All had been massacred, excepting the widow of the commander of the garrison and her son, a boy of ten or twelve years old. The former, exhausted with fatigue and grief, dies in the arms of the friendly Indians, and bequeaths to

their chief the task of conducting her son to Albert's care, with a token to express that he was the son of Julia Waldegrave. Albert instantly recognises the boy as the offspring of two old and dear friends. A flood of kindly recollections, and the bitter contrast between the promise of their early days and the dismal fate which finally awaited the parents of Waldegrave, rush at once on the mind of the old man, and extort a pathetick lamentation. The deportment of the Indian warriour forms an admirable contrast to Albert's indulgence of grief, and the stanzas in which it is described rank among the finest in the poem.

XXIII.

"He said—and strained unto his heart the boy:
Far differently the mute Oneida took
His calumet of peace, and cup of joy,
As monumental bronze unchanged his look:
A soul that pity touched, but never shook:
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoick of the woods—a man without a tear.—

XXIV.

"Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdained to grow;
As lives the oak unwithered on the rock
By storms above, and barrenness below:
He scorned his own, who felt another's wo:
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or laced his mocasins, in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly tongue."

pp. 20 and 21.

After a lyrical effusion addressed to the slumbering boy, his "own adopted one," the savage returns to his deserts. His capacity of tracking his way through the wilderness by a species of instinct, or rather by the habit of observing the most minute signs derived from the face of earth or heaven, is described in nervous and striking poetry, and closes the first part of the poem.

Part II. opens with a description of Albert's abode, situated between two woods near a river, which after dashing over a thundering cascade, chose that spot to expand itself into a quiet and pellucid sheet of living water. Beautiful in itself, the scene was graced by the presence of Gertrude, yet more beautiful, an "enthusiast of the woods," alive to all the charms of the romantick scenery by which she was surrounded, and whose sentimental benevolence extended itself even to England which she knew only by her father's report. And here commences the great defect of the story. We totally lose sight of the orphan, Waldegrave, whose arrival makes the only incident in the first canto, and of whose departure from Wyoming we have not been apprized. Neither are we in the least prepared to anticipate such an event, excepting by a line in which Julia expresses a hope that her orphan would be conveyed to "England's shore"—an inuendo which really escaped us in the first, and even in the second, perusal of the poem, and which, at any rate, by no means implies that her wish was actually fulfilled. The unaccountable disappearance of this character, to whom we had naturally assigned an important part in the narrative, is not less extraordinary than that Gertrude, in extending her kind wishes and affectionate thoughts towards friends in Britain whom she never knew, and only loved because they might possibly possess

"Her mother's looks—perhaps her likeness strong,"

omits all mention or recollection of the interesting little orphan of whom every reader has destined her the bride from the first moment of his introduction. Of him, however, nothing is said, and we are left to conjecture whether he has gone to Britain and been forgotten by his youthful playfellow, or whether he remains an unnoticed and undistinguished inmate of her father's mansion. We

have next a splendid, though somewhat confused description of a "deep, untrodden grot," where, as it is beautifully expressed,

"Rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance wore;
And yellow lichens coloured all the clime,
Like moon-light battlements and towers decayed by time."

To this grotto, embosomed in all the splendid luxuriance of transatlantick vegetation, Gertrude was wont to retire "with Shakspeare's self to speak and smile alone," and here she is surprised by the arrival of a youth in a Spanish garb, leading in his hand his steed, who is abruptly announced as

"The stranger guest of many a distant land."

We were at least as much startled as Gertrude by this unexpected intruder, and are compelled to acknowledge that the suspense in which we were kept for a few stanzas is rather puzzling than pleasing. We became sensible that we had somehow lost the thread of the story, and while hurriedly endeavouring to recover it, became necessarily insensible to the beauties of the poetry. The stranger inquires for the mansion of Albert, is of course hospitably received, and tells of the wonders which he had seen, in Switzerland, in France, in Italy, and in California, whence he last arrived. At length Albert inquires after the orphan Waldegrave, who (as his question for the first time apprizes the reader) had been sent to his relations in England at the age of twelve, after three years' residence in the earthly paradise of Wyoming. The quick eye of Gertrude discovers the mysterious stranger to be "Waldegrave's self of Waldegrave come to tell," and all is rapturous recognition. And here, amidst many beauties, we are again pressed by the leading errour of the narrative; for this same Waldegrave—who, for no purpose that we can learn, has been wandering over half the world—of whom the reader knows so little, who appears to have been entirely forgotten during the space of one third of the poem, and whom even Gertrude did not think worthy of commemoration in orisons which called for blessings on friends she had never known—this same Waldegrave, of whose infantine affection for Gertrude we no where receive the slightest hint, with even more than the composure of a fine gentleman returned from the grand tour, coolly assures her and Albert at their first interview, that she "shall be his own with all her truth and charms." This extraordinary and unceremonious appropriation is submitted to by Gertrude and her father with the most unresisting and astonishing complacency. It is in vain to bid us suppose that a tender and interesting attachment had united this youthful couple during Waldegrave's residence at Wyoming. This is like the reference of Bayes to a conversation held by his personages behind the scenes: it is requiring the reader to guess what the author has not told him, and consequently what he is not obliged to know. This inherent defect in the narrative might have been supplied at the expense of two or three stanzas descriptive of the growing attachment between the children, and apprizing us of Waldegrave's departure for England. The omission is the more provoking as we are satisfied of Mr. Campbell's powers to trace the progress of their infant love, and the train of little incidents and employments which gave it opportunity to grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength; in short, to rival the exquisite picture of juvenile affection presented in Thalaba.

But to proceed with our tale. Gertrude and Waldegrave are united, and spend three short months in all the luxury of mutual and innocent love described in the concluding stanza of part second.

XXV.

"Then would that home admit them—happier far

Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon;
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flushed in the darkening firmament of June;
And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not portray;
For never did the Hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft, voluptuous ray."—p. 43.

The third part continues this delightful picture so true in itself, where pure affection and regulated desires combine to form connubial bliss; and we feel all that the poet would impress upon us when, in the fifth stanza, he announces the storm, which, in the wreck of nations, was to involve this little structure of home-built happiness; and describes the transitory nature of human felicity in the most beautiful and original simile which we have yet found applied to a theme so often sung.

V.

"And in the visions of romantick youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!
But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth!
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below!
And must I change my song? and must I show,
Sweet Wyoming! the day, when thou wert doomed,
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bowers laid low!
When where of yesterday a garden bloomed,
Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes gloomed."—p. 50.

The approach of civil war in America, and the attachment of Waldegrave to the provincial cause, are briefly touched upon, as are the boding apprehensions of Gertrude, too soon to be fatally realized. One evening, while danger was yet deemed remote, an Indian, worn with fatigue and age, rushes hastily into Albert's cottage, and is with difficulty recognised to be the Oneida chief, Outalissi, who had guided Waldegrave to Wyoming. After an indulgence of former recollections, rather too long to be altogether consistent with the pressing nature of his errand, the Indian informs the domestick circle that the savages led by Brandt had extirpated his whole tribe on account of their friendship to the Americans, and were approaching to wreak their vengeance by laying waste the settlement of Wyoming.

XIX.

"Scarce had he uttered—when Heaven's verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star,
And sounds that mingled laugh—and shout—and scream,
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed;
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed;
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed.—

XX.

"Then looked they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groupes, in one Vesuvian glare;
Or swept, far seen, the tower, whose clock unrung,
Told legibly that midnight of despair."—p. 60.

These sounds of tumult and desolation are mingled with the more cheering notes of the drums and military musick of a body of provincialists, who arrive, it would seem, to protect the inhabitants of Wyoming. The description of this band, composed of the descendants of various climes, and arrayed by "torch and trumpet," evinces the same high tone of military poetry which glows through the stanzas on the battle of Hohenlinden. We are, however, again compelled to own some disappointment arising from the indistinctness of the narrative. The provincialists appear prepared to fight in defence of the Pennsylvanian Arcadia. Outalissi chants his battle song, and Albert invokes, amid the blaze of neighbouring villages, the protection of the God of Hosts on the defenders of their native country. Waldegrave too, assumes the sword and plume; yet, without any reason assigned, these preparations for battle terminate in a retreat to a neigh-

bouring fort; and we are left to conjecture the motive for flight in a band so energetick and so amply provided. The destruction, too, of Wyoming might have claimed a more lengthened detail than is afforded by the lines which we have quoted, and the main interest in the fate of Albert and his family would have been increased rather than diminished by a glance at those numerous groupes who must necessarily have accompanied the flight, or remained to perish with their dwellings. But of these we learn no more than if Waldegrave and Julia had, like our first parents, been the sole inhabitants of this terrestrial paradise. Covered by the friendly battalion, they reach in safety the fort which was to afford them shelter; and in the few accurate yet beautiful lines which characterize its situation and appearance, the poet has happily compelled into his service even the terms of modern fortification, and evinced a complete conquest over those technical expressions which probably any other bard would have avoided as fit only for the disciples of Cohorn or Vauban.

XXV.

" Past was the flight, and welcome seemed
the tower,
That, like a giant standard-bearer, frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian power.
Beneath, each bold and promontory
mound
With embrasure embossed, and armour
crowned,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a
distant scene."—p. 36.

Here, while surveying in fancied security the progress of the devastation, Albert and Gertrude fall pierced by the bullets of the lurking marksmen of the enemy. A death-speech, affecting, yet somewhat too long, exhausts the last efforts of the expiring Gertrude; and as her husband kneels by the bodies in ineffable despair, the following exquisite description of Outalissi's sympathy gives an originality and wildness to the scene of wo at once appropriate to America, and distinct from the manners of every other country.

XXXIV.

" Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and
truth;
Prone to the dust afflicted Waldegrave
hid
His face on earth;—him watched in
gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide; but words had none
to sooth
The grief that knew not consolation's
name:
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst
that came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!"—p. 69.

We have gazed with delight on the savage witnessing the death of Wolfe with awe and sorrow acting upon habits of stubborn apathy; and we have perused the striking passage in Spenser whose Talus " an iron man ymade in iron mould" is described as having, nevertheless, an inly feeling of sympathy with the anguish of Britomarte; yet neither the painter nor the poet has, in our apprehension, presented so perfect and powerful an image of sympathetick sorrow in a heart unwont to receive such a guest, as appears in the mute distress of the Oneida warriour bending over his despairing foster-son. His grief at length becomes vocal in a death-song, which, did our limits permit, we would willingly transfer to these pages. But we have been so profuse in quotation, that the concluding stanzas are all we can produce to justify our asserting for the author the preeminent merit of his lyrical poetry.

XXXVII.

" To-morrow let us do or die!*
But when the bolt of death is hurled,

* This expression occurs in Burns's Bannockburn; yet it is a kind of common property, being the motto, we believe, of a Scottish family. We might more justly, on the part of the ingenious Dr. Leyden, reclaim the line,

" Red is the cup they drink, but not
with wine."

But these occasional coincidences, over which stupidity delights to doze, are

Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?—
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers!
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!—
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!—
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

XXXVIII.

"Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed;
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriours drew the shaft?
Ah! there in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old;
Then seek we not their camp—for there—
The silence dwells of my despair!

XXXIX.

"But hark, the trump!—to morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
E'en from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears;
Amidst the clouds that round us roll,
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst—
From Outalissi's soul;—
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief."

pp. 71—73.

With these stanzas the curtain is dropped over the dead and the mourners, and the poem is concluded.

Before we proceed to any general examination of Gertrude of Wyoming, we think it necessary to intimate to our readers, that it is by no means owing to deficiency of wit, on our own part, that we have conducted them in sober sadness from the beginning to the end of Mr. Campbell's affecting tale. We are perfectly aware that, according to the modern canons of criticism, the reviewer is expected to show his immense superiority to the author reviewed, and at the same time to relieve the tediousness of narration by turning the epic, dramatick, moral story before him into quaint and lively burlesque. We had, accordingly, prepared materials for caricaturing Gertrude of Wyoming, in which the irresistible Spanish pantaloons of her lover were not forgotten, Albert was regularly distinguished as old Jonathan, the provincial troops were called Yankie-doodles, and the sombre character of the Oneida chief was relieved by various sly allusions to "blankets, strouds, stinkŭbus, and wampum." And having thus clearly demonstrated to Mr. Campbell and to the reader that the whole effect of his poem was as completely at our mercy as the house which a child has painfully built with a pack of cards, we proposed to pat him on the head with a few slight compliments on the ingenuity of his puny architecture, and dismiss him with a sugar-plum as a very promising child indeed. But, however prepared we came to *quizz* what is no otherwise ridiculous than because serious and pathetick, our hearts recoiled from the disingenuousness of the task. We shall ever be found ready to apply the lash of ridicule to conceit, presumption, or dullness; but no temptation to display our own wit, or to conciliate popularity, shall prompt us to expose genius to the malignant grin of envious folly, or by low and vulgar parody to derogate from a work which we might strive in vain to emulate.

We return from this digressive apology to the merits and defects of Gertrude of Wyoming, which have this marked singularity, that the latter intrude upon us at the very first reading; whereas, after repeated perusals, we perceive beauties which had previously escaped our notice. We have, indeed, rather paradoxically, been induced to ascribe the most obvious faults to the same cause which has undoubtedly produced many of the excellences of the poem,—to the anxious and assiduous attention which the author has evidently bestowed upon it before publication. It might be expected that the publick would regard with indulgence those

hardly worth noticing in criticizing original poetry.

imperfections which arise from the poet's diffidence of his own splendid powers, and too great deference to the voice of criticism. In some respects, however, publick taste, like a fine lady, "stoops to the forward and the bold;" and the modest and anxious adventurer is defrauded of the palm, merely that his judges may enjoy the childish superiority of condemning an overlaboured attempt to give them pleasure. Let no reader suppose that we recommend to imitation the indiscreet, and undaunted precipitation with which another popular poet is said to throw his effusions before the publick with the indifference of an ostrich as to their success or failure. To sober criticism the fault of him who will not do his best is greater than the excess of over caution, as the sin of presumption is greater than that of spiritual despondency. Carelessness is also a crime of deeper die when considered with reference to its effects upon publick taste; for the habit of writing loosely is particularly captivating to the fry of young scribblers, and we are in danger of being deluged with rhapsodical romances by poets who would shrink from the attempt of imitating the condensed, polished, and laboured stanzas of Gertrude of Wyoming. But considered with reference not to the ultimate reputation, but to the immediate popularity of the author, it is dangerous to allow the publick to suppose that they have before them the work upon which, after the most solicitous and anxious exertion, he is willing to stake his poetical character. A spirit of contradiction, which animates the mass of mankind, impels them to depreciate that which is presented as the *chef d'œuvre* of the artist; and the question is no longer whether the work be excellent, but whether it has attained that summit of excellence on which no poet ever was or ever will be placed by his contemporaries.

We have hitherto only considered the labour bestowed upon Gertrude of Wyoming as an impediment to the flow of popularity which has in the present day attended poems of a ruder structure. But the publick taste, although guided in some degree by caprice, is also to a certain extent correctly grounded upon critical doctrine; and the truth is, that an author cannot work upon a beautiful poem beyond a certain point, without doing it real and irreparable injury in more respects than one.

It is in the first place impossible to make numerous and minute alterations, to alter the position of stanzas, to countermarch and invert the component parts of sentences, without leaving marks of their original array. The epitaph of the Italian valetudinary will apply as well in poetry as in regimen; and it may be said of many a laboured effort of genius: "*Stava bene, ma per star meglio, sto qui.*" There are in Gertrude passages of a construction so studiously involved, that nothing but the deepest consideration could have enabled the author to knit the Gordian knot by which his meaning is fettered, and which unfortunately requires similar exertion of intellect ere it can be disentangled. An ordinary reader is sometimes unable and always unwilling to make such an effort, and hence the volume is resigned and condemned in a moment of splenetick impatience. Some of the introductory stanzas have their beauties thus obscured, and afford rather a conjectural than a certain meaning. We allude to the second in particular. Similar indistinctness occurs in the construction of the following sentence:

"But high in amphitheatre above
His arms the everlasting aloe threw:
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the grove
Instinct as if with living spirit grew."

The idea here is beautiful, but it is only on reflection that we discover that the words in italicks mean not that the aloe breathed an air of heaven, but that the grove grew instinct with living spirit so soon as the slightest

air of heaven breathed on it. Sometimes passages, of which the tone is simple and natural, are defaced by affected inversion, as in Gertrude's exclamation:

"Yet say! for friendly hearts from whence we came
Of us does oft remembrance intervene?"

Again, in altering and retouching, inverting and condensing his stanzas, an author will sometimes halt between his first and his latter meaning, and deviate into defects both of sense and grammar. Thus in the Oneida's first song we have—

"Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou the spirit of thy mother greet,
O say *to morrow* that the white man's hand
Hath plucked the thorns of sorrow from thy feet."

Lastly, and above all, in the irksome task of repeated revision and reconsideration, the poet loses, if we may use the phrase, the impulse of inspiration; his fancy, at first so ardent, becomes palled and flattened, and no longer excites a correspondent glow of expression. In this state of mind he may correct faults, but he will never add beauties; and so much do we prefer the stamp of originality to tame correctness, that were there not a medium which ought to be aimed at, we would rather take the *prima cura* with all its errours, and with all its beauties, than the over-amended edition in which both are obliterated. Let any one read the most sublime passage in Shakspeare, a hundred times over, without intermission; it will at length convey to the tired ear, neither pathos nor sublimity, hardly even an intelligible idea. Something analagous to this occurs to every poet in the melancholy task of correction. The Scythians, who debated their national affairs first in the revel of a festival, and afterwards during a day of fasting, could hardly experience a greater sinking of spirit in their second consultation, than the bard who, in revising the offspring of moments of enthusiastick feeling, experiences that

The dear illusion will not last,
The era of enchantment's past.

Then occur the doubtful and damping questions, whether the faded inspiration was genuine; whether the verses corresponded in any degree to its dictates, or have power to communicate to others a portion of the impulse which produced them. Then comes the dread of malignant criticism; and last, but not least tormenting, the advice of literary friends, each suggesting doubts and alterations, till the spirit is corrected out of the poem, as a sprightly boy is sometimes lectured and flogged for venial indiscretions into a stupid and inanimate dunce. The beautiful poem of Lochiel, which Mr. Campbell has appended to the present volume, as if to illustrate our argument, exhibits marks of this injudicious alteration. Let us only take the last lines, where in the original edition the champion declares that even in the moment of general rout and destruction,

"Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame."

The whole of this individual, vigorous, and marked picture of the Highland chieftain lying breathless amid his broken and slaughtered clan—a picture so strong, that we even mark the very posture and features of the hero—is humbled and tamed, abridged and corrected, into the following vague and inexpressive couplet:

"Lochiel——————
Shall victor exult in the battle's acclaim,
Or look to yon heaven from the death-bed of fame."

If the pruning knife has been applied with similar severity to the beauties of Gertrude of Wyoming, the hatchet of the Mohawk Brandt himself was not more fatally relentless and indiscriminate in its operations.

The book contains, besides Gertrude of Wyoming, several of Mr. Campbell's smaller pieces. Lochiel in particular and Hohenlinden are introduced, although they made part of the author's last quarto volume. We cannot be offended at meeting our favourites any where; yet when we connect the circumstance last mentioned, with the reflection that Lochiel has been unnecessarily altered and abridged, we are not thoroughly satisfied with their insertion in the present volume. Two beautiful war odes, entitled the Mariners of England, and the Battle of the Baltick, afford pleasing instances of that short and impetuous lyrick sally in which Mr. Campbell excels all his contemporaries. Two ballads, Glenara, and Lord Ullin's daughter, the former approaching the rude yet forcible simplicity of the ancient minstrels, the latter upon a more refined plan, conclude the volume. They were new to us, and are models in their several styles of composition.

[The following article, and an able review of the French Code of Conscription inserted in the first volume of the Select Reviews, page 369, are attributed to the pen of a young gentleman of Baltimore, who has lately returned from Europe, where he has been spending several years. Both articles appeared originally in the Edinburgh Review.]

Biographie Moderne, ou Dictionnaire Biographique de tous les Hommes morts ou vivans, qui ont marqué à la fin du 18 Siecle ou au Commencement de celui-ci, par leur Rang, leurs Emplois, leurs Talens, leurs Malheurs, leurs Vertus, leurs Crimes, et où tous les faits qui les concernent sont rapportés de la Maniere la plus impartiale et la plus authentique. A Leipzig. 1807.

"TO endeavour," says Machiavel, in his Discourses, "to make a people free who are servile in their nature, is as hopeless, as to attempt to reduce to slavery a nation imbued with the spirit of freedom." This remark, which was dictated by a review of history in the days of Machiavel, is eminently confirmed, we think, by the events of our own times. There are nations who cannot be permanently enslaved and others cannot be long maintained in the erect posture of freedom. It is often no less foolish than it is criminal, in an ambitious sovereign to bear down the unarmed laws of a free people; and sometimes unwise and unjustifiable in an honest patriot to subvert all at once a corrupt or arbitrary government.

These reflections were suggested by the perusal of a curious and interesting work on the French revolution, which has accidentally fallen into our hands. Under the title of Modern Biography, it purports to be a history of all those who, by their rank, their talents, their virtues, and their crimes, have contributed to illustrate, or to disgrace, the end of the last and the commencement of the present century. Before we offer an opinion concerning the execution of so comprehensive a plan, we shall state the circumstances, which, as we are informed, attended the publication of the work in Paris. In the year 1800, a Dictionary, similar in form to the present, but characterized by far greater asperity and boldness, was published in the French capital, and immediately suppressed by the police. The authors seem to have had it in view, to expose the inconsistency of those who had enlisted themselves in the service of the consular government, after signalizing

themselves by their zeal for a democratical equality. The book, although written in a republican spirit, was particularly levelled at the members of the convention, and contained much pointed declamation against the leaders and emissaries of the parties which alternately usurped so sanguinary a dominion over their wretched country. In 1806, the undertaking was revived in a shape which it was supposed would prove less obnoxious to the publick authorities. The *vitriolick acid*, to use an expression of the author, was wholly extracted; and particular care taken to exclude from the biography of the imperial family, and of the chief favourites of the monarch, whatever might be offensive. The better to secure themselves from suspicion, they professed, not to pass judgment, but merely to furnish materials for decision; and to embrace, at the same time, the names of all their foreign contemporaries of political note. These sacrifices, however, were not sufficient to propitiate the favour, or lull the vigilance of the police. The authors were punished; and the circulation of their book immediately prohibited. The copy now before us was secreted, and given to the individual from whom it has passed into our hands—with some additional sketches of character, upon the accuracy of which we have reason to think we can depend.

The work is interesting, we think, in various points of view. It presents us with the portraits of beings of whom almost all of us have heard; and whose names we still recall with sensations of astonishment and terrour. The biography of foreigners, indeed, is miserably scanty and erroneous; but this branch evidently appears to have been executed without interest or exertion, and forms a remarkable contrast to the industry and ingenuity which have been exercised in collecting and detailing the opinions of the chief actors in the French revolution. With regard to this part of the undertaking, too, our own recollections, and our knowledge of the sources of their information, enable us to judge with some confidence of their accuracy. These sources are, the journals of the legislative bodies; the files of the Moniteur; the several memoirs published at different times, such as those of Bertrand de Moleville and Bouillé; furnishing a narrative of facts whose exactness cannot be doubted, whatever diversity of opinion may prevail as to the motives and views of individuals and parties.* It may be generally remarked, indeed, of the epoch now under consideration, that its leading occurrences have had more notoriety than those of almost any other. There cannot well be any privacy in the history of a popular revolution, effected, in a great degree, by pamphlets and publick debates, and consummated by battles and treaties.

It certainly is not our intention to repeat the disgusting catalogue of the miseries and crimes of the French revolution; but we have thought that a summary review of the career and fate of some of its most conspicuous

* The memoirs of these two writers are of unquestionable authority. Both deserve credit for much firmness of conduct and purity of intention; and have infused less of passion into their narrative, than might have been expected from their character of leaders and sufferers in the royal cause. The work of Bertrand de Moleville, although somewhat diffuse, is exceedingly precious as a great body of authentick materials. The historian should particularly add to these works, the *Proces-Verbaux* of the legislative assemblies, the "*Tableau Analytique du Moniteur*," and the History of the War of La Vendée, by Alphonse Beachamp. *As men*, we blush to acknowledge that these indellible records but too clearly prove, that the savage features of the convention have not been greatly caricatured by the hand of party.

Tristius haud illis monstrum, &c.

We find that acts of *amnesty* for revolutionary crimes were passed by this body: but they will not be ratified by posterity.

agents, preceded by a few remarks on the moral and political lessons with which it abounds, might not be without interest, nor perhaps without utility. We know of no period in the whole record of history, which deserves to be so deeply weighed and so particularly examined, as the interval between the years 1790 and 1800. These few years give us the abridged experience of as many centuries; and never did the faculties and the passions of civilized man work with so much force, and so little disguise. Those who have lost, and those who have acquired power; the vicissitudes which the nations and governments of Europe have undergone; and the precautions employed to avert the evils of change; are equally subjects for minute research and profound speculation. During the shock of this great convulsion in France, and the conflict of opinions among ourselves, there was no place for calm observation; and the mind was rather bewildered than guided by the light which these astonishing events seemed to throw on the character of our nature. Now that the storm is hushed abroad, and the apprehensions of danger have subsided at home, our conclusions are likely to be more just, and our reflections infinitely more beneficial.

We think, however, that a considerable time must still elapse, before the world will be presented with a suitable history of the causes which accelerated the dissolution of this great monarchy, and so rapidly converted a mild and loyal people into a lawless and frantick mob. Prejudice and resentment are still too powerful to let us hope for an impartial narrative among ourselves; and if we could supply the talents and the temper, the materials would still be wanting. In France, where alone they could be found, the sword is still reeking with blood; the spirit of adulation would suppress, and the unsubdued animosities of faction distort the truth, to which, indeed, the genius of a military despotism in the minority of its dominion, must be essentially hostile. Hereafter, should our neighbours ever enjoy that *rare felicity* of a free press,* even for the transactions of the past, there may arise some mighty painter, whose pencil shall do justice to the subject. When we recollect that Tacitus was born in the reign of Nero, and matured in that of Domitian, we are encouraged to hope that history may again have in store some intelligence of the same exalted stamp, to avenge her cause, and to frustrate the efforts which are now made to stifle her voice on the continent.

Before we enter more particularly upon the contents of these volumes, we must remark, that we are powerfully struck with the novel and imposing spectacle which France exhibited from the time of the convention until the establishment of the consular administration of a country ruled by ephemeral governments, each struggling to maintain itself by every art which fraud could suggest to violence; convulsed to the centre by profligate factions; deluged with na-

* When we consider the real state of the press in France, there is something ludicrous in the mock solemnity with which the *constitution* provides against its violation. It creates a committee in the senate, entitled *the senatorial committee of the press.* When authors or printers have to complain of impediments thrown in the way of the circulation of their works, they are entitled to petition this committee. When these obstacles are not conceived by the committee to be rendered necessary by the interests of the state, the minister to whom they are ascribed is invited to withdraw them. Should they continue to exist after three invitations, the committee demands a general meeting of the senate, to whom the president formally announces "that there are strong presumptions that the liberty of the press has been violated." The case is then brought before the High Imperial Court—a judicature for the trial of delinquency in the members of the Imperial family, publick functionaries, &c.—the judges of which are the princes, the senators, &c.

tive blood; with every atom of society out of its proper place; in a state of absolute bankruptcy; with no regular system of finance; with a paper currency incalculable in amount, and at the last ebb of depreciation; yet still maintaining, with unexampled success, a war which cost more blood and treasure than any ever known in modern times; supporting, at different periods, fourteen different armies on a vast establishment; lavishing great sums in largesses at home and subsidies abroad; and, finally, triumphing over all her continental enemies, and settling down in an organization civil and military, which threatens the subjugation of the world.* During a crisis when, both within and without, the state appeared to be rushing furiously to destruction; when, to use the rhetorical language of one of her representatives, the sons of freedom were encountering all the malignity of fortune abroad, and the revolution, like Saturn, was devouring her own children at home, not a single indication of despondency was given by her rulers; nor, during the various devolutions of publick authority, did there seem to be any abatement of enthusiasm, or any remission of energy in furnishing the means of resistance to foreign aggression. The fortune of the republick was never once intrusted to the issue of a single battle; nor was the execution of their plans either relinquished or adjourned in consequence of new appearances of danger, or an increase in the number of their opponents. The senate of Rome, under the pressure of adversity, never displayed a more magnanimous feeling, nor assumed a more imposing attitude, nor hurled defiance in a prouder tone, than the revolutionary government in a season of the most alarming disasters. While we bitterly deplore the excesses of a people intoxicated with the first draughts of anarchy, and express our detestation for the crimes of the most horrible of all despotisms, that which wears the mask of liberty, it is impossible not to admire the splendid military achievements of that period, the steady confidence in the cause, and the ardent attachment to liberty manifested on the scaffold even by those who fell victims to the abuse of her name; the numerous instances of heroick death afforded both by royalists and republicans not inferiour to those upon which the historians of antiquity dwell with so much delight. "Laudatis antiquorum mortibus pares exitus." We are but little disposed to be the apologists of the French revolution; but we cannot consent to qualify all this as fanaticism, or to reprobate all those as jacobins, who believe, that

* "The republick maintained fourteen different armies. The troops paid were estimated at fourteen hundred thousand. The front of the troops defending her on the east occupied a line of five hundred leagues, extending from the Adriatick to the mouth of the Ems in the North Sea. Forty sous were paid, for some time, to the individuals who frequented the popular societies. The theatres of Paris were hired to give gratuitous exhibitions [*de part et pour le peuple.*] Succours were given to large districts. Bread, which cost eight sous per pound, in hard money, was distributed, almost for nothing, to the inhabitants of Paris. The national convention, in the midst of the revolutionary whirlwind, had no system of finance, and could have none." [*Ramel, Histoire des Fin. de la Republique.*] This writer was himself minister of finance at the period of which he speaks. He states the issue of assignats to have amounted to 40,000,000,000, of which 12,000,000,000 were withdrawn from circulation; and at the epoch of their cessation, 100 francs, in assignats, were valued at 3 sous in coin! a proportion of 1-666. The manufacture of this paper currency, the history of which is unparalleled, occupied eight hundred workmen, who sometimes printed, numbered, and stamped, from 2 to 3 millions of francs a day. During the six years of their currency, the annual revenue was about 300 million francs. These sums were applied to the purchase of neutrality and alliance abroad. In a curious report made to the convention on this subject by St. Just, the court of Constantinople alone is said to have cost 70 millions of francs in diamonds and gold!

even the members of that school have occasionally displayed a spirit which confers dignity on human nature. If France had, after all, worked out her salvation; if *liberty* had survived these furious struggles, we should consider mankind as gainers. Her own losses would have been retrieved; her crimes might have been forgotten; but it is of all reflections the most lamentable, that the issue which is now before our eyes, has not only rendered her redemption hopeless, but has dishonoured the cause of freedom, which is now throughout the universe made responsible for her miscarriage.

In this country, it has been but too much the fashion to point the moral of this revolution one way, without adverting to the awful warning which it holds out, as well to rulers as to subjects. The pride of the patrician may be instructed by this catastrophe, no less than the jealousy of the plebeian. In the utter annihilation of the old hereditary distinctions, and the ruin of the great proprietaries of France, there is assuredly something fitted to alarm and to improve the aristocracy of rank and wealth of all countries. Necker states in his book on finance, that there were seven thousand pedigrees carefully deposited in the Royal Library of Paris; and we will not undertake to conjecture how many title-deeds of extensive patrimony might have been found upon the judicial records. If we should ask, why it is, that these no longer exist?—we must not be told, that the wreck of title, of fortune, and of royal power, was owing to the mere perversity of the people, or to the unprovoked spirit of faction. The people may unjustly and capriciously desert an individual contending against the power of a government; but will never abandon a government which has honestly laboured to deserve and to secure their affections. If those who were upon "the slippery heights" of the kingdom of France, had been less confident of their security, and more attentive to the progress of publick opinion; if the privileged orders had discarded in time, their habits of luxurious indolence, and zealously co-operated to ease the burdens, and to ameliorate the condition of the lower classes; to promote economical reforms; to restore order to the finances; to purify the civil list; and to restrain the cupidity of courtiers;* if the royal princes had not, by their prodigality and their excesses, offended even the decorum of vice; if the experiment had been fully tried, of *a popular minister seconded by a patriotick king*, they might have stood firm upon the basis of their own authority, in spite of all the machinations of philosophers and deists, encyclopedists and levellers, to whom their misfortunes are so piously and loyally ascribed. When Lepelletier, president of the parliament of Paris, advised the recall of Necker, it was with this exclamation: Representons le peuple, de peur qu'il ne se represente lui même! "Let us represent the people, lest they should represent themselves."

One of the chief causes of the atrocious character which the revolution assumed, is to be found in the apathy or pusillanimity of those who were most deeply interested in the preservation of order, and best able to fashion publick sentiment. The greater part of these men, at the commencement of the contest, either looked on with indifference, or shrunk back in dismay, or consented

* "*Le livre rouge*,—la prodigalité des princes,—l'énormité de la liste civile,—l'insatiable cupidité des courtisans et des agens des menus plaisirs, voila la racine du mal," &c. [*Observ. sur la Rev.*] "I am convinced," says Necker, "that a habitual residence at Versailles weakens, in an administration of the finances, the inclination and ambition to undertake great things;—there he sees vanities rated so high, and such a deep interest taken in the game of ambition and intrigue, that he loses sight of the true value of every thing that is worthy of esteem."

to purchase a momentary security at the expense of honour and conscience. Had the men of moderate views and local influence, when the dangers of anarchy were but too apparent, stood bravely forward, and united to combat the designs of faction, they might have set bounds to the fury of a tempest which they could not wholly avert. Their irresolution served only to embolden the audacity of the turbulent, and their precipitate flight to confirm the dominion of the mob.* The law of Solon, which enacted, that the citizen who, in a period of civil commotion, did not side with one or other of the contending parties, should forfeit his estate, and be for ever banished the commonwealth, extraordinary as it may at first appear, is, nevertheless, founded in correct views of human nature, and has a tendency, not to foment, but to appease dissension. In such a conjuncture, an attention to petty interests leads to total ruin; and the neutrality of the good only widens the field for those profligate passions, and desperate projects, which the ferment of discontent naturally calls into action. That ferment can, however, in no degree, be allayed by an obstinate adherence to palpable corruptions. When we inculcate the necessity of a prompt and persevering exertion of that influence which always accompanies prescriptive authority, personal character, and honest intentions, it is with a full persuasion, that they never can be successful over the unremitting activity of the fiends of discord, unless attended by a ready concurrence in the reformation of abuses, by timely concessions, and by temperate and conciliatory language. If the war of extermination so long waged in the bosom of France, yield one salutary caution to all orders of men, it is, that they should be sparing in the application of general terms of reproach or contumelious epithets of party. The use made in that unfortunate country of the words *jacobin* and *aristocrat*, abundantly proves, that what at first is but loosely or petulantly thrown out as a mark of ridicule or distinction, not only serves to swell the number, and exasperate the resentment of parties, but may be converted into an engine of the most furious and sanguinary proscription.*

Among the most striking lessons which are taught by the history of this revolution, is the profound oblivion into which multitudes have already fallen, who were once objects either of terrour or pity to the whole nation. These volumes contain, not only the catalogue of those who, in the face of the world, swore eternal hatred to royalty, and are now the most prominent agents of despotism, but the names also of a host of clamorous politicians and writers of vast importance in their day, whose influence and notoriety are now buried, without the possibility of resuscitation. It is remarkable also, how active a share was taken in the tumults of the time by the mere men of science and letters, and to what "illustrious dignities" many of *them* have attained under the auspices of a martial monarch. Doubtless, the nature of their pursuits inclined them to espouse, with eagerness, the cause of freedom; but the part they have

* Vide *Aul. Gel. in Noct. Attic. lib.* 2. *c.* 12.—"Boni nescio," says Cicero, "quomodo tardiores sunt et principiis rerum neglectis ad extremum ipsa denique necessitate excitantur—ita ut nonnunquam cunctatione ac tarditate, dum otium volunt, etiam sine dignitate retinere, ipsi utrumque amittant."—[*Pro Sextio.*]

* The list of political denominations introduced during the conflict of parties, and employed for the purpose of mutual destruction, deserves to be reported. Anarchistes, Aristocrates, Babouvistes, Brissotines, Chouans, Clichiens, Contre-revolutionaires, Cordeliers, Dantonistes, Federalistes, Feuillans, Girondins, Hebatistes, Jacobins, Maratistes, Modérés, Montagnards, Orleanistes, Reactionnaires, Sansculottes, Septembriseurs, Theophilantropes, Terroristes, Thermidoriens, Vendéens, &c.

ultimately chosen leads us to suspect, that their zeal was animated by a wish to govern, πολιτευεσθαι, in the first instance, and that, in the miscarriage of their hopes, they have not been insensible to the consolations of what Mr. Burke so emphatically terms "the gross lucre and fat emoluments of servitude."

In the number of distinguished royalists who have returned to breathe the air of their native country, we observe but few, however, who hold any publick trusts. Their situation necessarily exacts the affectation at least of a cheerful acquiescence in the present order of things; those who are in the capital, either from fear or inclination, contribute to swell the pomp of the imperial court, and to enliven the drawing rooms of the new nobility. But in the merit of consistency, they are certainly superiour to their republican antagonists. The apostacy of the latter might, nevertheless, admit of many palliatives. Those who once wore the *bonnet rouge* should not, indeed, ostentatiously display the livery of a despot; but it must be acknowledged, that the establishment of his power was beyond their control. France had reached a crisis, when the absolute sway of an individual was rendered necessary, and perhaps desirable, even for such as sighed, with disinterested zeal, after the blessings of freedom. Every man of judgment had become sensible of the hopelessness of their first pursuit: and it must be needless to suggest, that the preponderance of the military, left no choice, even of evils, to the civil authority. During the paroxysms of the revolution, the officers of the army either caught the contagion of republican sentiments, or saw the necessity of professing them; but their allegiance was much more naturally and readily paid to a victorious general, than to the bloody phantom of a republick.

At the establishment of the consular government, in order to colour the first usurpation, the forms of a free constitution were preserved; and it was even deemed expedient, to introduce into the new legislative bodies the leading republicans of the old. To make this, however, as little dangerous as possible, it was provided, that one fifth of the members of the legislative assembly should be annually replaced. The process of excluding this proportion is entitled *elimination*; and we observe, that during the first years, the lot regularly fell upon those who continued to assert their original doctrines, or who indicated a disposition to scrutinize the views, and resist the encroachments, of the first consul. The tribunate, which was found the most democratical and restive branch of the legislature, was soon pared down to the number of fifty, and finally abolished. Still, however, the legislature, the great offices of state, the prefectures of the departments, and the judicial employments, particularly, are filled by men who took an active part in promoting the revolution. Their enmity might have endangered the stability of the new sovereign; their influence and their talents were necessary for the erection of that vast and regular system of administration which was projected; their dissensions, and their venality, rendered them an easy conquest. Under a general view of human nature, the policy was wise; for men, who, in the commencement of a reign, believe themselves suspected, would naturally wish to blazon their fidelity; to counteract the prejudice arising from their character, by particular zeal and activity in the discharge of their new functions. The event at least, has, in this instance, justified this supposition.

Wherever disaffection was openly expressed, the individual was either exiled into the remote departments, or placed under the particular supervision of the police. This plan is still pursued. An austere and jealous vigilance is now exercised over

the *unreclaimed* republicans, and particularly over the royalists, who are objects of much greater suspicion and apprehension. Although a system of intimidation, beyond our powers of description, is extended over all the subjects of the empire, the instances of studied oppression, or of immoderate rigour, in the civil administration, have certainly been few; much fewer, indeed, than might have been expected, when we consider how fierce and delirious was the anarchy to which this formal and omnipotent despotism has succeeded. Within the last three or four years, since the leading patriots, either corrupted by the fortune, or overawed by the power, of their new ruler, have consummated their apostacy, his favour has been somewhat diverted to those who adhered, as far as the temper of the revolution would allow, to the *mezzo termine*, or whose revolutionary career was marked by a degree of moderation. Some expansion, too, is occasionally permitted to those bitter enmities which still rankle among the victims and agents of party violence, and every indulgence for the disclosure of such traits as serve to aggravate the infamy, and elucidate the views of the factions into which the convention was divided. The policy of indulging, to a certain extent, this war of recrimination, is obvious, and highly serviceable. The prostration of all the adverse parties is a triumph for each: the humiliation of their adversaries gratifies their private hate, and reconciles them to the evils of their own condition. It is worthy of remark, that this feeling of our nature operated to strengthen even the dominion of Robespierre. France, rent and exhausted by the conflicts of the different factions, seemed to be less miserable under one tyrant, and to rejoice at a tyranny which was indiscriminately exercised. The royalists appeared grateful for the vengeance which he inflicted on his revolutionary colleagues; and it is doubtful whether the savage reign of this detestable monster might not have been prolonged, had he not driven his own instruments to desperation, by his insatiable thirst for blood.

It is easy to imagine, that the despotism of Buonaparte, notwithstanding the misery of which it must be productive, must have other supports than that of the military force. We cannot find colours sufficiently vivid, to paint the appalling image which the revolution has left in the minds of the moderate and timid portion of the community. There is a morbid sensibility on this head, which astonishes even those who give full credit to every disastrous tale of suffering and barbarity to which this event has given birth. For multitudes, therefore, the actual exemption from revolutionary massacres and alarms is a state of comparative beatitude; and the possibility of their recurrence far more formidable than any existing evil. The minute subdivision of property, which we noticed in a former number, has created a great body of new proprietaries, who would hazard more than they could hope to gain by any change. The government, moreover, has studiously multiplied offices, to a degree highly burthensome, no doubt, to the people, but which interests in its support, a host of dependants, whose allegiance is secured by present benefits, and whose zeal is stimulated by the hope of future rewards. The additional splendour with which the new despotism is daily invested; the stately affectation and ostentatious pageantry of the imperial court, are not to be ascribed to the workings of mere vanity, but to views of profound policy. By the formation of a numerous state hierarchy; by lengthening the chain of subordination; by multiplying the titles, and dividing the substance of power; new ties and interests are produced, which augment the influence and enlarge the foundations of the throne. Such a system is every way adapted to the temper of the people. The more ceremonious the servitude, the sooner will

every vestige of republican feeling be obliterated. The spirit of freedom soon disappears with the characteristick simplicity of its institutions.

Although we are far from believing that either Buonaparte or his government is now popular, in the usual acceptation of the term, we can readily conceive, that the reflecting part of the nation may have many inducements to uphold his authority. Experience has taught them the unfitness of their country for any other than an absolute government, and the necessity, at this moment, of a system of rigorous coercion. Dreadful as is the domestick police, there is no man acquainted with the actual state of society in France, who does not see the impossibility of preserving order without some such inquisition. Detestable, too, and dangerous as is the genius of their government, it cannot be without some merit in the eyes of *Frenchmen*. Under the shade of the imperial purple, most of the elegant pleasures of the mind, and some of the generous sympathies of the heart, are suffered to flourish, and may be almost considered as a new creation. From a state of total disorganization, of the most destructive civil war, France has been restored, by the provident ambition of her new rulers, to the enjoyment of many of the advantages of a well regulated community. Their labours to establish a regular administration of justice and of the finances, and to form some system at least of publick instruction, are not without their utility; although, as we are informed, they have not as yet proved eminently successful. Their plan of conquest, too, although it has deluged the neighbouring countries with blood, has preserved their own territory from becoming the theatre of war. The improvements in the roads; the rapid construction of publick works; the numerous institutions for the encouragement of national industry; the embellishments of the capital; the ostentatious protection extended to the sciences and to the fine arts, all involve solid advantages, while they spring from the comprehensive and truly Machiavelian wisdom of an ambitious despot. In making these remarks, we allude to the condition in which he found France; and must not be understood as retracting the opinions which we formerly delivered, with regard to the pernicious consequences likely to result, both to her and to the world from the foreign policy of his government. Under this point of view, we are ready to exclaim with the poet,

Αρ απολοίλο κ' αλλ' ὁτις τοιαυτά γε ρεζοι.

We shall now present our readers with such a selection of the notices and anecdotes contained in these volumes, as our limits will allow. The first are instances of a flexibility of conscience or of judgment, not often paralleled, even in the world of politicks.

Grégoire, whose name is so conspicuous in the annals of the revolution, is now a member of the senate and of the legion of honour. He was born near Luneville, in 1750; and, after serving as a curate, was deputed to the states general, and was among the first of those of the clerical order who passed down to the lower chamber. On the 8th of July, 1789, he declaimed against the march of the troops which the king had ordered to approach Paris, and exclaimed: "That if Frenchmen ever consented to become slaves, they should be despised as the refuse of nations." On the 5th of October, he described the king as surrounded by the enemies of the people; denounced M. de Bouille; and asked, why it was that Paris, after an abundant harvest, was driven to insurrection by the want of food. The ministers were less able to answer this question than the duke of Orleans; but the object of the orator was, to exasperate the populace against the court, by this insidious accusation. Grégoire was the first ecclesiastick who took the

constitutional oath. In return, he obtained the bishoprick of Blois, and soon after became president of the assembly. At the period of the king's flight, he pronounced a violent invective against the monarch, and called for an immediate trial. In September 1792, he was delegated to the convention, and soon after made and carried a motion for the abolition of royalty, declaring at the same time, "that kings were, in the moral order of things, what monsters are in the physical, and that their history was the martyrology of nations." On the 15th of November, he pronounced a violent philippick against Louis XVI. and requested that he might be arraigned without delay. He was then made president of the convention; and, having proposed the incorporation of Savoy with France, was sent to organize that county, under the name of the department of Mont Blanc. As the king was tried during his absence, he did not vote; but wrote, concurrently with his colleagues, to announce to the assembly, that, "under a conviction of the unremitting treachery of that perjured monarch, he solicited his condemnation without an appeal to the people." In 1793, he invited Barere to retract the eulogy which he had pronounced on Louis the Twelfth, and undertook to prove, that this pretended father was, in fact, the scourge of his people. On the 7th November, however, he loudly condemned Gobel for abjuring the Christian religion and his episcopal functions. He was then accused by Bourdon de l'Oise, of wishing to *christianize* the revolution [Christianiser la revolution.] On the 4th of March, 1794, he read to the assembly an original letter, as he stated it to be, of Charles the Ninth, recommending that a recompense should be given for the assassination of the constable of Mouy; and this letter he proposed to have enrolled among the national archives, "in order that its publicity might aggravate the abhorrence which nations should feel for kings." In April, he tendered to the convention some historical researches concerning the tree of liberty. In September 1795, he became one of the council of five hundred. After the 18th Brumaire, [December] 1799 he was elected to the legislative body, of which he was nominated president in February 1800. On the 25th December, 1801, he was appointed a member of the conservative senate, and decorated with the insignia of the legion of honour. Grégoire has published a great variety of works, and now divides his time between literary pursuits and the routine of his political station, which he fills with much apparent satisfaction. However reprehensible for the violence of his revolutionary opinions, he deserves no small credit for the energy with which, during the worst periods he defended, and for the zeal with which he has uniformly protected, the cause of science and literature. At this moment, his house is the favourite rendezvous of many of the most distinguished *savans* of the French capital; and, in private life, there are few men of more amiable character, or more winning manners.

The next name we shall select is that of *Garat*, originally a mere man of letters, now a member of the legion of honour, of the institute, and of the senate, and professor of history in the Lyceum of Paris. He was sent to the states general from Labour; in 1798 was made minister of justice, and, as such, acquainted the king with his condemnation. This task he executed, according to Bertrand de Moleville, with great barbarity. In March 1793, he became minister of the interiour. At a sitting of the jacobins on the 16th July of that year, he was complimented by Danton on the important services which he had rendered the cause. He soon after abdicated his ministry, and announced his intention to edit a republican journal. He was, within

a short time, twice arrested, but saved by the activity of his friends. In 1797, he published an elaborate epistle addressed to La Harpe, with a view to demonstrate the utility of persevering in the use of the term Citizen. In 1798, he went as ambassadour to Naples; but soon rendered himself obnoxious by the warmth of his republican principles, and returned to take a seat in the council of ancients. He became president of this body in 1799, and pronounced a discourse on the anniversary of the king's death. He cooperated zealously in the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, and announced the adoption of the consular government, in an encomiastick speech. In 1806, he delivered, before the senate, a long and florid oration on the victories of the emperour Napoleon, and now shares largely both in the favour and the munificence of his master.

There are few names of more note, in the revolutionary annals, than that of *Merlin de Douai*. He passed from the bar to the states general in 1789, and was conspicuously active in promoting all the popular measures of that period. After the session, he became president of the criminal tribunal of the department of the north, and was delegated to the convention in 1792; but, on arriving in Paris, found himself implicated in an accusation relating to some papers seized in the Thuileries. He appeared at the bar on the 7th December, and justified himself by proving, "that he had never committed the crime of wishing to serve Louis the Sixteenth." He voted for his death; and, in 1793, procured the enactment of a law against suspicious persons; which crowded the prisons throughout France with numberless victims, of all conditions and parties. He afterwards went under the name of *Merlin the Suspicious*. In 1794, he became a member of the committee of publick safety, and was among the most active of that body for a long period. On the 14th November, the directory appointed him minister of justice, and, in January 1796, minister of police. He succeeded Barthelemy as a member of the directory, and acquired a great ascendancy over his colleagues. After having shared the supreme power for some time with Barras and Rewbel, he was compelled to resign, and had the good fortune to escape unhurt from the accusations preferred against him on all sides. After officiating as attorney general in the court of Cassation, he became a member of the legion of honour in 1804; and, in 1806, was made a counsellor of state. Carnot said of this man, in his Memoir: "That he marched steadily in the revolutionary line, and never swerved from his principles." His present situation is the best commentary on this panegyrick. He must not, however, be confounded with another of the same name, *Merlin de Thionville*, one of the most indefatigable and relentless monsters of the revolution. The latter, originally sheriff's officer, announced to the convention, that he had no other accusation to prefer against his own revolutionary conduct, than that of having neglected to poignard Louis XVI. on the 10th of August. Although among the prominent leaders of the republican party, he eluded the persecutions to which they were alternately subject, and is now in the quiet enjoyment of an immense fortune, accumulated by every species of rapine and violence.

Merlin de Thionville was intimately connected with Chabot, the celebrated Capuchin, in whose life there are some singular traits. In consequence of his "ardent patriotism," he became the curate of Grégoire; and, until he was executed in 1794, was in the first rank of incendiaries. In the course of July 1792, he caused himself to be wounded by six men hired for the purpose, in order that the king might be accused of an attempt at assassination. It is credibly stated,

that he urged Merlin with the most serious and pressing instances to assassinate him; and to have his body transported to the Faubourgs, in order to kindle the fury of the mob, and to expedite the destruction of the monarchy. He, on one occasion, summoned the convention, of which he was a member, to swear, "that, profoundly convinced of the vices of all kings, they would for ever detest them." The whole assembly rose, and replied, "*Nous le jurons; plus de roi!*" He requested also that a new law might be framed concerning emigrants, "so simple, that a child might send an emigrant to the guillotine." The *liaisons* of Merlin with this man and Bazire, a worthy coadjutor, gave rise to the following *jeu d'esprit*.

"Connoissez-vous rien de plus sot,
Que Merlin, Bazire et Chabot?
Non: Je ne connois rien de pire
Que Merlin, Chabot et Bazire:
Et personne n'est plus coquin
Que Chabot, Bazire et Merlin." &c.

Jean Debry, associated in the French mission to the congress of Rastadt wih Robertjot and Bonnier, whose mysterious assassination created so lively a sensation throughout Europe, is now a senator, a dignitary of the legion of honour, and prefect of the department of Doubs. He was originally a delegate to the legislative assembly, and a coryphæus of the popular party. No man evinced, on all occasions, a more acrimonious and active hostility to priests and kings, whom he constantly denounced as the *feculence and putrefaction of the human race*. At his instigation the assembly decreed, that monsieur, the brother of the king, had forfeited his right to the crown, in consequence of disobedience to the laws on the subject of emigration. On the 20th of June 1792, he prevented the assembly from entertaining a question which tended to the prevention of the nocturnal attacks made on the palace of the Thuileries, and signalized himself, by his exertions to promote the memorable affair of the 10th of August. On the 20th of the same month, he proposed the formation of a corps of *Tyrannicides*, whose sole duty it should be, to single out and to destroy the kings at war with France, and the generals who commanded their armies. He soon after moved, that a reward of 100,000 francs should be given to the person who should bring to the assembly the heads of Francis II. the duke of Brunswick, and "all the other beasts who resembled them." He voted for the death of the king; became a member of the committee of publick safety; and procured the establishment of a committee of supervision throughout France, which gave birth to the revolutionary tribunals, so celebrated for the atrocity of their proceedings.

After a zealous and efficient cooperation in the violent and sanguinary measures of the time, he became, in the year 1796, a member of the council of five hundred, was elected secretary, and soon after president of that body. In 1798, he presented a report on the necessity of infusing new life and vigour into their republican institutions, in which the following, among other sentiments, are to be remarked. "If we must have a superstition, let us have that of liberty; the fanaticism of liberty, if we can. There is no philosophy without patriotism, no genius but in a republican soul. The sacred love of liberty is one of the noblest characteristicks of talent, as well as of virtue," &c. In 1798, he was sent as minister plenipotentiary to Rastadt, and, on his return, was wounded in the attack made upon the French legation. On his arrival at Paris, he made his appearance in the council of ancients, with his arm in a sling, and invoked the vengeance of the nation on the house of Austria. At the sitting of the 19th June, consecrated to the memory of Bonnier and Robertjot, the president solemnly addressed Jean Debry in this way.

"You live. The task of proclaiming your merits belongs to posterity. It is our province to avenge your wrongs." Debry made this reply. "I swear by the manes of my unfortunate colleagues, that I will rather share their fate than be unfaithful to this republick; without which, nothing remains for us but to die." It was then decreed, that the seat of Robertjot, who had been a member, should be covered with black crape; and that, until it was filled, the president should, whenever his name was read from the roll, pronounce these words: "May the fate of the French ministers assassinated at Rastadt be retorted upon the house of Austria!" After the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, Jean Debry became a member of the tribunate; and, in 1800, pronounced a panegyrick on the first consul, and a speech in honour of the victory of Marengo. He has since seconded and applauded all the measures of the new government, and is now among the most ardent admirers of "*those transcendent qualities which belong to the whole imperial race.*" During the revolution, this man was remarked for the acrimony of his invectives against the emigrants, and those who had voted for the banishment of the king. Among the latter, many were induced to pronounce that judgment, from a conviction, that by no other expedient could the life of the monarch be saved. Others, who aimed at the destruction of the monarchy, were nevertheless subdued by the virtuous and beneficent character of the sovereign. Their lenity proved fatal to themselves, by marking them out as objects of suspicion and vengeance to the more sanguinary republicans. One of the opinions delivered on this subject, by a member of the name of Alasseur, deserves to be mentioned, as exhibiting a curious *rapprochement*. It was expressed in this way: "Rome banished her kings, and remained free. Cesar was assassinated by Brutus, and had a successour. The English destroyed their tyrant, but resumed their chains. I think, therefore, that to preserve liberty, Louis should be banished." Many of the members who voted for the punishment of death, expressed their opinion in a manner too shockingly barbarous to be related. One of them remarked, that, long before the revolution, "he had conceived and treasured up that vote *in his heart.*" It is said of another, of the name of Le Jeune, that he had small guillotines made for the purpose of decapitating the poultry used at his table; that he used them to cut his fruit; and never failed to point out to his guests the *general utility of the machine.*

Cochon, whose name must be familiar to all our readers, is now prefect of the Netherlands, and a member of the legion of honour. After voting for the death of the king, and cooperating in all the excesses of the time, he was sent as commissary of the convention, to the army of the north, and assisted with distinguished courage at the siege of Valenciennes, the capitulation of which he attributed to the treachery of the inhabitants, in his report to the convention. He became, in 1794, a member of the committee of publick safety, and in 1795, accompanied the army of the north to Holland. In the following year, the directory appointed him minister of police, a situation in which he was found eminently useful, in detecting and baffling the conspiracies of Babœuf and of the camp of Grenelle, where four hundred jacobins were cut to pieces, conformably to his arrangements with the commanding officer. In 1797, he denounced and brought to trial, several emissaries of the Bourbons; and stated, in his report of the trial, "that he knew not to what he was to attribute the *odious distinction* of being placed in their list of the ministers who were to be retained after the revival of the monarchy," with this additional remark, "that he had voted for the death of the king." He soon after

swore to combat the enemies of the republick, of whatever party; and, in a report against the refractory priests, accused them of corrupting the publick mind. He was afterwards dismissed by the directory, and included among the *déportés*; but had proceeded no further than the island of Oleron, when the revolution of the 18th Brumaire took place. He returned, and was immediately admitted to the favour of the new government, of which he is now a zealous supporter.

The polished courtesy and peculiar softness of manner by which Cochon is distinguished in private life, are strikingly contrasted with the intemperance of his political career. He was originally an advocate, and unites considerable literary attainments to an uncommon share of sagacity and industry. The government have associated with him at Antwerp, in the capacity of *maritime prefect*, *Malouet* who sustained so courageously and ably, the falling fortunes of the monarchy, and who emigrated to this country in the year 1792. The latter enjoyed much of the confidence of Louis XVI; and when the intended trial of that monarch was known in London, wrote to the executive council, to request that he might be permitted to undertake his defence before the convention;—a trait of loyalty which deserves to be recorded. On his return to France, after the affair of the 18th Brumaire, he was at first arrested by the police, but soon obtained his release; and in 1803 was chosen by the government to fill his present station. It was expected that these men, by the attractions of their society, and the mildness of their administration, would have been able to conciliate the inhabitants of Antwerp; but such was the general antipathy to the French dominion, that even in 1807, they had not succeeded in establishing a social intercourse with more than two or three of the principal personages of the department.

With the exception of Malouet, Mounier, Ségur, Alexandre, La Rochefoucault, and cardinal Maury, but few of the distinguished royalists have enlisted themselves in the service of the new dynasty. Ségur, who at various times, acted as a foreign minister under the *ancien régime*, is now a counsellor of state, and grand master of ceremonies at the imperial court. Mounier died in 1806, at Paris, after having become a senator and prefect of one of the departments. Prince Ferdinand de Rohan, formerly archbishop of Cambray, is now almoner of the empress.

Cardinal Maury retired from the first tumults of the revolution to Rome, where he obtained his cardinal's hat. In 1805, he addressed a letter to the emperour Napoleon, signifying his wish to return to France, and to recognise the new government. In the month of June of that year, he was presented to the monarch at Genoa, and much gratified by his reception. He was soon after appointed almoner to prince Jerome, and obtained a bishoprick. He is now resident in Paris, professing himself to be warmly devoted to the interests of the reigning family. In the month of May, he was received as a member of the Institute, and delivered, on that occasion, an elaborate discourse.—No occurrence of the kind ever excited more curiosity in the capital, or drew a more numerous auditory. His reputation as the first orator of the *Côté droit*, and the formidable rival of Mirabeau; the unshaken courage and persevering energy with which he once defended the throne of the Bourbons, and his recent defection from their cause, on which he was expected to touch, gave an extraordinary interest to his first publick exhibition. His hearers, however, retired fatigued and disgusted, with a dull and prolix harangue, remarkable only for the fulsome adulation which it offered to the imperial family. Those who recollected him preaching before the king,

his benefactor, or asserting, in the national assembly, the rights of his order, with such force of argument, and so captivating an elocution, had the mortification to find, that his manner was stripped of all the charms with which it was once invested; and that, with the dignity of his character, he had lost the fire of his genius, and the lustre of his eloquence.

The name of *Mirabeau* is so often conjoined with that of *Maury*, that we are naturally led to turn to the article which treats of the former. The accounts of this extraordinary man are already so voluminous, that it would be superfluous to indulge in any details. The disorders of his private life, and the extraordinary inflictions to which they exposed him, enter not into our present subject. It is sufficient to say, that, being rejected at the first election for the states-general by the noblesse of Provence, he hired a shop, and inscribed on his sign: "Mirabeau, draper." He succeeded as a candidate for the third estate, and, at the court of Versailles, passed under the designation of the *plebeian count*. He soon signalized himself in the tribune by the powers of his invective, and the sagacity with which he analyzed every question of publick interest agitated in the assembly. His first connexion was with the duke of Orleans, whom he abandoned, after making a liberal use of his purse His frequent overtures to the king satisfactorily prove, that he sought popularity only to acquire a more arbitrary dominion over the court. It was not until near the end of the session, after a fiery and turbulent opposition, which is too well known to require any description, and when he had obtained an unrivalled ascendency over the popular party, that his services were accepted by the court, his debts paid, and a pension allowed him. It does not appear, that he at any time contemplated the possibility of establishing a democracy in France; but it is certain that, after his desertion to the court, he had formed the plan of dissolving a legislature, which he soon found wholly untractable.* His death frustrated the execution of this scheme—perhaps the only one which could have saved the monarchy. The address with which he contrived to promote his own views, by appearing to second those of his old confederates, the energy and splendour of his declamation, are all calculated to inspire the highest idea of his powers, and to awaken a lively regret, that an intelligence almost stupendous should have been conjoined with a depravity of morals scarcely to be paralleled. The mechanism of his oratory is said, by all those who knew him, to have corresponded to the force and brilliancy of his expression. His works, some of which are detestably licentious, display a profound knowledge of human nature, and deep research; but

* We find the opinions which Mr. Burke has expressed in his Letter on the French Revolution, concerning the composition of this assembly, confirmed in these volumes, by a very remarkable testimony. They mention a farmer of the name of Gerard, who was introduced as a member of the states-general, for the purpose of conciliating the people of his district, by making one of themselves a representative of the nation. He was wholly without education, and in manners and dress a mere peasant; but with much honesty and good sense to compensate for his exteriour. In writing to his constituents, he expressed himself in this way: "What can I do in the midst of a crowd of pettyfogging lawyers and attorneys, who believe they know every thing, and look upon themselves as the most important branch of the legislature, although they have not an inch of ground under the sun, and can only gain by the total subversion of the existing order of things?" One of the orators of the assembly terminated a long speech, by asking Gerard what he thought of the assembly. "I think," said Gerard, rising in his place, and looking very gravely around him, "I think there are a great many scoundrels among us."

are written in a loose, luxuriant style, and in much too declamatory a tone. He died at the early age of forty-two, declaring "that he carried the monarchy away with him." It was a favourite phrase of his, in allusion to the versatility of the mob, "that the distance was but small from the capitol to the Tarpeian rock."

Mirabeau had a younger brother, the *viscompte*, of a character nearly as depraved as his own, and gifted with uncommon powers of wit and ridicule, which he wielded to the great annoyance of the popular party. His brother said of him, that, in any other family, the viscompte would have been considered as a profligate; but that, in theirs, he was a prodigy of virtue. During the tumults, to which the question of confiscating the property of the clergy gave rise, in the constituent assembly, the younger brother apologized for the vehemence of his manner, by stating, "that, in that assembly, he found the logick of the lungs as necessary as any other species of dialecticks" When the elder Mirabeau reproached him with indulging in habits of intoxication, his reply was: "What can you complain of? Of all the vices of any importance, you have left me no distinctive one but that." He emigrated, and died at Fribourg in 1792, after serving with distinction, under the orders of the prince of Condé.

In the number of those who have stood foremost in the revolutionary ranks, there is, perhaps, no individual, whose character or history is more interesting than that of *Carnot*. He is the only one of the whole list of republicans, who has adhered to their former principles, and in whose character and manners the new order of things appears to have wrought no change. He entered, at an early age, into the corps of engineers, and owed his advancement to the favour of the prince of Condé. Some mathematical essays and light verses acquired him a certain degree of reputation before the revolution. He was a captain of engineers at the commencement of the troubles; and, in 1791, was deputed to the legislature by the department of the *Pas de Calais*. An ardent imagination, heated by a constant meditation, or deep study of the popular institutions of antiquity, led him to embrace the popular cause with eagerness, and to concur zealously in most of the intemperate opinions and measures of the time. He voted for the accusation of the princes; for the fabrication of 30,000 pikes to arm the sans-culottes; and, finally, for the death of the king. He was sent, by the convention, on various missions to the armies; and signalized himself as much by personal intrepidity, as by the energy of his republicanism. In the month of March 1793, accompanying the army of the north, he cashiered general Gratien on the field of battle, for having retreated before the enemy; and put himself at the head of the troops. On his return to the convention, he became a member of the committee of publick safety; and, under the influence of Robespierre, was but too active an auxiliary in the unprecedented atrocities which characterized the reign of terrour. His conduct during that period gave rise to the picture which Mr. Burke has drawn of him, in his first letter on the regicide peace. Carnot, by the peculiar bent of his genius, soon acquired an unlimited influence in the military department; and, during his administration, it could never be said, that the errours of the cabinet rendered abortive the operations of the field. He was intrusted with all the plans deposited in the bureaux since the reign of Louis XIV. and, by his own memoirs and instructions, issued in the name of the committee of publick safety, contributed materially to the astonishing success of the French arms. He claimed the merit of the victory of Maubeuge, gained by Jourdan, at which he assisted as commissary of

the convention; and he has, at all times, been ambitious of this species of glory. In May 1794, he was elected president of the convention; and, when a deputation from the jacobins appeared at the bar, to state, in a formal manner, that they actually believed in the existence of a God, Carnot told them, that this step alone was sufficient to refute all the calumnies vomited forth against their society. He, on one occasion, denounced Turreau, now ambassadour to the United States of America, and Carrier, for their barbarities in La Vendée. And when Barrere and Collot were arraigned by the convention, undertook their defence with the utmost warmth. He was, himself, exposed to frequent attacks, particularly in May 1795, when Legendre called for his arrest; but Bourdon de l'Oise saved him, by exclaiming: "This is the man who organized victory in the French armies!" He was afterwards raised to the directorship, and, for some time, exerted a considerable ascendency over his colleagues; but was at last overpowered by their intrigues, and compelled to take refuge in Germany, where he published a vindication of his conduct. And it is rather remarkable that he should, although at that time under the protection of a monarch, have terminated it, by declaring himself "still the irreconcilable enemy of kings." This *Memoir Justificatif* accelerated the downfall of the directory, whose vices and crimes he has denounced with great force and acrimony of invective. He returned to France after the dissolution of their power, and was appointed minister of war in April 1800. He, however, soon relinquished this office, and lived for some time in retirement. In 1802, he consented to act as a member of the tribunate; and in this capacity, resisted, on several occasions, the favourite measures of the government. He stood *alone* in his vote against the consulate for life; strenuously opposed the accession of Buonaparte to the imperial dignity; and persisted in refusing to sign the registers. In 1807, he appeared to be wholly engrossed by his avocations, as a member of the first class of the institute. Various works on the higher branches of the mathematicks attest his eminence in that science. In manners, in countenance, and in the deep workings of the soul, no one of his contemporaries approaches so nearly to the republican models of antiquity, as there is none more profoundly versed in all the branches of republican history. These studies, perhaps, have nourished a fierce spirit, and a severity of temper, which have justly subjected him to the imputation of cruelty; but he is free from the reproach of peculation, which attaches to so many of his colleagues. Those who contemplate him, under his present circumstances, and recollect the genius of the man, and the sphere in which he has once moved, are reminded of the picture which the Roman historians draw of Marius, sitting on the ruins of Carthage. The skill and intrepidity which he, and many others, without a military education, exhibited, when deputed to the armies, is a trait too remarkable to be passed over. There is, moreover, something to admire in the lofty confidence which the commissaries of the convention, like those of Rome, so often manifested in the fortunes of the republick, although accompanied by the fastidious insolence of profligate power. They spoke and fought with equal energy. When general Montesquieu hesitated to take possession of Geneva, in consequence of the remonstrances of the Swiss cantons, Dubois Crancé, the delegate to his army, is said to have exclaimed: "A quoi bon tant de façons:" "I would beat down Geneva into her own lake by a shower of bombs, and invite the magnificent cantons to fish her up again." In the life of St. Just, who, at the age of twenty-six, perished on the scaffold with Robespierre, and whose en-

dowments resembled those of Carnot, there are striking instances of the same spirit. While with the army of the north, and at the battle of Fleurus, he exhibited the accomplishments of an able general, united to the desperate courage of a soldier, and the lofty enthusiasm of an impetuous proconsul. The associates of Carnot in the directorial power, are still alive. Rewbell,* who voted for the death of the king, and who acquired so much celebrity by his rapacious exactions, although in disgrace with the government, is left to enjoy the fruits of them in the vicinity of Paris. *La Réveilliere Lepeaux*, the high priest of the sect of Theophilanthropists, and of whom it was sarcastically observed, by one of his colleagues, "that his predominant passion was the fear of being hung," is living, unmolested, in the midst of botanical pursuits. *Barras* resides in a state of honourable exile, in the south of France. *Roger Ducos*, who, in 1794, presided at the meetings of the jacobin society, and passed from the station of director to that of third consul in 1799, fell soon after into the ranks of the senate, where he now glitters as one of the great dignitaries of the legion of honour. *Sieyés*, supports the same honours, with a large estate, bestowed by the consuls as a national recompense. *Barthelemi* is also a member of the senate, and by far the most respectable of that body. During the great shocks of the revolution, he was absent on foreign missions, and conducted himself with uniform moderation and distinguished ability. He negotiated several important treaties abroad; and, on his return to Paris, was forced into the directorship, rather by the lustre of his character, than by any love for the situation. That character threw him among the number of the *deportés*, when Barras and his party acquired a preponderance. His escape from Cayenne must be familiar to most of our readers, by the work of Ramel. His early studies were pursued under the direction of his uncle, the celebrated author of the Travels of Anacharsis, who combined with so copious a variety of knowledge, and such exquisite taste, so much private virtue and social talent, as to render him the delight of his friends, and the ornament of his age. With an intellect and a heart formed upon this amiable model, the nephew has a similar exteriour; a tall and well proportioned frame; a physiognomy of the true antique, with a mingled expression of simplicity, of goodness, and of greatness, which seems to reflect the true character of a noble and elevated mind.

We find mentioned in these volumes an *abbé Fenelon*, a grand nephew of the celebrated archbishop of Cambray, from whose name virtue appears inseparable. In the decline of life, the abbé is said to have conceived the design of improving the condition, and correcting the vices of an unfortunate class of children, known in Paris under the appellation of *Petits Savoyards*. He laboured so assiduously for the accomplishment of his benevolent purpose, that he acquired the surname of their bishop. He was seen constantly surrounded by a little group, who appeared to listen to him with respect and admiration; and who, in a short time,

* This man was charged with "*les grands mouvements pécuniaires*," in the technical phraseology of the banditti. A relation of Rewbell, of the name of *Rapinat*, was sent into Switzerland by the directory, "*pour travailler la Suisse*"—to pillage and distract that country. It is rather a singular coincidence, that his two principal coadjutors in this honourable mission, were called *Forfait* and *Grugeon*. His spoliations became so intolerable at length, that the French government was compelled to recall him. On his return, the following quatrain was published, in allusion to his name.

"*Question d' Etymologie.*
"Un bon Suisse que l'on ruine,
"Voudrait bien que l'on decidât;
"Si Rapinat vient de rapine,
"Où rapine de Rapinat."

imbibed a strong affection for his person. He was seized and imprisoned in the Luxembourg, during the reign of terrour. As soon as the Savoyards heard of his imprisonment, they assembled, and proceeded in a body to the convention, to solicit his liberation; but without success. He was condemned as an *aristocrat* by the revolutionary tribunal, and executed at the age of eighty-one.

Our attention has been attracted by the name of *Desezé*, who pronounced the eloquent and powerful vindication of Louis XVI. before the convention. The reputation which he had acquired at the bar before the revolution, induced the monarch to call upon him, after the refusal of Target, to undertake his defence. He obeyed the call with enthusiasm; and, before he entered upon the performance of his task, made every necessary disposition for his own death; so sure was the fate which seemed to await all those who openly adhered to the interests of the throne. His discourse, written in the course of four nights, embraced, and triumphantly refuted, all the topicks of accusation preferred against his royal client. It contains some most pathetick appeals, and many bold strokes of eloquence. His enunciation is uncommonly fine, and was found every way suitable to the importrnce of his object. The interesting journal of Malesherbes states, that the peroration, as it originally stood, was of irresistible pathos. "When Desezé read it to us," says his venerable associate, "we could not refrain from shedding tears;" but the king remarked, that "it must be suppressed, as he did not wish to make an appeal to the passions."* The monarch, after his condemnation, asked Malesherbes, with visible emotion, what he could do to reward his advocate. This was reported to Desezé, who asked no other recompense than the honour of kissing his master's hand. The request was immediately granted; and, as he approached to bend the knee, Louis pressed forward, threw his arms about his neck, rested his head upon his shoulder, and sobbed bitterly for some time, exclaiming, "Mon pauvre Desezé!"

Desezé, soon after the execution of the sovereign, was thrown into an obscure prison, where he remained for a long period, apparently forgotten by those who had ordered his arrest. His wife, a woman of a most accomplished and vigorous mind, applied for his release to Barrere, on whom her husband had conferred some important benefits at his outset in life. Barrere shed tears when he was informed of the miseries of his benefactor; but commanded the wife to abstain from all further applications in favour of her husband, lest the attention of the revolutionary government should be drawn towards him; and after the lapse of a few months, had him secretly removed to a *Maison de Santé*, or a house for the reception of invalids and lunaticks. We know of no other favourable trait in the life of this furious and wily demagogue, who, after having so long governed the legislative assemblies of France, and occupied so much of the attention of mankind, has dwindled into absolute insignificance, and now drags out a solitary and sordid existence in Paris, contemned by the government, and shunned by all orders of men.* In

* There is one part of this speech which particularly deserves to be noticed as "*un beau mouvement.*" The orator casting his eyes indignantly around him, exclaimed: "Je cherche ici des juges; Je ne vois partout que des accusateurs."

* Since the establishment of the imperial despotism, he for some time edited, under the auspices of the police, a violent journal with the title of *Memorial Anti-Britannique*. Notwithstanding the sanguinary and infuriate conduct of this man during the revolution, there are few of more mild or fascinating manners, or whose conversation breathes purer and more indulgent sentiments of morality. He was remarkable for the inflation of his style, and unrivalled in the art of

this Maison de Santé, Desezé remained during the whole of the reign of terrour, secluded from publick notice, and occupied in the education of his children. He ventured forth when the fury of the tempest was past; and it is thought rather remarkable in France, that, of a numerous family, not one fell under the axe of the guillotine. He exercises no employment under the government, but lives in a retired part of the capital, in the midst of a society of men, such as Morellet, Sicard, and some others, with whom any state of things would be tolerable. Malesherbes perished on the scaffold at the age of seventy. Target, who shrunk from the peril of defending his sovereign, and who, during the reign of terrour, acted as secretary of the revolutionary committee of his section, is now a judge of the tribunal of cassation, and a member of the legion of honour. Fronchet, who cooperated so nobly with Desezé, died in 1806, after having served as a senator under the new regime. Tronçon Ducoudray, who defended the queen, was *deported* to Cayenne, where he fell a victim to that destructive climate, facetiously styled the *dry guillotine* by the agents of the directory. On this fatal spot, about the same time, died also Billaud de Varennes, Bourdon de l'Oise, and many others of a character and principles so opposite to those of Ducoudray. There are few things, indeed, which can give us a more powerful impression of the atrocities of faction, or the indiscriminate mischiefs of revolution, than the singular group which the colony of Cayenne exhibited for some time; of refractory and apostate priests; of royalists and demagogues, brought together to encounter the same destiny on the same spot. The same instructive lesson was afforded in the prisons of Paris, where the executioner and his victim, the accuser and the accused, the leaders of a fallen party and their vindictive successours, often met on their passage to the same scaffold. It was truly and emphatically said by Danton, that the fraternity of these republicans was that of Cain; and that the tyrant crowned with the *bonnet rouge*, may be as relentless as he who wields the sceptre. Danton, Chaumette, Hebert and Robespierre, occupied successively the same dungeon in the Conciergerie. When Danton was going to the scaffold, he at first imprecated curses on Robespierre; but suddenly checking himself, exclaimed: "They are all alike; Brissot would have sent me to the guillotine as well as Robespierre." "Quod inter bonos amicitia," says Cicero, "inter malos factio est."

We observe by these volumes, that the fury of the revolutionary leaders was particularly directed against the farmers-general, who all perished, with the exception of a single individual, a M. de Verdun. Sixty of them were executed at one time, in consequence of a report of Dupin, a frantick member of the convention. The revolutionary tribunal adopted a general formula as the ground of their condemnation; which is curious as applied to *Lavoisier*, who was declared guilty of having "adulterated snuff with water and ingredients destructive of the health of the citizens." This chymist requested time to complete some experiments necessary for an important discovery in which he had been for some years engaged; and offered to lay down his life willingly when he had finished his task. The reply of Coffinhal, the president, was: "That the republick did not want savans or chymists, and that the course of justice could not be suspended. Nothing can be imagined more atrocious, and sometimes more ludicrous than the judgments of this horrible inquisition. We find instances, of a woman of ninety-two, both deaf and blind, condemned for *counter-revolutionary intentions*—of an

puffing the successes of the French arms. His exaggerations induced St. Just to remark to him, rather angrily, "Barrere, tu fais trop *mousser* nos victoires."

individual, for not paying his taxes through a spirit of royalty—of another, for declaiming against "the innocent and virtuous Robespierre," &c. *Camille*, *Desmoulins*, and *Danton* were condemned for intending to re-establish monarchy! and *Carrier*, for executing the famous noyades,* and shooting children of thirteen and fourteen years old, *with monarchical views*. We observe, that the writers of these volumes, after stating the condemnation of an individual, deem it altogether superfluous to add, that he was executed!

Anacharsis Cloots, the soi-disant orator of the *human race*, was conducted to the scaffold under the same pretext. This man was the nephew of *Paau*, the author of some well known works, and appears not to have been wholly destitute of talents. German metaphysicks and depraved morals contributed to render him one of the most wild, as well as one of the most original fanaticks of the revolution. The grave solemnity with which he was received by the national assembly, *on his embassy from the human race*, and the serious attention paid to his procession and insane harangues, would be fit subjects for derision, if they did not afford a sad proof of the melancholy condition of the times. His invectives against monarchy and religon are too gross and blasphemous to bear repetition. He encountered death with the utmost serenity; and on his way to the scaffold, lectured Hebert on materialism, "to prevent him," as he said, "from feeling any religious sentiments in his last moments." He also asked to be executed after his associates, "in order to have time to establish certain principles, while their heads were falling."

We are much struck with the account which is here given of the end of *Condorcet*. After having acted a prominent part in the first stages of the revolution, he was denounced by Chabot, in the year 1793, and compelled to take refuge at the house of a female acquaintance, with whom he remained until the following year; and in this interval, wrote his book on *The Progress of the Human Mind*. Forced to quit this asylum, in consequence of a decree which punished with death those who were convicted of harbouring outlaws, he left Paris, meanly dressed, and with the intention of putting himself under the protection of an old friend, *Suard*, who resided at Seaux. When he reached his dwelling, he found that Suard had gone to Paris; and the fugitive was necessitated to skulk for several nights among the quarries of the neighbourhood. Hunger at length drove him from his retreat, and led him to enter a small inn at Clamart. His long beard, his gaunt and haggard appearance; the agitation of his manner, and the voracity with which he ate, subjected him to suspicion; and he was accordingly arrested by a member of the revolutionary committee of the place. When brought before the committee, he called himself *Simon*, and stated that he had been a servant. But on being searched, a small copy of Horace was found in his pocket, with Latin notes pencilled on the margin. "You say that you were a domestick," said the peasant who interrogated him, "but

* The noyades were effected by drawing out a plug inserted in the bottom of the boats on which the wretched victims were launched. The genius of iniquity often displays itself in the same inventions. The learned reader will recollect, that when Nero was desirous of despatching his mother, and found himself at a loss for an expedient, Anicetus, a freed man, proposed to him, "the model of a ship upon a new construction, framed in such a manner that a part might be withdrawn, and the unsuspecting passenger committed to the waves." [*Tac. An. lib.* 14. *Ar.* 3.] Carrier is also said to have frequently practised the same refinement of cruelty, which Virgil in his 8th book of the Æneid, attributes to the tyrant Mezentius.

Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis,
Componens manibusque manus, atque oribus ora,
Tormenti genus! et, sanie taboque fluentes,
Complexu in misero, longa sic morte necabat.

I should rather suppose, that you are one of those *cidevant*, who had domesticks." The man sent him to Bourg la Reine on foot; but his strength failing before the end of the journey, his conductors mounted him on the horse of a labourer. On his arrival, he was thrown into a dungeon, and forgotten for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time, he was found lifeless and stiff by the person who was sent to supply him with bread and water. It was doubtful whether his death was produced by mere inanition, or occasioned by a strong poison which he always carried about him. Such was the exit of one who may be justly classed among the most original writers of his age, and who was surpassed by none of the illustrious body of literati to which he belonged, in the brilliancy of his genius, and the variety of his acquirements. Although author of that formidable phrase, *peace to the cottage, but war on palaces*,* his temper was mild and benevolent, and his morals are said to have been irreproachable. *Petion*, the celebrated mayor of Paris, an enthusiast of a much more criminal cast, experienced a similar fate. After being proscribed by Robespierre, he wandered over Brittany and the department of Girondy, and was at length found dead in a field, apparently through hunger. The miserable end of Bailly, the predecessor of Petion, is well known. He is said to have born a strong resemblance to lord Melville, *in person and face*.

Of the party of the Gironde, to whom Mad. Roland is so prodigal of her praise, but few appear to have survived. Barnave, Gaudet, Valagé, Vergniaud, were all swept away. Most of them were men of talents, and apparently of good intentions. There are some circumstances connected with the death of Vergniaud, which deserve to be mentioned as illustrative of the French character. *Fonfrede*, Gensonné, Ducos and Valagé, were confined in the Conciergerie along with him, and passed the night before their execution in a manner suitable to the character which each had received from nature. Fonfrede, although resigned to his fate, shed a tear, every now and then, at the recollection of his wife and children. Ducos made verses, enlivened his companions by sprightly sallies, and gravely proposed, that, while they still retained their quality of deputies, they should decree the indivisibility of their heads from their bodies, as they had decreed that of the republick. Valagé, unmoved and determined, was busy in contriving how he should despatch himself. Vergniaud threw away some poison which he had kept about him, declaring, that as he had not enough to share with his friends, he would not abandon them. He discoursed for a long time, with his usual eloquence, on revolutions and governments, and predicted the miseries which awaited his country. These volumes abound with similar instances of perfect *sang-froid*, of steady composure, and of careless gayety,* displayed by individuals of all parties, even at the foot of the scaffold. They furnish also numerous cases of deliberate suicide, of a singular nature.†

* Guerre aux chateaux, paix à la chaumière.

* When D'Esprénil was going to the scaffold, he was accompanied by Le Chapelier, well known as one of the best orators of the constituent assembly, and who was to be executed with him. Le Chapelier, as they were ascending the steps, observed to his companion, that they were to have a terrible problem to solve in their last moments. What is that? said the other. "To determine," was the reply, "to which of us the hisses of the populace are meant to be addressed."

† The royalists sometimes destroyed themselves through the fear of being massacred; and the republicans, in order to escape the guillotine. Most of the republican leaders habitually carried poison about them for this purpose. Montesquieu, in endeavouring to account for the frequency of suicide among the Romans, during their civil wars, among other

We have encountered various anecdotes of female heroism; two or three of which we shall cull out for our readers. The chiefs of La Vendée were attended, in the most bloody engagements, by several females, who ornamented their standards with chivalrous devices, and who, like the Camillas and Penthisileas of old, carried consternation and death into the enemy's rank. Among the number was a Madame La Rochefoucault, the mistress of Charette, who signalized herself on various occasions, and was at length taken prisoner, and executed. Another of these heroines, at the affair of Gesté, rallied the broken forces of the royalists, charged three times at their head, and was found covered with wounds on the field of battle. In the terrible battle of Mans, in which 10,000 republicans, and 20,000 Vendeans, are said to have perished, a young woman, armed with a helmet and a lance, and pursued by some soldiers, fell at the feet of the republican commander, general Marceau, and entreated him to protect her. He raised her up, bade her discard her fears, and, attracted by the beauty of her countenance, determined to save her if possible. A law, however, was then in force, which punished any republican with death who gave quarter to a Vendean taken in arms Marceau was denounced, and would have been executed, had it not been for the interference of Bourbotte, the deputy of the convention, whose life he had saved in the same engagement. Neither the authority of the deputy nor the tears of Marceau, could, however, wrest the fair prisoner from the hands of the executioner. There is something particularly interesting in the story of Cecile Renault, a beautiful woman, executed at the age of 20, for an alleged attempt to assassinate Robespierre. The distractions of the capital, and the tide of blood which rolled in the streets, appear to have disordered her fancy; but it is not clear that she really had the intention imputed to her. In May 1794, she called at the house of Robespierre, and requested to see him. On being refused, she replied, that he was a publick functionary, and should therefore be accessible to all. "When we had a king," she added, "there was no difficulty in seeing him. I would sacrifice my life to have another." When dragged before the revolutionary tribunal, two knives were found in her pocket; and she was therefore condemned. Her father was executed with her as an accomplice; and all her relations, friends, and acquaintance, involved in the same fate. More than sixty persons, whom she did not know, were sacrificed on the same account. One of these, a republican of the name of Admiral, jocosely remarked to her, as he was about to lay his head on the block: "Vous-vouliez voir un tyran? Vous n'aviez qu'à aller à la convention: vous en eussiez vu *de toutes les façons*." A similar instance of philosophy, or insensibility, is remarkable in the person of Lebon, a sans-culotte of the most ruffian cast. When, preparatory to his execution, they were about to invest him with the *chemise rouge*, the symbol of a murderous life, he returned it with affected gravity to the executioner, exclaiming: "Ce n'est pas moi qui dois l'endosser; il faut l'envoyer à la convention dont je n'ai fait qu'executer les ordres."

The most famous, perhaps, of these heroines was *Madame Roland*, who has left, in her Memoirs, the most lively and striking picture of

causes, enumerates the influence of passion. To this may be added, with regard to the republicans of France, their religious maxims, similar in their effects to the principles of the Stoicks, which prevailed among the Romans. Most of the republicans had selected, as a motto, the lines of Voltaire in Merope.

"Quand on a tout perdu, quand on n'a plus d'espoir,
La vie est un opprobre, et la mort un devoir."

the revolution that has ever fallen into our hands, and the most eloquent delineation of those feelings and principles by which the virtuous part of its agents were guided. It is needless to repeat any part of what is to be found in a work so popular. We may only mention, that after her incarceration in the Abbaye, in 1792, the section of Paris in which she resided, petitioned for her liberation; but this application, and her own letters to the assembly, were equally unavailing. She was transferred to the *Conciergerie;* and on the 8th of November 1794, condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal, for having conspired *against the unity and indivisibility of the republick!* She displayed the most unshaken courage on the scaffold, which she mounted with a marked expression of disdain and dignity in her countenance. It may be observed that the same fortitude was evinced by all the females who perished in the same way, with the single exception of Madame Dubarry, whose deplorable weakness, at the moment of her execution, was strikingly contrasted with the tenour of her life. Madame Roland, in crossing the Place de la Revolution, on her way to the scaffold, bowed her head before the statue of Liberty, which stood there, and uttered an indignant exclamation concerning the abuse of the name. She predicted, when about to die, that her husband would not survive her loss; a prediction which was speedily verified. He had been proscribed in the month of May, and had taken refuge in the house of a friend at Rouen; but as soon as he heard of her execution, he resolved upon destroying himself. He quitted his asylum, took the road leading to Paris; and the next morning was found seated by the side of it, with his back against a tree, and mortally wounded with a sword cane, which he usually carried with him. A note was found beside him, in which he declared, that the death of his wife had left him without any further consolation on earth.

We dare not trespass on the patience of our readers by any more of these distressing details. We close these volumes with feelings of humiliation and almost of despondency. When we think what has been, and what is, in France, we are afraid to look forward to what is to be; and if our principles did not forbid us ever to despair of the fortunes of the human race, we should be glad to turn away our eyes for ever from the fearful spectacle of triumphant guilt, baffled genius, and insulted virtue. We cling steadily, however, to the faith, that the seeds of future happiness are sowing in the midst of this scene of apparent desolation; and that the plough and the harrow which are now deforming the surface, and tearing up the roots of European society, are only preparing the soil for a new and more abundant harvest of permanent enjoyment.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

THE marquis D'Argens was one of those literary characters of the last century, who have rendered themselves more remarkable than illustrious by their opinions, their adventures, and the reputation of their works.

Like Saint Evremond, the marquis D'Argens passed one part of his life in gallantry, and the other at the court of a prince, and in the circle of the great world. But the former possessed talents, and a rank in society, above the latter. Some fragments of St. Evremond, such as, for instance, "Considerations on the Roman People," evince a taste and genius, not to be found in the author of the "Philosophy of good Sense," or the "Jewish Letters."

The writings of the marquis D'Argens are not, however, without considerable merit. They had a rapid circulation. They were read with great avidity; and in that they resembled those of St. Evremond; but posterity will find less to preserve in the one than in the other.

The first years of the life of Saint Evremond are unknown; at least, even to the present day, we have no authentick account of them. The marquis D'Argens wrote the Memoirs of his Life, which are read with pleasure; contain many pointed facts; and the narrative pleases, notwithstanding some apparent negligences of the style, and some of those inconsiderate reflections, which, at that time, were termed "philosophical," though, to speak more correctly, they should be called those of a young man.

He commences at that period when the passions are in full force and vigour; for it is by the influence of one of the most powerful that he enters on his subject, without acquainting us with the place of his birth, or the condition of his parents.

Information, however, collected since, supplied that deficiency. He was born at Aix, in Provence, in 1704, being the son of M. Boyer, marquis D'Argens, procureur general of the parliament of that city. It was natural that his father, who held one of the first situations in the magistracy, should intend him for this his honourable profession; but the ardour of youth, an impatience to be employed, and the idea that the military line afforded him greater opportunities for pleasure, made him prefer the profession of arms, into which he entered when he was scarcely fifteen years old. He at first served in the marines, and then in the regiment of Richelieu, after having been received as a knight of Malta; but he soon forgot the state he had embraced; and his amours with the handsome Sylvia, whose history he gives in his memoirs, contributed not a little to effect it.

The petulance and impetuosity of his youth were subjects of much discontent and unhappiness to his father, who, in the end, disinherited him; but Monsieur D'Eguilles, his younger brother, president of the parliament of Aix, annulled the deed of inheritance, by making an equal division of the property, and by adopting a natural daughter of the marquis, and restoring her to the name

and rights she derived from her father. At first he would by no means consent to this arrangement, fearful of doing what might displease the family; but the reasons and the principles of justice, which the magistrate advanced, soon found their way to his heart, and mademoiselle Mina became marchioness D'Argens.

On his return from a journey to Spain, where he left his mistress Sylvia, he became reconciled to his family; but he soon left France, and departed for Constantinople along with Mons. D'Andreselle, ambassadour to the Ottoman Porte, of whom he speaks in his memoirs. A judgment may be formed of his character and of his conduct in that city, by the following anecdote, which was furnished by Mr. Thiebault in his "Recollections."

"On his arrival at Constantinople," says this writer, "he conceived the design of witnessing the ceremonies used in the mosques. Nothing could dissuade him from undertaking this dangerous enterprise, in which, if he had been discovered or betrayed, he would only have escaped the scaffold or the bow-string, by assuming the turban, or, in other words, becoming mussulman. He applied to the Turk who kept the keys of the mosque of Santa Sophia, and by dint of bribery succeeded in gaining him to his purpose. It was agreed between them, at the next great day of publick worship, the infidel should introduce the Christian in great secrecy by night, and that he should conceal him behind a painting which was placed, a long time back, at the bottom of a tribune, which was in front of the gate. The marquis would be the safer in this place as it was seldom opened; and, besides, it was situated at the west end of the mosque, and the Mahomedans always, in their prayers, face to Mecca, which lies east of Constantinople, and never turn their heads without giving cause for scandal; a point on which they are so scrupulous, that they never turn when they quit the mosques; but always go backward to the gate.

"The marquis D'Argens, seated at his ease, beheld the whole of the ceremonies of the Turkish religion: yet he gave frequent cause of alarm to his guide. Almost every minute he quitted his hiding place, and advanced to the middle of the tribune, in order that he might have a better view of what was passing in the mosque. Then the poor Turk, who knew he ran no less a risk than that of being impaled alive, entreated him, by the most expressive signs and gestures, to retire quickly behind his picture. The terrour of the man was a subject of the highest amusement to the knight of Malta, who played the more upon his fears.

"But they were a hundred-fold, if possible, increased, when he took a flask of wine and a piece of ham from his pocket, and offered him a share of both. The disciple of Mahomed was in absolute despair; but what could he do? He must bear all in order to conceal his guilt, and save himself from punishment. The marquis threatened him; and the Turk was compelled to drink of the wine and eat of the ham, and thus profane himself, his religion, and the mosque. The miserable man was for some instants like one petrified. He thought he beheld the avenging arm of the prophet raised above his head. By degrees, however, he became more calm. He even began to be familiar with his guilt; and when the devotees had all left the mosque, and he saw himself alone with the Christian dog, they finished their breakfast with a good grace, laughed at the danger they had run, and parted most excellent friends."

The marquis D'Argens, in his memoirs, exposes with great candour the adventures of his journey, and the motive which induced him to return to France. His father anxiously wished him to study the law; but the ardent character of the young man could not be persuaded by his

sage advice. He again re-entered the service, and in 1733 he was appointed to the cavalry. He was at the siege of Kehl, where he was slightly wounded. In 1734, after the siege of Philipsburg, he got a fall from his horse, which so disabled him, that he was never able to mount afterwards, and he was obliged, in consequence, to renounce the service.

It appears, that it was at the time of his refusal to embrace the profession his father wished him, when he returned from Constantinople, that his father disinherited him, not being able, owing to the smallness of his fortune, to sustain with credit the expensive life his son led.

He was compelled, when he retired from the service, to go to Holland to seek resources from his pen. The liberty of the press, which then existed in that country, allowed him to make choice of any subject his fancy suggested. He published successively, the "Jewish, Chinese, and Cabalistick Letters." They were admired, and brought him some money; most of them turning on subjects of morality, politicks, manners, religious customs and ceremonies, and the events of nations. The lively manner in which they were written, the boldness of some of the ideas, and the singularity of the style caused them to be much read, and generally approved.

The "Jewish Letters," in particular, gained him a very high reputation. The king of Prussia, then prince royal, read them, and wished to become acquainted with the author. He was even anxious to attach him to his service, hoping, by that means, to draw him out of the unpleasant state his youth had thrown him into. He wrote to him, and made him the most honourable offers; every thing seemed to assure him that the marquis would accept them with eagerness, as he chiefly proposed that they should live as friends, and study philosophy together. His answer, however, was not such as was expected. After expressing his grateful sense of the honour of the attention, he adds: "Deign, your highness, to consider, that in order to be an attendant on your person, I must be always in view of three battalions of guards, quartered at Potzdam. Can I, therefore, venture without danger? I am only five feet seven inches high, and but indifferently made."

It would not probably have been very politick or agreeable for the marquis D'Argens, then not more than thirty years old, to settle in Prussia; and so near the residence of Frederick William, father of him to whom he wrote.

This monarch was a man of harsh, unpleasant manners, an enemy to literature, whose sole glory and pride consisted in having in his army the tallest and handsomest soldiers in Europe, and immense treasures in his coffers.

"Frederick William," says Voltaire, "was a complete Vandal, who, during the whole course of his reign, had no other object in view than amassing sums, and supporting at the least possible expense the finest troops in Europe. Never were subjects poorer than his: never was a king richer. Turkey is a republick in comparison with the despotism which Frederick William exercised. It was by this he succeeded in collecting in the cellars of his palace a sum exceeding eighty millions, contained in barrels hooped with iron.

"This king usually went from his palace on foot, in a shabby old blue coat with copper buttons, which reached half way down his thighs; and whenever he ordered a new one, he had his old buttons put on it. In this dress his majesty, with a large serjeant's cane, every day inspected his regiment of giants. This regiment was his hobby horse, and his greatest expense. The front rank was composed of men of seven feet high. He had them collected from all parts of Europe, and of Asia. I saw several of them even after his death.

"When Frederick William finished his review, he usually took a walk through the city. Every person fled at his approach. If he happened to meet a woman, he asked her why she wasted her time in the streets: 'Go home, go home, you lazy beggar; an honest woman should be employed about her house.' He generally accompanied his advice with a good slap on the face, a kick, or else a blow of his cane. In the same manner he treated the ministers of the gospel, when he happened, occasionally, to see them on the parade.

"One may easily judge," continues Voltaire, "that a savage like this would be both astonished and chagrined, at having a son possessed of strong understanding, a bright genius, politeness, and a desire to please, and who sought to improve his mind, and study musick and poetry. If he saw a book in the hands of the hereditary prince, he threw it in the fire; if the prince amused himself with his flute, the father broke it; and sometimes treated his royal highness as he did the ladies, and the clergymen on parade.

"The prince, completely sick of his father's treatment, resolved one day, in the year 1730, to leave him, uncertain whether he should go to France or England. The rigid economy of the father would not allow him to travel otherwise than as the son of a farmer-general, or an English merchant. He borrowed a few hundred ducats. Two young men of amiable character were to be his companions. Kat was the only son of a brave general officer, and Kiel was a near relation of a baroness Kniphausen, whom Frederick William condemned in a fine of thirty thousand francs, for having a child when a widow. The day and hour of their departure were fixed; the father was informed of every circumstance; the prince and his two companions were arrested. At first the father took it into his head, that his daughter. Wilhelmina, who afterwards married the margrave of Bareuth, was privy to the plot; and, as his justice was executed in a very summary way, he kicked her through a window which opened down to the floor. The queen mother, who came into the room just as her daughter Wilhelmina was on the point of falling out, with much difficulty held her by her clothes. The princess received a contusion just above the left breast, the mark of which she carried to her grave."

The prince had a sort of mistress, daughter of a schoolmaster of the town of Brandenburg, settled in Potzdam. She played a little on the harpsichord. The prince royal accompanied her on the flute. He fancied himself in love with her. However, fancy or not, the father had her led round the streets of Potzdam, followed by two common executioners, who flogged her before his son's eyes.

"After he had regaled himself with this spectacle, he had her conveyed to the citadel of Custrin, situated in the middle of a morass. There she was shut up in a sort of dungeon for six months, without any attendant, and at the expiration of that time, they gave her a soldier to wait upon her.

"The prince had been some weeks confined in this same castle of Custrin, when one day an old officer, followed by four grenadiers, entered the room, his eyes filled with tears. Frederick had no doubt but they came to put an end to him; but the officer, still weeping, made a sign, on which the four grenadiers placed him at a window, and held his head to it, while he saw that of his friend Kat taken off, upon a scaffold erected directly opposite the window. He held out his hand towards Kat, and fainted. The father was present at this spectacle, as well as at the punishment of the girl."

It is easy to see that the marquis D'Argens had very solid reasons for not going to Prussia, under the go-

vernment of such a prince. From the warmth and impetuosity of his character, he would most probably have lost either his liberty or his life.

But when Frederick the Second ascended the throne, in 1740, matters were changed, and the same dread ceased to exist. The new monarch wrote immediately to the young marquis: "No longer, my dear marquis, be afraid of the battalions of guards—come, and brave them even on the parade at Potzdam."

When he received this letter, he was at Stutgard, in the service of the dutchess dowager of Wirtemberg. She had a wish to visit Berlin, and see Frederick. The opportunity being favourable, they set out together.

The king received him, says Mons. Thiebault, in the most flattering manner. He invited him to dinner every day. Their conversation was lively and agreeable. Nothing in appearance was more flattering, or more likely to satisfy the wishes, and flatter the ambition of a philosopher. But weeks rolled on, and no mention was made of fulfilling the promises which had led the new guest from a situation less brilliant, but sufficient for his wants.

The marquis having vainly endeavoured to discover the cause of this neglect, and having waited six weeks, lost all patience; and, on returning home one day immediately after dinner, he sent a note to the king, couched in the following terms:

"Sire! For six weeks that I have had the honour to be near your majesty, my purse has suffered so rigorous a blockade, that if you gain so many battles, and take so many fortresses, and do not speedily come to its assistance, I shall be obliged to capitulate, and recross the Rhine within a week." The king had his friend Jordan with him when the note was brought to him. "See here," said he, "what that fool D'Argens has written; he wishes to leave us. Jordan esteemed the marquis, and for that reason said to his master, after having read the note: "I know the Provençals, and their impatience; but I particularly know the marquis; while uneasiness torments him, and his mind is at a stand, he will never rest, and after having threatened to take his departure within eight days, he will be off in two or three days at the furthest." The king was alarmed lest Jordan should have prophesied too truly, and he returned these few words in answer to his note. "Be satisfied, my dear marquis: your fate shall be decided to morrow by dinner-time." And, in fact, the next morning, the marquis, on his arrival at the palace, received the key of office as chamberlain, with a salary of six thousand francs, and was also appointed director of the class of belles-lettres of the royal academy, which gave him an additional annual increase of eight hundred francs.

This generosity, on the part of Frederick, soon changed the resolution of the marquis. He settled at Berlin. He cultivated literature and the friendship of the great prince, who so well knew how to reward those who made it their occupation. He was constantly one of the king's social and private parties.

At first, Algarotti, Voltaire, and Maupertuis, were the principal favourites of Frederick. The sprightly character and instruction of the former highly pleased the prince. Voltaire captivated him by the brilliancy of his conversation, his pointed sallies, and the greatness of his talents. Maupertuis was in the habit of treating on subjects of profound learning and science. He was in some measure the minister of this party. He directed the academy, and informed the king of every valuable work of every description of science which came out. The marquis D'Argens did not possess talents equal to any of those three; but his good nature, his pleasantry, and his wit, made him highly esteemed: to the pointed man-

ners of high life, the marquis added a facility of character, and a Provençal vivacity, which made his conversation very *piquant* and amusing. His writings, known throughout all Europe, which were both agreeable and instructive, were a strong title to Frederick's favour. The originality and eccentricity of his conduct, of which we shall give more than one instance, never lessened the esteem the king conceived for him, although he was more than once the object of his pleasantry and sarcasm.

It was chiefly at the supper parties of Frederick, that he assembled these literary characters, and where those scenes of gayety and wit passed, which, for near thirty years were the objects of the attention, and sometimes the satire, of the rest of Europe. They bore no resemblance to the orgies of the regent of France. There was more real wit, a varied conversation, and obscenity and impiety were particularly banished; but the freedom of discourse was sometimes carried too far, as at the suppers of the duke of Orleans, so much so as to become displeasing to the master.

In one of these supper parties, said M. Thiebault, which even till the Seven Years' War were often prolonged to a very late hour, Frederick asked each of his companions, how he would govern if he were a king. There was a lively argument between them, in order for each to establish his different maxims. The marquis, however, listened, and said nothing. The king at last observed his silence, and asked him, what would he do were he in his place? "Sire," answered the marquis, "I would immediately sell my kingdom, and purchase a good estate in France." This pleasantry, by means of which he escaped the ridicule of advancing and supporting any misplaced doctrine, obtained the king's approbation, and put an end to the discussion. It was after some disputes of a similar nature, that Frederick, in a moment of spleen or ill nature, wrote, that if he wanted to punish a province, he would send philosophers to govern it.

During the Seven Years' War, that is, from 1756 to 1763, when Frederick beheld his dominions invaded and taken from him by the Russians, the Austrians, and the French, and that no hopes of safety remained, it was to the marquis D'Argens that he imparted the design he had formed of putting an end to his existence.

It was on this occasion that he addressed a long epistle in verse to the marquis D'Argens on this subject, the misfortunes of his life, and the principles of stoicism. However trifling this resolution may appear, and however singular the manner which Frederick made use of, to disclose it to one of his courtiers, it results, however, from it, that the marquis D'Argens held a most distinguished place in the esteem of the prince; since it was to him that he addressed himself, in the agony of his soul.

The happy events, which so quickly succeeded, drew Frederick out of his embarrassment, and the necessity of putting his resolution into practice, by compelling his enemies to enter into conditions of peace, which secured to him his dominions.

But whatever opinion the marquis D'Argens had upon the strange confidence the monarch placed in him, he was really alarmed. He delayed not a minute in answering him, and made use of every thing, which men who neither believe in God, in the immortality of the soul, nor in any species of revelation, could make use of, under similar circumstances, to induce him to alter his determination.

There was a company of dancers at Berlin, whom the king had always engaged for the opera. The family of Cochois was among the number. The father and mother died, and the two daughters remained at that theatre. The marquis, whose fate seemed to be to attach himself to females

of this description, when he was almost sixty years old, became in love with the eldest of these two sisters. She was rather plain than handsome, about five and twenty, of an excellent understanding, and endowed with considerable talents. She drew very well, and was an excellent musician. Besides French, she knew the German, Italian, and Latin languages, as well as a woman had occasion to do, and even a little Greek, which she learned out of complaisance to the marquis. Her character was mild, and of a thinking turn. She had the art of uniting, under the appearance of the greatest simplicity, all those attentions which please so well, and conciliate esteem. M. Thiebault has furnished this account of her.

The marquis, after having paid his addresses to her for some time, married her. The marriage took place during the course of the Seven Years' War, and without the king's knowledge. That was one of the causes that lessened the friendship of Frederick for him. They knew it would displease the king; consequently were much embarrassed in making the declaration. They waited till peace was concluded, and then held a meeting of all those who belonged to the philosophical society of Sans Souci. After a long consultation upon the best mode of acquainting the king with what had happened, it was agreed that the marchioness D'Argens should walk in the gardens of Sans Souci, at the hour when the monarch was accustomed to take the air; that her dress should be such as might attract attention, but plain and elegant; and that lord Mareschal should settle the rest. This plan was followed. This lord, who generally accompanied Frederick in his walks, in passing by one of the alleys, a short distance from the marchioness, saluted her, as a lady of his acquaintance, with much respect. This salute gave occasion to the king to inquire who the lady was? My lord Mareschal answered, in a careless, negligent way, that she was the marchioness D'Argens. "What!" replied the king, in a severe tone, "is the marquis married?" "Yes, sire." "How long?" "Some years, my liege." "Eh! what? without acquainting me?" "It was during the war, and he would not venture to trouble you on such a trifling matter." "And whom did he marry?" "Mademoiselle Cochois!" "'Tis a folly I shall not suffer."

The king after some time grew calm; but the marquis was a considerable time without seeing him; and, even afterwards, when their intimacy was resumed as before, Frederick never spoke to him of his wife.

Not but that the king knew well that he lived with Mademoiselle Cochois. The marquis had taken her with him in the journey he made to France in 1747. And it appears by his correspondence, that he frequently mentioned her to the king, who was afraid she would not return in time to perform in the opera at Berlin, as he wished her.

D'Argens possessed that lively wit, and the vivacity so natural to his countrymen, the Provençals, which always raised a laugh. He often uttered his jests in such a style of *naïveté*, as afforded the king ample matter; for he was fond of relating the adventures of his youth, and the anecdotes of his life, with which he instructed Europe, though he did not edify it, in the memoirs which he wrote.

He had frequently some little whims, which, added to the assiduity which detained him near Mademoiselle Cochois, made him absent himself from the king, who wished to see the men of genius at his supper table, as exact, and with the same regularity, as the secretaries of the different departments came to their offices in the morning.

Having once asked the marquis, why he had not seen him for some

days, he excused himself by saying, he had been unwell. The king knew to the contrary, and resolved to be revenged of him.

Mademoiselle Cochois had made a present to the marquis of a very fine morning loose dressing-gown, or wrapper. This was before their marriage. Delighted with this present, he put it on immediately, and found it so much to his taste, that he did not put it off the whole evening. The king, however, sent to let him know he expected him to supper. The same answer was returned, that he was ill.

The monarch, in order to disturb the felicity of the marquis's little party, took it into his head to send him word, that having heard of his ill state of health, fearful of the fatal consequences of so dangerous a disorder as that with which he was attacked, and anxious he should die like a good Christian, he had commanded two catholick priests to administer the sacrament of extreme unction to him, and that they would visit him that very evening to fulfil this pious duty. The marquis knew not what to think of this intimation. He well knew the king was capable of giving similar orders to the catholick priests; but he doubted much whether he would dare to be guilty of such a scandal within the walls of his own palace. The most essential thing for him was, to make it appear as if he were really ill. He, therefore, wrapped up his head, and counterfeited the appearance of a man quite unwell.

The king covered himself with a surplice and a stole, put two or three persons who were in his confidence, into black cloaks, and the whole party descended in a solemn procession, as if they were bearing extreme unction to the marquis, whose apartments were below the king's. The person who went first carried a small bell, which was heard in all the apartments, as soon as they got upon the staircase. No one had any doubt, but that it was the sacrament going to a person dangerously ill. La Pierre, the marquis's servant, went to see the procession, and soon saw what it was. In order not to be found out, and consequently pass for a liar, the pretended sick man hastened to get into bed without undressing, or even taking off his fine dressing gown with gold flowers. The procession immediately after entered the chamber in a slow and solemn manner, and ranged themselves in order before the bed. The king, who closed the procession, placed himself in the middle of the circle; and addressing the marquis, telling him, that the church, always a tender mother, and full of anxiety for her children, had sent him that assistance the most proper to fortify him in the critical situation in which he was placed. He exhorted him strenuously to resign himself; and then raising the counterpane of the bed, he poured a whole flask of sweet oil over the fine dressing-gown, telling his dying brother, that this emblem of grace would infallibly give him faith and courage, necessary to pass in a proper manner from this world to the next. After which the procession retired in the same grave and solemn manner as it entered.

It is by no means difficult to conceive what amusement this scene afforded to the whole court, and at the marquis's expense; but what afflicted him the most was the loss of the dressing gown, which, by this farce, was so completely soiled as not to be fit to wear again. The marchioness had no idea of such a complete and holy mystery; but Frederick had already played several such pranks, in which the marquis himself had born no inconsiderable part, and which made him fully acquainted with what he had to expect from him on similar occasions.

D'Argens passed much of his time in reading ancient books and authors, particularly the holy fathers, from which he made several extracts;

which he applied to the subjects he treated of, either in his writings or conversation.

M. de Nicolai relates an anecdote on this subject, which deserves a place here.

The king was fond of contradicting him on his taste for this species of erudition; he used frequently to say to him: "Do not talk to me of your fathers; they are bodies without souls." When he allotted him apartments in the new palace of Sans Souci he himself conducted the marquis and his lady, and pointed out to them their agreeable situation and their convenience. He had given orders to have a handsome bookcase, where, on folios handsomely bound, appeared in large letters—"The works of the Holy Fathers." "Here marquis," said the king, as they entered the room, "you will find here your good friends in all their glory." When they got to the bed-chamber—"It would be wrong," said he, "to stay here long; we must not disturb the marquis, but leave him to his ease and his night cap." So saying he withdrew.

The king had no sooner retired, than the marquis, in eager haste, flew to the bookcase to examine the works with which it was filled. He quickly opened one of the volumes of the "Holy Fathers;" but in place of the homilies of St. Chrysostom, he found nothing but blank paper; and the same was the case with all the rest.

The king amused himself much by playing similar tricks on the marquis. We shall relate another, more pointed than the preceding one, and which was a subject of great mortification to the marquis.

One evening that he was at supper with Frederick, that prince said to him: "Marquis, I have made a purchase for you near this, of a very neat house and garden—here is the deed, you may take possession of it when you please." The marquis was not insensible to this mark of favour; he returned home full of impatience, and anxiously wished the night were over, that he might go and take a view of this new acquisition. Next morning, notwithstanding his laziness, he rose very early, and was driven to his new mansion. He ran over the garden, examined the apartments, found every thing charming, and in the neatest taste. He went into the saloon, which was a very handsome room, and full of pictures: but what was his astonishment, when, on looking at them, instead of landscapes, battle, or sea-pieces, he beheld the most humourous scenes, and most comick anecdotes of his life.

Here, the marquis, as an officer, found himself drawn at the siege of Philipsburg, and expressing strong symptoms of fear: there he was on his knees to his handsome comedian. A little further, his father disinherited him. Another painting represented him at Constantinople. In another, a surgeon was seen performing an operation, which his adventures of gallantry had rendered necessary. Again, nuns were seen pulling him up by night in a basket through the window of their convent. In all these pictures the marquis, who was easily recognised, was represented in the most ludicrous and comick attitudes.

This unexpected spectacle put him into the most violent rage. He examined them all, and then sent for a house painter, and made him efface them.

The king, informed of this scene, was highly delighted with it, and related it to every one who would have patience to hear it.

In spite, however, of these species of warfare, which the monarch carried on, and the sarcastick jokes he passed upon his lazy habits, and his imaginary illness, still he loved him not the less. He one day wished to give him a fresh proof by augmenting the pension he had settled on him; but D'Argens answered him in pre-

sence of several persons: "Sire, I have enough. Your majesty has many poor but deserving officers; let it be given to them." The king, charmed with this honourable and disinterested reply, esteemed him the more, without, however, ceasing from time to time to joke with and play tricks on him.

The marquis, on his part, appeared to be attached to the king as much if not more, than to any of the wits who were about the court.

One of the most singular traits in the character of D'Argens, was that mixture of superstition and incredulity so remarkable in him, and which appeared in a thousand different circumstances. He believed most firmly in predestination, and the knowledge of future events. A salt-cellar overturned; a sudden meeting with an old woman; a herd of hogs; or a man dressed in black; was enough to fill him with alarm and uneasiness. As soon as ever he got out of bed, he drew the curtains close with great care, and wo to whoever opened them, either by accident or otherwise: it was a presage of the most fearful nature.

He was no less alarmed at the appearance of a cold or cough; always ill through the fear of being so, and dreading death to such a degree, that he nearly died through the apprehension of it. Those who speak of him, all agree in relating the same weaknesses, and attesting his state of hypochondriack. Nothing was more easy than to make him believe he was ill; and if he was only told that he looked pale, no more was wanting to make him shut himself up in his room, and go to bed directly. He never went out of it, but when he went to visit the king. When he was in his bedchamber, two or three loose morning gowns heaped on each other, kept out the cold; a cotton night cap covered his ears; and over that was a thick woollen one which completed his head-dress. If a few passing clouds, a slight rain, or a wind rather cold, or more violent than usual, were seen or felt, it was enough to chagrin him, and put him in a melancholy humour; to compel him to remain at home, and to resist even the pressing invitations of the king. He has been known to have remained thus immured for whole weeks together, from similar causes.

M. de Nicolai has furnished us with another example of his laughable susceptibility, and of his ridiculous extravagant whims, in a like fact.

During the seven years' war, the king had permitted him to reside at Sans Souci, and had given orders, that all the apartments of the palace should be open to him, as freely as if they were his own. Just about this time, Cothenius read a treatise at the academy, upon the danger of using copper utensils in kitchens. The marquis was so struck with this treatise, that he was fearful every hour of being poisoned; could talk of nothing else every time he sat down to table, and made his wife promise most solemnly to banish every sort of copper utensil from her kitchen.

The family of the marquis (continues M. de Nicolai) lived at Sans Souci in a very retired manner; and his wife, though a reasonable woman enough, loved amusement. One evening she took a fancy to give a little family dance at the house of the king's head gardener. The marquis gave his consent; but as they dreaded that his singularities might disturb the entertainment, they took great care to remark to him that the air was very cold, and that the sky was lowering. They were well aware that an observation of that kind was sufficient to make him believe he was taken ill, and induce him to take to his bed immediately. This was exactly the case; and they went directly to the gardener's house, full sure that the marquis would soon be fast asleep. He very soon was so; but before long

he awoke, his thoughts, sleeping as well as waking, being fixed on copper and on poison, and loudly called for La Pierre; but no one answered him; all were at the ball. He recollected this, and was not sorry for it; but finding himself alone in the house, he took advantage of the circumstance to pay a visit to the kitchen at his ease, and to see if every article of copper was banished from it, as they had promised him it should be. He got up, and, without putting on his small-clothes, wrapt himself up in a robe de chambre, and having lighted a wax taper at his night-lamp, he went straight to the kitchen. The first things that met his eyes were some copper sauce-pans; and to complete his terrour, one of them contained the remains of a ragout off which he had dined. Rage immediately got full possession of him; he took up the stew-pan, and, just as he was, ran to the place where the entertainment was given, to scold his wife and servants. He was obliged to descend by a terrace, and cross the garden, which was tolerably large, in order to reach the gardener's house. The marquis effected his purpose in the dark with great celerity. He suddenly opened the door of the ballroom, and the marquis, to their utter astonishment, appeared in his night-gown, bare-footed (for he had lost his slippers) and two or three night-caps on his head, his shirt blowing about at the pleasure of the wind, holding in his hand the stew-pan with the fragments of the ragout, and crying out: "I am poisoned! I am poisoned!" He then broke out in reproaches against his wife, and threatened his servants to discharge them all, for having used copper stew-pans, contrary to his orders. They had much difficulty in appeasing him: but reflecting suddenly on the situation in which he was, and the danger he ran in being exposed almost naked to the cold night air, he again relapsed into passion. However, they wrapped him up warm, and at last succeeded in getting him to his apartments.

These incidents afforded Frederick a great subject for amusement, but without lessening any of the esteem he had for the marquis; they merely weakened the consideration with which he had at first inspired him. The scrupulous and habitual superstition which he remarked in him, still added to the discredit of the philosopher, in the opinion of the king.

M. Thiebault has preserved some traits of this last kind of weakness in the marquis. They deserve to be related here, since they confirm what we have already said, and will be an example of the strange, if not ridiculous contradictions of men of learning of that day, employed during the whole of their lives in combating superstition, or what they were pleased to call so; descanting upon matters which no person regarded, they have been frequently seen, towards the conclusion of their lives, to possess the weakness of old women, and to die with all the signs of a tardy conversion.

The second cause of the discredit into which the marquis fell (says M. Thiebault) was his own weakness and folly, and particularly on the subject of superstition. He had such a dread of death, that the very idea of being threatened with it could make him be guilty of the most ridiculous extravagance. Owing to this disposition it was, that, having heard, that the water of those who approached the conclusion of their existence turned black in four-and-twenty hours, he was a long time in the habit of keeping his own in glasses, which he examined frequently in the day, till some people, who were let into the secret of this weakness, discovered the depot, and privately mixed ink with it. This so dreadfully alarmed him, that they were obliged to confess the trick they had played upon him, in order to save him from a serious illness.

The marquis had made an agree-

ment with the king, that, as soon as he should have completed his sixtieth year, he should have his full dismissal, and be permitted to retire to France. This hour was waited for with great impatience, because the king was not in a humour to let him go a third time; and it was only by using a considerable degree of address, and promising to return at the end of six months, that he permitted the marquis to depart, as will be seen hereafter.

He was the more impatient to return to his own country, as since the journey he undertook in 1763, his brother had ceded to him some land he wished for, at Eguilles, of which he was the lord, to build a house and make a garden. The plan of both one and the other was settled between the brothers, and they immediately began their labours. In 1766 all was finished; the house quite ready, the gardens planted and in good order, entirely owing to the care of Monsieur de Eguilles, his brother, president of the parliament of Aix.

The clock at last struck—the marquis had attained his sixtieth year. For a long time no mention had been made of the agreement: whatever address the courtier employed to recall the idea of it to his recollection, the monarch always expressed a disinclination to enter on the subject. He could not recur to it without exposing himself to cruel reproaches, or to mortifications more cruel still.

In 1768, he renewed his entreaties, and imagining that the king might not, perhaps, like him to take away the original letters which that prince had written to him, he sent them to him, ranged in chronological order and accompanied them by the following letter:

"Sire! I have kept till this moment a precious pledge of the confidence with which your majesty honoured me. I give them into your hands, because I do not think it right to take them with me into a strange country. My continued ill health, and a complication of disorders, put it out of my power any longer to be useful to your majesty; and I am convinced that, under a milder climate, my infirmities might be born. I therefore entreat your majesty to grant me my dismissal, assuring you, at the same time, that my heart shall be eternally devoted to you."

The marquis obtained permission to pass six months in Provence, and set off in 1769, on the express condition of returning at the appointed time; at the same time he received the packet of original letters, which the king returned to him, assuring him that he possessed his entire confidence, and that consequently he neither could nor would keep the letters. The marquis, however, would not take them with him, but left them in the charge of one of his most particular friends.

It appears, that the king was much displeased at his departure, and that he even refused to see the marquis. In vain several persons endeavoured to persuade him, that the marquis would return. He would not believe them. He was indignant, that a man whom he had loaded with his benefits, should quit him for such trifling causes, and which in no way diminished the proofs of his attachment and esteem; but the marquis had very good reasons to give on his side likewise; to pass the remainder of his days under a milder climate, and near a brother, to whom he was attached by strong ties of affection.

He had, however, other motives for discontent, which he was anxious that the king should know without loss of time. Scarcely had he arrived at Dijon, when he wrote him a very bold letter, such as no one who had ever any disagreement with Frederick, would have ventured to address to him. In order to excuse himself for this freedom, he said: "It is not now to the king that I write, but to the philosopher, and in the name of philosophy"—a distinction which the

monarch himself had given the example of in their suppers at Sans Souci, where they freely conversed in the absence of the king, although at the same table with him. And he concluded his keen, yet guarded, reproaches, with that inimitable fable of the "Town and Country Mouse."

Yet, notwithstanding this appearance of resentment, the marquis D'Argens resolved to return to Frederick at the expiration of the stated period; but it cost him a severe struggle to determine on leaving Aix, to return to Berlin. It was to expose the remainder of his days to new scenes of vexation and disappointment, and shorten their duration. The agitated state of his mind, which this situation involved him in, produced the very effect he wished to have avoided, and he died without being able to fulfil his promise.

"In the midst of all these sufferings," says M. Thiebault, "he was detained at Bourg-en-Bresse by a long and very dangerous illness. The marchioness, whose whole care was devoted to him, never once thought of writing to the king, although the time of his leave of absence had expired. Frederick suspected him of wishing to deceive him. He sent to the marchioness's sister, and to all the members of the academy, with whom he was connected as the director, to know if they had not heard from him. And as he was informed, that no person had received any news of him, and that several months had passed without a letter either from the husband or the wife, the king's doubts were soon changed to certainty. His anger and his indignation were extreme. He despatched orders that very day to the different offices at which the salaries of the marquis were paid, strictly enjoining them to erase his name out of the publick books, and forbidding them to pay him any thing for the future. Sulzer, who received this order at the academy, thought it his duty to acquaint D'Argens, and in consequence of this determination, he privately gave a letter to a person who was going that way, and who promised to inquire for the marquis, and give him the letter if he should chance to meet him; if not, to address it under cover to the president D'Eguilles. The traveller found him at Bourg-en-Bresse, in a state of convalescence, and preparing to set off for Berlin. The letter produced an effect which might be expected. The old courtier was more irritated than afflicted. He wrote another, which was never made publick, but its contents may easily be guessed at, and immediately returned to his beloved retreat, from which he seldom went, except to make some few slight journeys through parts of Provence. It was in one of these excursions that he died at Toulouse, of an indigestion, on the 11th of January, 1771.

The publick journals and the writers of the day have asserted, that the marquis D'Argens received the sacraments before his death; that he read the Bible during his last illness; and that he caused himself to be admitted as a member of a society of penitents. Facts, which but little accord with the character of a man, who, always occupied by religious chicanery, theological disputations, and discourses of incredulity, had, however, a strong predeliction in favour of superstition, and the errours to which it gives rise.

In all that we have said here of the marquis D'Argens, we have scarcely made any mention of his works. They are, however, very numerous; but if we except "The Jewish Letters," or, as it was called in English, "The Jewish Spy," none of them appears to have given him any great title to Frederick's recommendation. And of all that he has written, his Memiors are at this day the most interesting, and offer an agreeable fund of amusement, which, at the same time makes you acquainted with both the men and the manners of the time in which he lived.

ON THE INSTINCT OF DOGS, AND AN ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE DOG.

[*Translated from the French.*]

SUCH is the depravation of the human species, that it is often compelled to seek, beyond its own limits, as well the example as the habitual practice of the most necessary virtues. Would we possess an incorruptible guardian, a faithful and disinterested companion, a friend whom adversity cannot alienate, we must not turn to man, for if we do, we shall only excite useless regret: regret to think that we must efface these estimable virtues from the history of society, or at most be content to recall peculiar instances, and admire them as something extraordinary, without, however, attempting to render them less rare.

But, on the contrary, a numerous species of animals present themselves, rich in the requisite gifts of sentiment, and happy in preserving them, without reserve, for the use of man, who too often only abuses them, and seldom ennobles them by appropriating them to himself. The proof which we have daily of the intelligence of dogs is, to every reflecting mind, a subject of astonishment and admiration. And no feeling heart can be insensible to the marks of constancy and attachment which they unceasingly lavish on us.

"I have seen," says Montiagne, in his *naïf* but philosophick language, "a dog, conducting a blind man by the side of a ditch in the city, leave a plain and even path and take a worse, in order to remove his master from the ditch. How could this dog conceive that it was his office to watch only for the safety of his master, and despise his own convenience? And how could he know that the path, which was broad enough for himself, was yet too narrow for a blind man? How could he comprehend all this without ratiocination?" [*Essais, liv.* ii. *ch.* 12.]

What attachment can be compared to that of the dog, seen by all Paris in 1660, who remained during many years upon the tomb of his master in the cemetery of the *Innocents?* In vain caresses were employed to induce him to quit the loved remains. Nothing could remove him from his post of fidelity and affliction. Several times he was removed by force, and shut up at the extremity of the city: but as soon as they loosened him, he returned to the spot which his constant affection had assigned to him, and where, exposed to the elements, he braved the rigour of the most severe winters. The inhabitants, who resided near the spot, touched with the perseverance of this interesting animal, supplied him with food, which he seemed to receive only as the means of prolonging his grief, and the example of a fidelity truly heroical.

More recently, Valenciennes was the witness of a similar event An inhabitant of the city died. His dog followed him to the churchyard, and lay upon his tomb. Food was carried to him, which he refused to touch for three days. After having tried his fidelity by every means of enticement, a doghouse was built for him on the tomb, and he remained there for nine years without ever absenting himself more than twelve or fifteen paces from the spot, and he died then of old age and grief. [*See Cours d'histoire naturelle, ou tableau de la Nature; Paris,* 1770, *tom. II. p.* 103].

But it is not only with regard to its master that the dog develops all the superiority of its instinct. There are some to whom every human being is equally the object of his solicitude. There exists, for example, upon the high mountains of the Alps a particular race of dogs, the sole destination of which is to seek for travellers who may have been involved in the snow, lost in the midst of the thick fogs which prevail there, or bewildered in impassable paths during the tempests of winter. The

monks of Mount St. Bernard, hospitable inhabitants of these frozen and almost inaccessible heights, never fail to send, every day in winter, a confidential servant, accompanied by two dogs, for the purpose of meeting with travellers on the side of the Valais as far as St. Pierre. The dogs follow the steps of the person (if any) who has lost his way, overtake him, bring him back, and thus snatch him from inevitable death.

The hair of this sort of dogs is white with black spots round the ears; and others, which are smaller and of a fawn colour, near the eyes.

It is about the size of a mastiff. Its long hair, its pointed snout, and almost all the qualities of its body approximate it to the species of the shepherd dog, from which it probably proceeded, by an intermixture, not very ancient, with the mastiff.

This race is also estimable as a watch dog; so that it unites the good qualities of its original stock; the intelligence of the shepherd dog; and the vigilance of our yard dogs.

In the species of animals which man has domesticated, or rather reduced to a state of servitude, nature often produces monsters, either by excess or defect. Of the latter sort I will here cite an example as a new proof of the perfection of instinct in the dog, and of the resources of nature. It was first communicated to the publick by M. Peret, jun. in the *Journal du Physique*, for the month of August 1770.

In the month of July 1768, a black spaniel bitch, with red spots, littered eight young ones. She was only allowed to keep four, and of these four it was discovered in a few days that one was deprived of the two front paws. It was thought it would not live; but this defect of conformation did not prevent it from growing equally as fast and as strong as the others. And it was two years old when the following description of it was drawn up.

Two-legs, for so she was called, had a considerable resemblance to the wolfdog; but the body was more elongated. Her hair was long, rather rough, and of a brown colour. She often carried her ears erect. Her tail was a good deal like that of the fox, not only in its form, but also in the manner in which she carried it.

She would caress very freely, and approached towards persons whom she knew, upon her two hind legs, which she held wide apart, and the toes very open. If she wished to advance quickly, she used the under part of her neck as a third leg to support herself with. She then proceeded with considerable velocity by successive leaps and springs; but this constrained progression fatigued her very much. Her respiration seemed to be interrupted each time her neck touched the ground; and to save her head and nose from the blows which they were likely to receive, the muscles of the neck were always in a state of contraction, in order that the head might constantly be erect.

If *Two-legs* heard any noise, she immediately sat upright, even for a considerable time. If she wished to go up stairs, she effected it pretty easily by means of her neck; but to descend was absolutely impossible. In 1769, this extraordinary creature had six young ones, none of which were in any manner deformed.

SINGULAR ACCOUNT OF AN EAGLE'S NEST.

[*From Hall's Travels in Scotland.*]

NOT many miles from Castle Grant, I found a gentleman who was not displeased that a couple of eagles, whose nest I went to see regularly every summer, built on a rock in the hill, not far from his house. There was a stone within a few yards of it, about six feet long, and nearly

as broad, and upon this stone, almost continually, but always when they [the eagles] had young, the gentleman and his servants found a number of muir fowl, partridges, hares, rabbits, ducks, snipes, ptarmacans, rats, mice, &c. and sometimes kids, fawns, and lambs. When the young eagles were able to hop the length of this stone, to which there was a narrow road, hanging over a dreadful precipice, as a cat brings live mice to her kittens, and teaches them to kill them, so the eagles, I learned, often brought hares and rabbits alive, and placing them before their young, taught them to kill and tear them to pieces. Sometimes, it seems, hares, rabbits, rats, &c. not being sufficiently tamed, got off from the young ones while they were amusing themselves with them; and one day, a rabbit got into a hole, where the old eagle could not find it. The eagle, one day, brought to her young ones the cub of a fox, which, after it had bitten some of them desperately, attempted to escape up the hill, and would, in all probability, have accomplished it, had not the shepherd, who was watching the motion of the eagles, with a view to shoot them (which they do with bullets, swan-shot not being able to penetrate their feathers) prevented it. As the eagles kept what might be called an excellent larder, when any visiters surprised the gentleman, he was in the habit of sending his servants to see what the eagles had to spare, and who scarcely ever returned without something good for the table. Game of all kinds, it is well known, is the better for being kept a considerable time.

When the gentleman or his servants carried off things from the eagle's shelf or table, near the nest (for it was next to impossible to approach the nest itself) the eagles were active in replenishing it; but when they did not take them away, the old ones loitered about inactive, amusing themselves with their young till the stock was nearly exhausted.

When the hen eagle was hatching, the table or shelf of the rock was generally kept well furnished for her use. While the eagles were very young, her mate generally tore a wing from the fowls for her, and a leg from the beasts he frequently brought. Those eagles, as is generally the case with animals that are not gregarious, were faithful to one another, but would not permit any of their young to build a nest, or live near them, always driving them to a considerable distance. The eagles of this country are uncommonly large and voracious, and their claws are so long and strong, that they are used by young people as a horn, with a stopper, for holding snuff, and carried regularly in the pocket for that purpose.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I HAVE long been in possession of an anecdote of one of the brute creation, which I send to you, not so much for the amusement of your readers, as that Mr. Bingley may, if he thinks it worthy, insert it in the next edition of his Animal Biography. It is strictly true, and would have appeared before, had it been less extraordinary; for nothing but diffidence has hindered me from sending it. But recollecting that truth needs not to be ashamed, it is brought before the publick, and is as follows. Walking with a lady through some meadows between two villages, of the names of Upper and Lower Slaughter, in the county of Gloucester, the path

lay within about one hundred yards of a small brook. Many ewes and lambs were in the meadow. We were about half way over it when a ewe came up to us and bleated very loudly, looking up in my face; and then ran off towards the brook. I could not help remarking this extraordinary behaviour; but my attention was particularly roused when she repeated it; and, bleating louder, seemed to wish to signify something in particular. She then ran off as before in the same direction, repeatedly looking behind her till she reached the brook, where she stood still. After standing to look at her some time, we continued our walk, and had nearly reached the gate that led into the next meadow, when she came running after us the third time, and seemed yet more earnest, if possible, than before. I then determined to endeavour to discover the motive for such singular behaviour. I followed the ewe towards the brook; seeing me advance, she ran as fast as she was able, looking behind her several times; when we came to the brook; she peeped over the edge of a hillock, into the water, looked up in my face, and bleated with the most significant voice I ever heard from a quadruped. Judge of my surprise, when, on looking into the stream, I saw her lamb standing close under the hillock, with the water nearly over its back. I instantly drew it out, when the fond mother began to lick, and give it suck, and, looking up to me, uttered several sounds very different from those she had uttered before; and evidently expressing satisfaction and pleasure. I needed not those thanks; for I never performed one action in my life that gave me more unmixed pleasure; nor did ever brute appear more grateful. Your's &c.

J. COLLET.

The following digest of the necessary rules for making *bon mots*, satirical attacks, and sarcastick retorts, are extracted from Bannantine's New Joe Miller.

FEEL your ground before you take a single step, and adapt yourself to your company. You may find yourself among a set of wretches who never read Joe Miller, and yet have comprehension enough to understand him. This is fine! Make the most of such a situation; for it is a happiness not often to recur. If any aspiring member venture to oppose you, crush him without mercy. If you do *not* know what he is going to say, tell him you can help him out in that story, should he be at a loss; if you *do*, cut him short, by snatching the sting of the tale from him, and turn it against himself. *You* will get the laugh, and the audience will be happy to reduce him to their own level, by measuring him with you.

Never mind what smart you occasion, provided you can say a smart thing. Your enemy you have a right to wound; and with whom can you take a liberty, if not with a friend? A pretty thing, truly, if a jest were to be stifled because it might give pain! It would give much more to suppress it: and if others do not like the taste, how can they expect you to swallow it?

Latin *bon mots* are safe, if you are sure of the pronunciation; for they who understand them will laugh naturally, and they who do not, for fear of being thought ignorant. With women this rule will not apply; do not, therefore, in their society, quote Horace, or confess yourself a freemason; for they naturally hate and suspect whatever they are excluded from.

It is a very successful and laudable practice to poach upon Joe's premises with some poor dog who is fain at

night to start the game, which you have marked down in the morning. At the given signal, let fly, and you are sure to kill the prey, and perhaps some of the company with laughter. Be sure that your pointer is stanch.

When you launch a good thing, which is only heard by the person next you, wait patiently for a pause, and throw in again. Your neighbour, possibly, will not renew his laugh, but will excuse you, well knowing that you cannot afford to throw away a good thing.

If your party be stupid, and you want an excuse for getting away, give vent to some double entendres to distress the women. This will answer your purpose; for the men must be fools, indeed, if they do not kick you down stairs.

In the want of other subjects for your raillery and sneers, personal defects form a tempting source of pleasantry. When your wit has not a leg of its own to stand on, it may run some time upon your neighbour's wooden one. At least a dozen jokes may be endorsed upon a hump back; and you may make a famous handle of a long nose, by inquiring of its proprietor whether he can reach to blow it; whether he can hear himself sneeze, &c. &c. Take care, however, while making fun with his nose, that he does not make free with yours.

If your party be equal to yourself, in their knowledge of *the books*, or talent for extempore repartee, laugh loud at your own sayings, and pretend not to hear theirs. Laughter is catching, though wit is not.

If they be decidedly superiour in both these requisites, have a bad headach and be silent. You could not speak to advantage, and it's better to be pitied for having a pain in the head, than for having nothing in it.

Mimickry and buffoonery are good substitutes for wit. Thus you may make some use of a prosing old poet, by listening to him with feigned attention, and at the same time thrusting your tongue in the opposite cheek. This will amuse the company, and cannot offend the old gentleman, for he will be wise enough to wish your tongue kept where it is.

Beware of quizzing your host too severely, or he will not ask you again. Be merry and wise. A laugh is a tempting thing, I own; so is turtle soup. Always remember that a good dinner is in itself a good thing, and the only one that will bear frequent repetition.

If you have once got a man down, belabour him without mercy. Remember the saying of the Welch boxer: "Ah, sir, if you knew the trouble I have had in getting him down, you would not ask me to let him get up again."

Invariably preserve your best joke for the last; and when you have uttered it, follow the example now set you, by taking your leave.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOUR'S AUDIENCE WITH THE SULTAN.

[*From Mac Gill's Travels.*]

DURING my absence in Russia, his excellency Mr. Arbuthnot, our new ambassadour at the porte, arrived in Constantinople. Yesterday he had his audience with the sultan, which, as the mode of conducting it was somewhat singular, I shall describe to you.

Yesterday morning, by five o'clock, the whole of the British at the time in Constantinople repaired to the palace of the Swedish envoy, where his excellency our ambassadour waited for them, to proceed to his audience with the sultan. Before six the whole procession was in motion. The ambassadour was carried in a chair by six men in red robes, with high hairy caps on their heads. On each side of the chair walked one of his excellency's armed attendants, namely, his hussar and his sports-

man. The chair was followed by another, which was empty, and then by the secretaries, dragomen, and gentlemen and factors, who happened to be then in the country.

In this manner we proceeded to the water side at Tophana, where boats where provided for us by order of the Porte, to carry us across the Golden Horn, where, when we arrived, we found horses from the stud of the sultan waiting to convey us to the seraglio. After some little ceremonies we again set forward for the Sublime Porte. Before entering it, we all alighted, and proceeded onward between the gates. The outer and inner ones were then shut, and information was sent to the divan, that an infidel ambassadour was without, who wished to throw himself at the feet of the great sultan. The place in which we were enclosed is that where criminals are decapitated, and where the heads of traitors are exposed for the satisfaction of the sultan. After a short time the inner gate was thrown open, and an exhibition truly novel presented itself. A great number of dishes of pillau and cakes of bread were strowed on the ground at appropriate distances, which, at a signal given, a troop of janizaries ran in, in the nimblest manner, and carried off. On inquiry, I found that this grotesque spectacle was intended to show to us infidels in what manner the Turkish troops are fed, and also how active they are.

At length we were permitted to advance, and after crossing an exteriour court of the seraglio, arrived at the entrance of the divan, near the door of which were exposed on the ground the presents brought by the ambassadour, in order to gain or secure the friendship of the Turks. Amongst these were several pieces of fine cloth, some of rich silk, a table clock, and many other articles.

Here his excellency presented his credentials to the vizir, who by some gentlemen of the long robe sent them to the sultan to know his pleasure. The interval between this and the arrival of the answer was employed by us in examining and admiring the magnificence of the apartment in which we were, and which was richly gilt and painted on the roof and columns. The floor was of variegated marble; around the room were sophas covered with costly stuff; in the middle of the side opposite the door, upon a cushion more elevated than the rest, sat the vizir; over his head we observed the little window covered by a thick grating, at which it is said the sultan sits to hear what passes on occasions of this kind. It was evident to perceive through the grating that some person sat there; but conjecture alone could lead us to conclude that it was Selim.

A gracious answer from the Sultan at length arrived, which was received with a shout of "Long live the king of kings, Selim the sultan of sultans." Here every one arose; even his highness the vizir, slipt from his throne, and met the bearer half way to the door. The order was delivered into his hands. He first kissed it, then placed it to his forehead, kissed it again, and then, and not till then, presumed to break the seals. The order was to feed, wash, and clothe the infidels, and then admit them to his presence. In a short time, some little stools were arranged, in different parts of the divan, on the top of which were placed large trays of gold and silver, about four feet diameter, and of a circular form, from which we were to be fed at the expense of the Turks. A most sumptuous entertainment was served up; first a kind of blancmanger, next different kinds of roasted and baked meats; sweetmeats followed; and to conclude, a delicious cooling sherbet was handed round in gold and silver basins.

We experienced one grievous want at this feast, for we were not furnish-

ed either with knife or fork, and were obliged to tear in pieces whatever was set before us; for the articles of a liquid kind, spoons of tortoise-shell, studded with gold, were handed to us.

The eating part of the farce being over, perfumed water was poured on the hands of his excellency, and a napkin of rich embroidery was thrown to him to wipe them with. He was farther perfumed with aloes wood and ambergris.

The usual ceremony of paying the janizaries takes place in general after this part of the audience, but his excellency had, I suppose, expressed himself sufficiently satisfied of the riches of the sultan, and it was dispensed with.

I happened to be in Constantinople at a former period when two senators of Ragusa came to pay their tribute to the Porte, and was present at their audience, when the usual entertainment for the ambassadours, of paying the janizaries, was gone through, a description of which may, perhaps, amuse you. On quitting the divan, the senators and suite were conducted to a place in the court immediately opposite to the door of it, where seats were prepared for their reception. The servants of the porte then brought out a number of leathern purses, which were strowed on the ground, and supposed to contain the pay of one company. The colonel of the company then gave the word, upon which the men came running forward, snatched up the purses, and carried them to some other quarter, where they divided them. This they repeated again and again. At the audience of the Ragusans it lasted upwards of an hour and a half; at that of lord Elgin, this farce continued some hours when his lordship, with just indignation, declared, that if it was not concluded immediately, he would return home.

We were now marched to a kind of open room under the piazzas, where coffee was served, and where the infidels were clothed in a manner suitable to their making their appearance before the sublime sultan. This dress consisted of pelisses; that of his excellency was lined with samour, worth no small sum. Those for the secretaries were very good. The dragomen, who generally take care of themselves, having in some measure the arrangement of this part of the business, were served with a pelisse each, little inferiour to that of the ambassadour; the others were of trifling value.

To the presence of the sultan only fourteen can be admitted, and they must be unarmed; so here his excellency, and those who wore swords, unbuckled. We now passed to the gate of the second court, where we encountered the first guard of eunuchs. This guard was composed of the ugliest monsters that ever wore the human form. Their features were horrible, with the flesh depending from them. Their faces were of the most deadly hue. Each infidel was now adorned with two eunuchs, who laid a paw on each shoulder, to signify when he was to bend before the king of kings, and also to prevent outrage in his presence. In this manner we promenaded the second court, and were soon ushered into the august presence.

The sultan was sitting on a bed, for his throne has the appearance of a large four-posted bed, indeed it is exactly of that shape; the posts were inlaid with precious stones; the cushion on which Selim sat was composed of a massy embroidery of pearls; before him stood his boots, beside him lay his sword, and some turbans of state with rich aigrettes in them.

Selim is a man of about forty-three years of age; his beard is become grisly; his countenance is attractive, the tout ensemble of his physiognomy benign; he never lifted his eyes, nor even gave a side glance; the ambassadour made a polite speech to him, which the prince Marwze, first

dragoman at the Porte, translated to the vizir, who repeated it to the sultan; he made his reply in simple, kind, and elegant expressions. It was likewise spoken to the vizir, who passed it to the prince, who then repeated it to the British company's dragoman, and he to the ambassadour. Our audience being finished, we turned to depart, still in our humiliating condition, like criminals. The sultan, just as we were leaving the room, desired the dragoman to inform his excellency that he had ordered him a horse, which he hoped would turn out a good one. His excellency thanked him, and we departed. A strong guard of janizaries attended during the whole of the procession.

Our return from the audience was nearly the same as our entry. We passed over the outward court of the seraglio, and without the Porte found our horses in waiting where we had left them. As we crossed the water, several British and Maltese vessels saluted us. Indeed they had done so in the morning. We conducted the ambassadour to the Swedish palace, and were refreshed with lemonade, sweet cakes, &c. The party then broke up to meet again at Tarapea, the residence of Mr. Arbuthnot, where we were invited to dinner. In the evening we had a ball.

The audience, upon the whole, was grand, and came up, in a great measure, to my expectations. It was humiliating, to be sure, to be kept like prisoners so long in that horrible place the Porte, and had we understood the language, the being treated with "infidel" at every corner would have been insufferable. But the manners of the Turks, in every stage of the business, was friendly and kind. They have a greater regard for the English than for any other nation, both for those in the distinguished employments, and for the mercantile part of them. Ever since the affair of Egypt, they talk of Nelson, sir Sidney, their old acquaintance, whom they will tell you they have seen, and general Stewart, with delight and enthusiasm. They highly respect the mercantile world, and say the word of an Englishman is as good as any other man's writing, who is not a mussulman.

The dinner at Tarapea consisted of all that taste could display, or the appetite desire; the rarities of the season were washed down in libations of the choicest wines. The party was elegant, but not gay. We were deprived by her indisposition of the presence of the amiable and beautiful ambassadress; the sickness of his beloved consort threw a gloom over his excellency, who, notwithstanding, strove to appear cheerful. In the evening, however, we found her adorning the drawing room, where were also the ambassadours of the other missions and their ladies, with most of the ladies and gentlemen attached to them, who had been invited to pay their court on this occasion. According to the eastern custom, coffee and sweetmeats were served up, and the ball commenced by those who chose to dance, leading their partners to the hall, where a band of musick was playing. Rooms were prepared for those who chose to play at cards. During the evening, ices and lemonade were handed round; the dance continued with much vivacity until some hours after midnight, when the party returned to their respective homes.

The moon shone bright, and shed a charming lustre over the mountains, crowned with the gloomy cypress; the most death-like stillness reigned over the canal, interrupted only by the fall of the oar, which beat in agreeable cadence to the breast, which had been agitated with the dance, or with some softer emotion, for the scene of the evening afforded a rich display of beauty.

The contrast was striking between the elegant simplicity of the English dress, and the gaudy show of the Grecian. Her excellency was attired in a plain, but costly suit. The other ladies were decked out in rich

furred gowns of silver, gold, or rich silk stuffs, and all the family diamonds were displayed on this occasion, stuck on without either art or elegance.

The ambassadour appeared in the evening in the Windsor uniform. His dress in the morning was rich embroidery. The gentlemen of the other missions wore the uniform of their respective courts.

POETRY.

A POETICAL RECIPE FOR THE ASTHMA.

GOUT and *rheumatism* have found shelter in your pages, and perhaps many may be now deriving ease and benefit from the remedies you have promulgated. Then why not *asthma*, a disease (and I speak from experience) as afflictive as either of the above? To be sure, my recipe has not such a grave appearance as my predecessors; but Apollo is the god of physick and of poetry too; and why may not his disciples use both when they can? That the remedies and precautions contained in the following are *practically good*, I myself know: and it is something novel to have a poetical recipe.

I remain &c.
SHORTBREATH.

COME, old friend, accept of me
The following rules, without a fee.
An asthma is your case, I think;
So you must neither eat nor drink:
I mean of meats preserved in salt,
Nor any liquors made from malt;
From seasoned sauce avert your eyes,
From hams and tongues and pigeon pies:
If venison pasty's set before ye,
Each bit you eat—*memento mori*.
Your supper—nothing if you please,
But above all, no toasted cheese.
'Tis likely you will now observe,
What I prescribe will make you starve.
No; I allow you at a meal,
Part of a neck, loin, or leg of veal;
Young turkies too, I'll let you eat;
Partridges and pullets, by way of treat.
House-lamb boiled, I suffer too—
The devil's in't if that won't do.
Now as to liquor, why, indeed,
Might I advise, it should be mead;
Glasses of wine, to extinguish drought—
Drink two with water, three without.
Let constant exercise be tried,
And sometimes walk, and sometimes ride;
Health's oftner found on Highgate-hill
Than in the doctor's nauseous pill.
Be not in haste, nor think to do
Your business with a purge or two;
Some, if they are not well at once,
Proclaim the doctor for a dunce:
Restless from quack to quack they range,
When 'tis themselves they ought to change.
Nature hates violence and force,
By method led and gentle course:
Rules and restraints you must endure—
Ills brought by time, 'tis time must cure.
The use of vegetables try,
And prize Pomona in a pye:
Young Bacchus' rites you must avoid,
And leave fair Venus unenjoyed.
Whate'er you take put something good in,
And worship Ceres in a pudding.
For breakfast, it is my advice,
Eat gruel, sago, barley, rice;
Take burdoch roots, and by my troth,
I'd mingle daisies in the broth.
Thus you with ease may draw your breath,
Deluding what you dread most—death;
Laugh with your friends, be gay, and thrive,
Enriched by those whom you survive.

TO GERALDINE.

O LADY, list not lover's sighs,
If you are rich as well as fair,
Nor heed the gaze of tearless eyes:
No love is there.
Mistrust the vows in rapture made,
The bended knee and mournful air,
The homage to thy beauty paid:
Can love be there?
And disregard the tuneful strain,
That tells of passion and despair,
That warbles forth harmonious pain:
Love is not there.
Perhaps a silent lover sighs,
That you are rich as well as fair,
O lady, watch his tearful eyes,
For love is there.
He thinks what others only say,
And fain would speak, if he might dare,
But on his lips love dies away,
While love is there.

In silence and in solitude,
He nurses love and hides despair,
O let not now thy wealth intrude!
Love, love is there.
ALPHONSO.

EPIGRAM,

By a country clergyman to a lady, who had sent him her compliments on the ten of hearts.

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear;
Old English services are more sincere.
You send *ten hearts*; the *tithe* is only mine;
Give me but *one*, and burn the other *nine*.

LOVE AND PRUDENCE.

[*By Laura Sophia Temple.*]

'Twas yet the dawn of youth's gay hour,
E'er mild content had fled my bower,
Joy's rosy orb illum'd my sky,
And fancy lit my roving eye;
I laughed at danger's whispered threat,
With maddest hopes my vain heart beat;
'Twas then that Prudence crossed my way,
And often, often would she say,
'Check thy wild course, and follow me.'
I murmured at her harsh command,
I would not take her offered hand;
'What,' I exclaimed, '*already* come,
All my best feelings to benumb?
Grant to my prayers a short delay,
Oh! call again some other day!
Full soon will time my minutes steal
And on my forehead fix his seal—
Then, then cold nymph I'll follow thee.'
She sighed, and went,—I dropped a tear,
But still pursued my mad career.
While thus I joyous skipped along,
I heard a soft and melting song,
Onward I bounded—for the strain
Thrilled to my heart, and pierced my brain—
But Prudence stopped me—tho' repelled
Still she returned—my steps withheld,
And mournful whispered, 'follow me.'
I turned me from her stedfast eye,
And from her presence longed to fly—
O it was love's voluptuous lay
Tempted my truant feet to stray!
That o'er my cheated senses stole,
And robbed of energy my soul:
That bade my tongue to Prudence say,
'Thou meddling fool!—away—away!
I cannot,—*will* not,—follow thee.'
O'er flowery paths I gayly stept,
Prudence the while looked on and wept.
I gazed on love's enchanting smile,
And doated on the gentle wile;
'Tis not for *my* weak lips to tell
The magick of each wonderous spell,
Which did my bosom's peace betray,
And tempted still my tongue to say:
'Prudence, I will not follow thee.'
Thus was my feeble judgment led
By all that Love, or looked or said;
Thus was my raw unpractised youth
Deceived by falshood—decked in truth;
But when I proved that angel smile
The worthless covering of guile—
O when my dark and vast despair,
Had found his promises were air—
Then did remorse my bosom rend—
And clasping Prudence, as my friend,
'Lead on'—I cried 'I'll follow *thee*.'

A VALENTINE FROM CONSTANCE TO MELLIDOR.

[*By Miss Trefusis.*]

I.

ERE yet the harbinger of day
Shed one faint beam, one cheering ray,
Impatient love, with fond delight,
Sought, by the glimmering taper's light,
The pictured lineaments to trace
Of Mellidor's bewitching face;
Prest to her lips the ring, the glove,
Sweet pledges of his valued love;
Then dropt a solitary tear
That her sweet tyrant was not near;
Dared for a moment to repine,
And blame her careless Valentine.

II.

O man! how little dost thou know
The sources whence *our* pleasures flow!
O man! how little canst thou share
The soft refinements of the fair!
Those heavenly nothings which we prize,
Your grosser appetites despise:
Ne'er in your hacknied bosoms live
Those loyal sentiments, which give
A sacred character to love,
And prove its mission from above.
Alas! my every wish was thine,
But the world shared my Valentine!

III.

Loud howl the stormy winds around,
Winter's hoar honours strow the ground:
Brilliant the sun, though cold his ray;
Ah! such the sun who rules *my* day!
Long, long he promised to be here,
To claim me for the ensuing year;
But gayer scenes his thoughts employ,
He steals from love what's given to joy:
That he may hasten back again,
In time to join gay folly's train,
Love's sacred promise he'd resign,
And slight his faithful Valentine!

IV.

Else Mellidor had never roved
Far from the little form he loved

On this eventful day, while she
Past her lone hours in misery!—
Alas! should the desire of change
Induce my Mellidor to range,
Should sickening security
Tempt him to court variety,
If I've been loved, alas! too long,
May tender recollections throng
Round that dear heart and keep it mine,
Lest death should claim thy Valentine!

V.

When to love's influence woman yields,
She loves for life! and daily feels
Progressive tenderness!—each hour
Confirms, extends, the tyrant's power!
Her lover is her god! her fate!—
Vain pleasures, riches, worldly state,
Are trifles all!—each sacrifice
Becomes a dear and valued prize,
If made for him, e'en though he proves
Forgetful of their former loves!
O never to forget be thine,
Lest madness seize thy Valentine.

VI.

Think, Mellidor, on former days,
Think on the thousand winning ways
By which my heart thou didst obtain!
The fond, fond look, the melting strain,
The frequent letter, praises bland,
This tenderly imprisoned hand;
Full many an eve together past,
Each eve more valued than the last;
When by the sun's declining rays
I dared the transitory gaze,
Read in those eyes that flame divine,
Now—felt but by thy Valentine!

VII.

Alas, those days are gone and past:
They were too exquisite to last;
The charm of novelty is o'er,
And Constance is beloved no more!
Yon light coquet, so gross, so vain,
Parades thee in her vulgar train,
With worthless rivals blends thy name,
And wrests from hoping crowds her fame!
Ah, dearest youth! canst thou prefer
This love's itinerant, to her
Whose soul, whose wishes, all were thine,
Who lives but in her Valentine.

VIII.

Ah no! thou art too good, too pure,
Such shameful shackles to endure,
Such hacknied favours to receive!
Thy Constance never will believe
These groundless rumours! dearest youth,
Repeat those vows of love and truth,
Which oft with ecstacy I heard,
And to heaven's richest gifts preferr'd!
But should the dreadful tale be true,
Hide, hide thy frailties from my view;
Still let me think each virtue thine,
Still proudly bless my Valentine!

MARY. A SIMPLE SONG.

[*By Miss Trefusis*].

I.

HE is gone! he is gone! how bitter the tear
Which furrow'd my cheek at our last sad adieu,
When all sobbing, I cried: "Farewell to my dear!
Remember your Mary! believe her sincere,
Then slight, if you can, her who lives but for you!"

II.

My Francis may meet with a face far more fair,
With smiles more seductive, more artful than mine;
On my brow love has graven the wrinkles of care;
The blossoms of youth felt the blight of despair;
Yet scorn me not, Francis, the fault sure was thine!

III.

If the light foot of frolick is Mary's no more,
If dimpling hilarity shrinks from her cheek,
Thy smiles can the innocent vagrants restore;
The cup of contentment would quickly run o'er,
If the dark eye of Francis love's language should speak!

IV.

Then let not the stranger thy fancy beguile,
Though deckt in the treasures of beauty and youth:
For the heart of thy Mary (though breaking the while
From the lures of each wanton) shall yield thee a smile,
By tenderness drawn from the fountains of truth!"

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WILLIAM PYBUS.

An Experiment on Soapsuds as a Manure. By Mr. G. Irwin, of Taunton, with remarks by the rev. Thomas Falconer.

A FEW years since, says this writer, my attention was attracted by the soil of a garden reduced to a state of poverty, very unfriendly to vegetation. An invigorating manure was necessary; but such a stimulus could not easily be procured. Considering upon the means, it occurred that possibly some trivial advantage might be derived from the oil and alkali, remaining in the water after washing, commonly called soap-suds. Pits were immediately dug, and the contents of the washing tubs, after they were done with, emptied into them. As washing succeeded washing other pits were dug and filled, so that a whole garden, a small portion excepted, was watered and enriched. Upon the spot purposely neglected, vegetation, says the writer, is still languid, while the residue of the garden, invigorated by suds only, annually exhibits a luxuriance almost equal to any thing this fertile neighbourhood can produce. We have known this kind of manure, and even another kind of domestick lie, applied with success to the roots of the vine.

But the mixture of an oil and an alkali has been more generally known than adopted as a remedy against the insects which infect wall fruit trees. It will destroy the insects which have formed their nests and bred among the leaves. Used in the early part of the year it will prevent insects from settling upon the leaves. It is also preferable to the lime water, or wood ashes and lime, because lime loses its causticity by being exposed to the air. The only difficulty is in the mode of applying it. Mr. Speechley, in his treatise on the vine, directs it to be poured from a ladder out of a watering pot, over both trees and wall, beginning at the top of the wall, and bringing it on, in courses, from top to bottom. The Rev. Mr. Falconer thinks a considerable extent of wall may be washed by means of a common garden pump, in a short time, as often as a supply of suds, &c. can be had; or a quantity of potash of commerce dissolved in water may be substituted. Washing the trees and the wall twice a week for three or four weeks in the spring will sufficiently secure the fruit from the injuries of insects. This upon the whole, he thinks a valuable manure, as it can be easily obtained, at a small expense and in large quantities; and when its nature is understood, will probably be no less esteemed than horse dung. To the gardener as well as the farmer, mixed with mould, it is also useful as a fertilizing compost.

Mr. Andrew Brown has obtained a patent for Improvements in the Construction of a Press, for printing Books and other Articles, part of which may be applied to Presses in common use.

THESE improvements are on the press itself; on the use of barrels or cylinders for feeding the types with ink; and in the loose frisket and manner of using it. The press is made of cast iron, as is also the bed which must be accurately faced for the types to lie on. A follower gives pressure on the types, and is fixed to the screw. In using this press, the cast iron bed slides out below the roller or cylinder, which revolves round and feeds the types with ink. It is covered with flannel, or any other elastick substance, and then is covered with parchment or vellum, or other proper materials to prevent the ink from soaking too far in, and likewise to give it a spring, and afterwards is covered with superfine wollen cloth, for the purpose of receiving the ink to supply the types. There is a large barrel, or cylinder, and also a smaller one; the former having received the ink from the trough underneath it, the latter rolls on the other, and distributes or spreads out the ink on the face of it; or it may be necessary, with the small barrel or cylinder, occasionally to use a brush to distribute the ink, or lay the ink on the large barrel. The large barrel feeds the other with ink, and that revolves and feeds the types by the motion of the spindle, which moves the bed. Mr. B. is able to apply the barrels or cylinders, which he reckons his principal improvement, to presses now in common use, by means of a fly-wheel and traddle, which give motion to the two barrels or cylinders, and distribute the ink over the types, to feed them with ink either by the motion of the hand or fly-wheel, or by other methods well known to every mechanick.

Frederick Bartholomew Folsch and William Howard have obtained a patent for a certain Machine, Instrument, or Pen, calculated to promote Facility in Writing: and, also a certain Black Writing Ink or Composition, the Durability whereof is not to be affected by Time, or change of Climate.

THE pen is made of glass, enamel, or other substance capable of admitting a bore. The point is small and finely polished; but the part above the point is large enough to hold as much or more ink than a common writing pen. The composition is a mixture of equal parts of Frankfort black and fresh butter, which is smeared over paper and rubbed off after a certain time. The paper thus smeared is to be pressed for some hours, taking care to have sheets of blotting paper between each of the sheets of black paper. When fit for use, the paper is put between sheets of this blackened paper, and the upper sheet is to be written on with common ink with the glass or enamel pen. By this method not only the copy is obtained on which you write, but also two or more made by means of the blackened paper.

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SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1809.

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Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden during the years 1805, 1806, 1807, 1808. By Robert Ker Porter. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 611. London.—Philadelphia, republishing by Hopkins & Earle.

WHEN a person of moderate abilities and limited information is betrayed, in an unlucky hour, into an act of ordinary authorship, we do not conceive ourselves bound to take any notice of it. The book most probably contains nothing which calls for publick censure; and it is still less likely to reward us with matter fit for extract or abridgment. But it is otherwise, when a person of this description travels, and tells his story. He can scarcely avoid setting down something worthy of our attention; and we have accordingly made it a rule, to examine, with some pains, almost every work of this class, noting the defects, and separating and preserving the useful parts, even though they should be as two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff. In pursuance of this plan, we are now to make our readers acquainted with Mr. Ker Porter. He has been long known, we presume, to most of them, as a very ingenious artist. In this book, he does not increase, nor indeed sustain, that reputation; nor does he add to it any considerable portion of literary fame, although he entitles himself to the much higher praise of amiable feelings.

The preface to a book generally contains the author's opinion of its defects; and this is pretty sure to be one of the most erroneous of all his positions. Mr. Ker Porter points out "continual egotism, an appearance of ostentation, and perhaps a too unreserved disclosure of his own situation and feelings," as his most "prominent imperfections." We certainly cannot altogether acquit him of these faults; but, that they bear any proportion to the whole defects of his work, or that, in a book of travels, they deserve to be seriously considered, unless where other and greater failings are not discoverable, we must take the liberty of denying. We wish Mr. Ker Porter had looked somewhat sharper after such failings. If he had corrected them, his book would have been improved; but if he had only noticed them in his preface, a good deal of trouble might have been spared to us.

Our author sailed from England in August 1805, and had a favourable passage to the Sound. As he approached Elsineur, he was occupied with the most mild and interesting meditations upon "a city immortalized by the pen of our matchless Shakspeare." He had been following Hamlet every where; he had proceeded to "measure the deep shadows on the platform;" he had then

"encountered the gray ghost of the royal Dane;" and "killed Polonius in the queen's closet;" besides "drowning poor Ophelia in the willowed stream." Upon landing, however, he gets angry at Elsineur for falling so far short of his imaginations; and abuses that respectable town, at great length, and with considerable variety and force of invective. Notwithstanding the existing hostilities, we scarcely think it would be fair to extract the whole of this highly wrought passage. We may just, by way of specimen, mention, that it seems "Wapping possesses the splendour of ancient Rome, when compared with the modern aspect of Elsineur;" and if Hercules, or, as our author calls him, "the immortal scavenger of Elis, had began [*begun*] there, he would be at his labour now." Disgusted with Elsineur, and, as it should seem, with life itself, he rushes out of the town about a mile, and finds a place called "Hamlet's garden." He straightway expects "venerable and magnificent ruins;" and, being disappointed, severely reprimands this villa. During his rebuke, he happens to see Elsineur again, at some distance, whereupon a little more abuse is bestowed upon it; nor can he, by any means, be appeased, until he perceives the castle of Cronberg, that "fine and bold feature," and four hundred sail of merchant ships lying at anchor. Thus disappointed in all his hopes of finding royal cities and ruins, and seeing, indeed, no remains of Hamlet whatever, he is forced to console himself with Saxo-Grammaticus, from whom he translates some passages, to which Shakspeare seems to have been indebted. They are curious, though not very delicate. But one does not quite see why that author, as well as Shakspeare, could not have been perused in England. Mr. Ker Porter saw also some Danish soldiers, of whom he expresses an unfavourable opinion; being moved thereto, it rather seems, by "their coarse and ill made clothing;" and somewhat prejudiced, no doubt, by his general indignation at Elsineur. As soon as he leaves that ill fated spot, his good humour returns; and during the rest of his tour, we find him a perfectly civil and well natured companion.

He only saw Copenhagen through a glass from the sea; but he could plainly distinguish its ramparts and batteries; which leads him to relate an anecdote of lord Nelson. This, we have reason to believe, is well founded, and therefore we shall extract it, although not very well told; for it is exceedingly delightful to dwell on any memorial of so illustrious a man, now that we have unhappily lost him.

"The circumstance took place during the battle of the Sound. It at least proves that no situation, however dangerous, can disconcert the truly brave man, or render him inattentive to those minutiæ, which being watched by the enemy, betray our weakness, or proclaim our power. You must well remember, from the gazettes of that period, and private accounts, how tremendous was the engagement, and how dreadful the slaughter. In the midst of these horrours, surrounded by the dying and the dead, the British admiral ordered an officer, bearing a flag of truce, to go on shore with a note to the crown prince. It contained a proposal to his royal highness to acquiesce, without further delay, in the propositions of the British government; not only to put a stop to the present effusion of blood on both sides, but to save from total destruction Copenhagen and its arsenals, which he would otherwise level with the water. Whilst his lordship was writing with all the calmness of a man in his study, he desired colonel Stewart to send some one below for a light, that he might seal his despatch. Colonel Stewart obeyed; but none appearing with a candle; when lord Nelson had nearly completed his letter, he inquired the reason of such neglect, and found that the boy who had been sent for it was killed in his way by a cannon shot. The order was repeated: upon which colonel Stewart observed: 'Why should your lordship be so particular to use wax? why not a wafer? The hurry of battle will be a sufficient apology for the violation of etiquette.' 'It is to prove, my friend,' replied lord Nelson, 'that we are in no hurry; that this request is not

dictated by fear, or a wish on our part to stop the carnage, from the least apprehension of the fate of this day to us, that I am thus particular. Were I to seal my letter with a wafer, it would still be wet when it reached the shore; it would speak of haste. Wax is not the act of an instant; and it impresses the receiver accordingly.' The reasoning of the admiral was duly honoured by the result. The Danes acceded to his proposal, and a cessation of hostilities was the consequence." I. 13, 14.

From Zealand our author proceeded in his voyage to Cronstadt. On landing there he "was amazingly struck by the extraordinary appearance of almost every individual he met." The beards, brown skins, caps, uniforms, pelisses, all bursting upon his sight at the moment that he heard a language quite new to him, "made so strange an impression on his mind as is not to be described." Indeed, he says: "Every sense was called forth to wonder and exercise." The town and arsenal of Cronstadt are described as very beautiful and magnificent at first glance; but a nearer view, it seems, discovers "many a wart and wrinkle on this fair face." With St. Petersburgh he is more delighted. There, "every house seems a palace, and every palace a city." The description of the new metropolitan church is interesting, both on account of the work itself, and the example which it affords of the waste of labour in a country where the lower classes are in a state of slavery or villanage.

"This edifice, as I before said, is dedicated to *the Mother of God, of Kuzan*. Though far from being completed, sufficient is elevated of its plan to give a tolerably accurate idea of the sublime feature it will make in the face of this city. The architect, who is a Russian, seems to have had the image of St. Peter in his mind when he laid the foundations of this building; and if it be finished as it is begun, I have no doubt of its being a very powerful rival to the two great cathedrals of Rome and London. The pillars intended for the inside of the church are to be each of one entire stone; the shaft, in length fifty-two feet, polished to the utmost perfection, and surmounted with a capital of the Corinthian order richly gilt and burnished. Every other ornament will be in corresponding taste. Niches are formed on the exteriour, for the reception of bronze statues of saints, fifteen feet high: and at some distance, in front of the building, is to be erected a single column of granite of two hundred feet in length; a piece of that size, sufficient to form it, having lately been discovered. Its magnitude will be so immense as to exceed the height of Pompey's pillar by many feet. It is expected that in the course of four or five years the whole work will be completed. At that period the old church is to be pulled down; and thus an area will be left that must considerably improve the situation of the new.

"The architect of this great design was formerly a slave of count Strogonoff. But that nobleman, out of respect to his talents, gave him his liberty.

"Many of the labourers employed on these buildings come some thousand versts from the interiour: and when the frost sets in, they retire thither again, to await the more genial season which will allow them to recommence their toil. The multitudes now engaged in forming the various parts of these large works, are interesting and curious. All difficulties connected with their business, are overcome by human exertions alone. What in England would easily be performed by one horse, with a little mechanical aid, is here achieved by the united strength of numbers of men. Hence there is much useless labour to regret. Frequently we see a hundred men, with ropes and handspikes, busied in accomplishing no more than one quarter of that number, with a few of our assisting inventions, would easily finish in half the time." I. 20, 21.

In giving this extract, we have left out a little rant about sacrilege and genius, which occurs about the middle of it. We cannot, however, omit an exquisite passage touching avarice, which catches the eye a few pages further on; and forms, we conceive, as pure a specimen of the nonsensical in composition, as has even of late years been produced. After inveighing against the Russian shopkeepers for demanding from strangers more than the value of their goods, although willing to take a fair price from those who know their ways, Mr. Porter breaks out as follows.

"But alas! I fear the passion for a hasty accumulation of riches is not peculiar to our northern neighbours. In an ignorant people, just emerging to civilisation, we see covetousness without a veil. Eager to share in the good things which are opened to them on every side, they consider not, because they do not yet understand, the superiour advantages of character. But are the people who have long enjoyed the privileges of education and polished society, are they exempt from this degrading vice? I am afraid not. With them it is only more modest. Aware of its own infamy, it slinks from sight under various masks, while the objects of its contractorships, and the tenantry of the land, are groaning under neglect and oppression. Selfishness is the vice of human nature; and very difficult it is to hold it in the medium between savage avidity and luxurious desires." I. 25.

There is not a line of this which may be passed over; but the last sentence is particularly remarkable, because it consists of so many words put together without one single idea.

The description of St. Petersburgh is, upon the whole, good. Mr. Porter's talents as an artist appear in it. Indeed, he who can delineate a city on canvass, is pretty sure to give a picturesque account of it, if he will only be plain and natural; and the grandeur of the scene seems to have forced our author to set down many of the things that struck him, as they really did strike him, in spite of his tendency to ranting. Thus, notwithstanding the "castellated rocks;" "dank marshes;" "tangled forest;" "gay parterre;" "Arcadian scenes;" "encolumned walls;" "Adriatick Isles of Venice;" (as if he had said: "the English parishes of Yorkshire") which are crowded into the space of a quarter of a page, we really think a person who has never been at St. Petersburgh, will rise, from Mr. Porter's description, with a much more lively idea of the exteriour of that magnificent capital, than if he perused all the other accounts of it put together.

On visiting the church at the fortress, our author's attention was powerfully excited by the collection of standards taken in battle, and of the keys of all the cities which have yielded to the Russian arms. These are hung up in order, and named and dated with great accuracy. Here are the keys of Ishmael, Okzakow, Derbent, and innumerable other cities or towns of lesser note in distant parts of the world. The standards of Pultowa, we may presume, blacken the air. Noir, Alessandria, furnish trophies to swell the heap. But there is an accursed thing in this temple which pollutes it, and casts the triumphs here recorded into a deadly shade. There are the keys of Warsaw, and the bread and salt rendered up with them, as a token of the destruction of Poland. There is something awful, at the present moment, in this part of the picture. It teaches us why Ishmael was in vain deluged with blood; why Derbent was thrice conquered to no purpose; why the arms of Russia have swept over the east and the south, without increasing her security; why, after strangling Sweden in her cradle, she has no strength in her riper years; why her victories over France are forgotten, and the country of Suworoff receives the law from Paris. Those symbols are, indeed, memorials of a triumph; they record a triumph over publick virtue; over the faith of treaties; over the rights of nations; a triumph which was never equalled, not even in Switzerland, or at Copenhagen; until the invasion of Spain, surpassing all former crimes, made us almost forget the partition of Poland.

We shall pass over a great mass of description, mixed up with trifling anecdotes, somewhat in the manner of sir John Carr, to whose "*elegant* works," indeed, Mr. Porter refers. We say nothing of the account of the Greek church, too, a subject very little adapted to such superficial writers as this author. And we quickly turn over two pages of rant, or rather downright raving, upon lord Nelson's

death, sensible how painful it must be to the feelings of our readers, even to notice this trash for the purpose of reproving it. But we must follow Mr. Porter to court; for, among other boasts, we remember to have seen in the newspaper advertisements, mention made of "his *accredited* reception at the respective courts." This is obviously intended as a hint, that he was intrusted with some mission, though he is much too prudent to let the secret out in his book. We wonder what could be the nature of this embassage? Was he, perchance, sent to rouse the continental powers at the beginning of the third coalition? The dates correspond very well with this idea; for he went abroad just before the war broke out. His talents, too, seem of the cast not unusually employed by our cabinet on such services. His knowledge of languages, of French particularly, points him out as very likely to have been pitched upon. [See vol. i. p. 130.—"*Les chamberlains actuels.*"] He further resembles some of our most profound statesmen in an eloquent and happy coinage of words, *e. g.* to *olfac*, for to *stink*. When all these qualifications are taken into the account, we shall probably feel disposed to believe the insinuation of the advertisement, although Mr. Porter is sufficiently diplomatick to keep his own secret; except, indeed, where he finds it quite impossible, as any equally happy man must have done, to suppress the information, that, "to the fair hand of the dowager empress, he is indebted for a diamond, which, in devotion to her virtues, he shall ever wear next his heart." I. 149.

It is needless to add, that this empress is among his chief favourites. "The dowager empress," says he, "who is of a Pallas form and mein, is a most admirable woman." Again: "She is exquisitely accomplished, and possesses a courtesy of address that is *undescribable*." The reigning empress comes in for some share of his admiration; and the emperour Alexander is portrayed at length. We shall extract the passage; because it brings back the remembrance of past times. The people of this country have probably forgotten, now, that they used all to venerate the Russian emperour. Indeed, two years have not elapsed since such language as the following would have been deemed cold and utterly inadequate to express the feelings which every one was required to entertain towards the saviour of Europe.

"I know your eagerness to become acquainted with the great of all countries; I mean the truly great; the illustrious in talents, and the illustrious in virtue: they alone have ever been the great to you; and to them, while resembling them as a brother, have you not always bowed with the humility of a son! But to return to the emperour.

"He is mild in his demeanour, gentle in his motions, and particularly graceful in his address. The goodness of his heart shines forth in his eyes; and the sweetness of his temper ever embellishes his lip with a smile. So great is his benevolence, that not a day passes without bringing forward some instance of his attention to the welfare and comfort of his people; and his lenity in punishing criminals is so forbearing, that in all cases the most tender mercy waits upon his justice. His figure is handsome and elegant; his air affable and engaging; and his countenance ever expresses the benignity of his mind. His height is about five feet eleven inches. He is fair, with blue eyes; and his complexion, though not florid, is beaming with health, and most interestingly tinged with the hue of a military life.

"On our first presentation, according to the etiquette of this court, the emperour passed forward, only bowing to the strangers. But after that formal ceremony was once over, at every other levee he converses with all the dignified freedom which sits so gracefully upon persons of his rank; and more particularly captivates in him, from the intelligence and amiable interest of his manners." I. 148.

Our readers may perhaps think, that Mr. Porter is somewhat romantick in his descriptions of royal personages. But we can assure them, he is a much greater enthusiast re-

specting tables and chairs. The furniture of the Hermitage animates him in a wonderful manner, and throws him also into a violent passion at the furniture of St. Cloud. The imperial inhabitants of those two palaces have not often called forth more impassioned language, than is bestowed upon their respective stools, in the following passage.

"That boasted mansion, for the perfection of which every atom of French talent has been exerted; every touch of French taste laboured and repeated, proved at last—but a large *Magazin des Meubles!* Confused and *wilely* disposed, the *infamous* fashion of never admitting two chairs alike into one room, has rendered it the most *disgustingly* expensive, and vulgarly ostentatious display of fine furniture that ever yet pretended to the name of magnificence. St. Cloud is an upholsterer's shop, whence palaces may be fitted. The Hermitage is a palace ready fitted for the reception of kings." I. 151, 152.

Just before leaving St. Petersburgh, Mr. Porter receives a letter from his friend, expressing wonder that "he has not yet taken notice of the one subject in which he had always shown so particular an interest." His friend asks: "What has become of your attachment to the army, that you have not given me any idea of the state of its establishment in Russia?" Our author makes answer: "It is just where it was, the firstborn passion in my breast," &c. This passion is frequently breaking out in the course of these volumes, and always leads to some *nothing* or other. In the present case, 'tis expended chiefly on the uniforms of the Russian troops, which are described with much tenderness and pathos. Our feelings on this topick being considerably less acute, we must be excused for not following the author very far in his effusions. We prefer the passage with which he concludes this letter; because it is upon a perfectly different subject, and written too by another hand.

"I have not been very profuse in my remarks on national character, because, I think I might as well decide on the general effect of a statue, by seeing only its leg or arm, as write confidently of the Russian manners, when I have penetrated no further than this city. Indeed, I know of no study so uncertain as that of individuals; and it is by a number of individuals that we judge of a people. And where we find it so difficult to gain a true knowledge of our own characters, we ought not to consider the task so easy to comprehend that of others. Some persons have a happy facility in seizing the characteristick points of a nation: and none was more eminently gifted with this power than Peter the First. I will transcribe a specimen; and instead of receiving the poor pittance of my opinion on one country, you shall be enriched with the judgment of so great an emperour on several. It was his estimation of the foreigners whom he encouraged to come to his new capital.

"You may give to a Frenchman, says he, liberal pay; he never amasses money, and loves pleasure. The case nearly answers to the German; only he spends what he labours for in good living, not on the gay vanities of the Frenchman. To an Englishman more must be given. He will enjoy himself at any rate; should he even call in to his aid his own credit. A Dutchman rarely eats enough to pacify nature. His sole object is economy; less, consequently, will serve him. An Italian is by nature inoculated with parsimony. A trifle, therefore, will do for him. Almost out of nothing he will contrive to save; making no mystery of it, but acknowledging that he serves from home with no other view than to amass money to enable him to return with affluence to the heaven of Europe, his own dear Italy." I. p. 173, 174.

From St. Petersburgh, Mr. Porter set out in the depth of winter for Moscow. This journey presents us with one or two passages worthy of notice. The first is a good description of the dreariness of a Russian landscape at that season.

"Nothing interesting presenting itself, we travelled onwards, through towns and villages, and over a dreary country, rendered ten thousand times more so by the season. All around was a vast wintry flat; and frequently not a vestige of man or of cultivation was seen, not even a solitary tree, to break the boundless expanse of snow. Indeed, no idea can be formed of the immense plains we traversed, unless you imagine yourself at sea, far, far from the sight of land. The Arabian deserts cannot be more awful to the eye than the appearance of this scene. Such

is the general aspect of the country during the rigours of winter, with now and then an exception of a large forest skirting the horizon for a considerable length of way. At intervals, as you shoot along, you see openings amongst its lofty trees, from which emerge picturesque groups of natives and their one-horse sledges, whereon are placed the different articles of commerce, going to various parts of this empire. They travel in vast numbers, and from all quarters, seldom fewer than one hundred and fifty in a string, having a driver to every seventh horse. The effect of this cavalcade at a distance is very curious; and in a morning, as they advance towards you, the scene is as beautiful as striking. The sun then rising, throws his rays across the snow, transforming it to the sight into a surface of diamonds. From the cold of the night, every man and horse is encrusted with these frosty particles; and, the beams falling on them too, seem to cover their rude faces and rugged habits with a tissue of the most dazzling brilliants. The manes of the horses, and the long beards of the men, from the quantity of congealed breath, have a particularly glittering effect." I. 179.

The next is a specimen of Russian truck and barter; which we recommend to the attention of all those profound reasoners, who undervalue the blessings of liberty, and are unwilling to allow that it makes any considerable difference in the human character. We submit this anecdote also as affording a presumption of how little can be reasonably expected from the resources of the Russian empire in any immediate contest with more civilized monarchies.

"Twer is a place of considerable commerce, owing to its situation on the conflux of two such advantageous rivers. And, perhaps, on this account we found a very good inn, which was no trifling comfort; though we were detained, and imposed on too, by the clumsiness and roguery of the host. Our unlucky barouche, after a variety of disasters in its journey, here broke fairly down; and thus proved the folly of making use, in these regions, of any carriage that is not adapted to the roads and horses of the country. After much bungling, we at length got the vehicle mounted on its skates; and I inquired of the landlord his demand for the share he had in the repairs. He coolly asked *thirty rubles!* So exhorbitant a charge occasioned me to remonstrate. At this moment my servant came up [an honest Russ, who some time before had been made free]. He inquired what was the matter. I told him the extortion of the man, and that I wanted to beat him down. 'I'll beat him down!' cried he, catching the poor wretch by the beard, and laying upon his shoulders, with all his might, an immense bludgeon large enough to be called a club. As the terrified host swung round at the arm's length of my doughty champion; the blows fell like hail upon his back, while he kept bawling out: 'Twenty, fifteen, ten,' &c. till he reduced his demand to the more reasonable sum of two rubles. On this cry, like the last bidding at an auction, the appraiser was satisfied, and the hammer fell. The poor battered wretch was released; and bowing with a grateful air to his chastiser, turned to me. Almost killed with laughing at so extraordinary a sight, I paid him his rubles. I was no less amused at the stupid indifference with which the standers-by regarded the whole transaction; and got into the kabitka to pursue our journey, debating with myself whether the frequent drubbings these slaves endure, really reduces their flesh to the consistence of stockfish; or whether the friendly sheepskins on their backs do not blunt the force of blows; which otherwise threaten, not only bruises but broken bones. The bow he made to my triumphant valet entertained me as much as any thing; and as we drove off, he repeated his obeisance with as much respect as if we had given him a hundred ducats, instead of a few rubles and a drubbing into the bargain." I. 183, 184.

Mr. Porter's residence at Moscow gives him an opportunity of describing the manners and habits of the genuine Russian nobility. At St. Petersburgh, they are somewhat civilized; at least they partake of foreign fashions, and conform externally to the usages of polished life. In their own capital of Moscow, we have them living in the barbarous pomp which belongs to their wealth, and to that stage of society. Our author, however, is not of this opinion. He expresses some indignation at those who reckon excessive hospitality among the symptoms of barbarism; protesting, that "he never saw, in any part of the world, such general

polish of manners as in this city." We shall only justify the charge, by quoting from Mr. Porter himself, a very lively and curious account of certain "*frisks of nature*," as he is pleased to call them, which the highly polished nobles of Moscow exhibit in their houses. These are dwarfs and fools. In the account of the former, we omit a ranting eulogium upon Nature for having made so few female dwarfs.

"They are here the pages and the playthings of the great; and, at almost all entertainments, stand for hours by their lord's chair, holding his snuff box, or awaiting his commands. There is scarcely a nobleman in this country who is not possessed of one or more of these frisks of nature; but, in their selection, I cannot say that the *noblesse* display their gallantry, as they choose none but males.

"These little beings are generally the gayest drest persons in the service of their lord, and are attired in a uniform or livery of very costly materials. In the presence of their owner, their usual station is at his elbow, in the character of a page; and, during his absence, they are then responsible for the cleanliness and combed locks of their companions of the canine species.

"Besides these Lilliputians, many of the nobility keep a fool or two, like the *motleys* of our court in the days of Elizabeth; but like in name alone; for their wit, if they ever had any, is swallowed up by indolence. Savoury sauce and rich repasts swell their bodies to the most disgusting size; and, lying about in the corners of some splendid saloon, they sleep profoundly, till awakened by the command of their lord to amuse the company. Shaking their enormous bulk, they rise from their trance; and, supporting their unwieldly trunks against the wall, drawl out their heavy nonsense, with as much grace as the motions of a sloth in the hands of a reptile-fancier. One glance was sufficient for me of these imbruted creatures; and, with something like pleasure, I turned from them to the less humiliating view of human nature in the dwarf.

"The race of these unfortunates is very diminutive in Russia and very numerous. They are generally well shaped and their hands and feet particularly graceful. Indeed, in the proportion of their figures, we should no where discover them to be flaws in the economy of nature, were it not for a peculiarity of feature, and the size of the head, which is commonly exceedingly enlarged. Take them on the whole, they are such compact, and even pretty little beings, that no idea can be formed of them from the clumsy deformed dwarfs which are exhibited at our fairs in England. I cannot say that we need envy Russia this part of her offspring. It is very curious to observe how nearly they resemble each other: their features are all so alike, that you might easily imagine that one pair had spread their progeny over the whole country." I. 193—195.

The author then gives some anecdotes of dwarfs of his acquaintance; as the governour of Moscow's dwarf, "whose features and *expression* have an appearance to the eye as if he washed his face with allum water." Mr. Porter candidly admits, that it may be difficult to divine this sort of expression; but adds, that it is "a sort of wizened, sharp look, inconceivable unless you saw it."

Mr. Porter's description of Moscow is very good, and deserves nearly the same commendations which we offered to his account of St. Petersburgh. His rhapsodies (especially a long one about kissing) occasionally interrupt it; and, to accuracy of style, he has no sort of pretension. But we should be glad to see other cities described in as lively and distinct a manner, by one evidently accustomed to represent objects with his pencil. His return to St. Petersburgh is agreeably diversified with anecdotes of the scrapes into which he was led by an Italian adventurer who fastened upon him, and a description of the magnificent monastery at Voshkrashensky, and of Nichon's hermitage. A trait of barbarism is mentioned in the course of this journey, which we are willing to hope may have been exaggerated to our author. It is stated as the ordinary, and indeed constant practice among the Russian peasantry, for the young men to marry at an early age, and immediately to leave their wives under the care of their fathers, who cohabit with their daughters-in-law,

while the husband is seeking his fortune in Moscow or St. Petersburgh. Mr. Porter assures us, that the husband, on returning with his gains, and finding a family ready made for him, only bethinks him of marrying his sons and sending them off, as he himself had been sent, that he may "enjoy himself, like a Turk in his seraglio, amongst their wives." Whatever foundation there may be for this statement, we should require very strong evidence to make us believe, in its whole extent, any thing so contrary to the ordinary course of nature. It cannot, indeed, be denied, that much may be explained by the debased state of the lower orders in Russia, and their entire dependance upon their masters, whose interests, as Mr. Porter has justly remarked, lead them to encourage both the temporary emigration of the master, from which great gain is derived to the estate, and the continuance or increase of their numbers. We must only suggest, that the expedient in question seems one of the least natural and obvious, as well as the most revolting which could have been devised for accomplishing those purposes.

We shall not follow our author back to Moscow, whither he again went. He seems to have remained in Russia as long as the intercourse between that country and his own permitted; and, on the unhappy commencement of hostilities, he retired into Sweden. The journey through Finland, and across the gulph, to Stockholm, presents us with nothing worthy of notice. On arriving there, our author, of course, describes the city well; and it is equally a matter of course, that he should fall in love with the court, especially the dresses, the king and the queen. We shall give his portraits of these illustrious and unfortunate persons.

"As soon as the king was seated, a piece of musick with, I suppose, appropriate words (for it was in Swedish) burst from the orchestra. His majesty seemed very attentive to what was sung; while the queen, with a less impressed countenance, sometimes listened, and at others looked round on the assembly with a delightful complacency. I confess that my observation was most particularly directed to Gustavus. He bears a striking resemblance to the best portraits of Charles the twelfth, and seems not to neglect the addition of similar habiliaments; for really, at the first glance, you might almost imagine the picture of his renowned ancestor had walked from its canvass. He is thin, though well made; about the middle stature, pale, and with eyes whose eagle beams strike with the force of lightning. Look at them, and while he is in thought they appear remarkably calm and sweet; but when he looks at you and speaks, the vivacity of his manner and the brilliancy of his countenance are beyond description. His mouth is well shaped, with small mustaccios on his upper lip; and his hair, which is cropped and without powder, is combed up from his forehead.

"Her majesty is most interestingly beautiful; very much resembling her sister, the empress of Russia. She is fair, with expressive blue eyes. Her features are fine; but the affability of her countenance, her smile, and engaging air, independently of other charms, would be sufficient to fascinate every heart almost to forget she was a queen, in her loveliness as a woman. She was drest with exquisite taste. Her hair, in light but luxuriant tresses over her brow and head, was looped up with a double diadem of jewels. Her robe was splendidly embroidered; and on her breast she wore the badges of the order of St. Catherine. And certainly it must be acknowledged, that the star, whether of distinction or of beauty, never shone brighter than on the bosom of the fair *Helen of the north*; for thus this beautiful queen is generally distinguished; though, were I to give her a title, it should rather be that of Andromache, whose beauties, lovely as they were, were yet transcended by the more endearing graces of the chaste wife and tender mother.

"During the whole of the evening, after the musical salutation, their majesties mingled with the company, conversing with every person, with the kindest condescension. Every citizen was spoken to, and their eyes sparkled with joy, while their tongues faltered out a reply to the address of their sovereign. His conversation with the subjects of his *brother in arms*, our re-

vered monarch, was of the most gratifying complexion. No coldness; no form; all was frank, great, and consistent with himself. In short, it would have been impossible for any potentate to have shown more graceful, knight-like courtesy to all present; or for a sovereign to be received with deeper homage from a brave and loyal people. In many courts I have seen the body of loyalty: here its spirit was felt." II. 132–134.

Mr. Porter then proceeds to express his astonishment and indignation, that any persons should be found, especially in Sweden, who are not as much enamoured as himself of the king and his mode of governing. "Who," says he, "that was present at such a scene would believe that some of his ungracious subjects affect to lament the destiny of the state? But so it is. As in most countries parties exist, who contend for they know not what, even in Sweden there are a set of grumblers, troubling the government with discontents, which, lying in themselves rather than in the constitution, neither king nor senate can rectify. These turbulent natures are the torment of every state. We may consider them as inherent diseases amongst all people; a sort of acrimonious humour boiling from the body politick, which, as the evil is in human nature, must discharge itself somewhere; and what is more, there is no hope of the disorder being cured, till the final exit of the world with all its imperfections." [II. 134.] We are not eloquent like Mr. Ker Porter: so we cannot talk of diseases, and humours, and the exit of the world; but we may give a very plain solution of his difficulties, in the matter of fact. The king of Sweden, notwithstanding his high spirit (which, by the way, was chiefly shown in imitations of Charles XII's dress, and in parodies upon the French bulletins) was disliked by his subjects; because, for the gratification of personal feelings, he involved his country in a war, which was necessarily expensive beyond its utmost means, and could scarcely fail to terminate in the dismemberment or subjugation of the kingdom. If Sweden had enjoyed the benefits of a free constitution, even of such a form of government as Gustavus III. abolished, but, much more, if she had possessed the inestimable treasure of such a constitution as ours, the catastrophe which has, since Mr. Porter's return from the Baltick, befallen her unhappy, misguided sovereign, never could have happened A course of misrule, supported by popular delusion, might, no doubt, have brought the country into difficulties. It is even possible that the caprices of the court should, for a short time, have made them persist in measures contrary both to the interest and to the wishes of the people; but this could only have lasted for a season; and, in no long time after the eyes of the people had been opened, their voice must be heard, and a change of councils, or, at the utmost, a change of counsellors, would have prevented the necessity of any attempts upon the sacred person of the monarch.

It may easily be conceived, that our author's enthusiasm about Charles XII. leads him to every spot where any memorial of that gallant and most pernicious ruler can be found. He tells the whole story of his assassination as minutely as if he had read the details in an extraordinary gazette, and with as little hesitation as if this were, not one of the *quæstiones vexatæ* of modern history, but a passage free from all obscurity. We shall probably expose ourselves to the charge of jacobinism (though the wish is somewhat oldfashioned, and, indeed, so little in consonance with the prevailing taste, that it can scarcely be accused of triteness) if we express a desire to hear kings called by their proper names, and to have Charles XII. once more held up to the world as a personage, whose want of all the good principles most requisite in a sovereign, is a great deal

more evident than his madness. For a contrast to this prince, we cheerfully take Gustavus Vasa, of whom we rejoice to find, that our author has collected some anecdotes. He visited the spot in Dalecarlia, where that truly great monarch took refuge from the Danish usurper, and concealed himself, while he matured his plan for the deliverance of his country. The following passage is exceedingly interesting, and relates the anecdotes with no small dramatick effect.

"On the little hill just mentioned, stood a very ancient habitation; of so simple an architecture, that you would have taken it for a hind's cottage, instead of a place that, in times of old, had been the abode of nobility. It consisted of a long barn-like structure, formed of fir, covered in a strange fashion with scales, and odd, ornamental twistings in the carved wood. But the spot was hallowed by the virtues of its heroick mistress, who saved, by her presence of mind, the life of the future deliverer of her country. The following are the circumstances alluded to; and most of them were communicated to me under the very roof.

"Gustavus, having, by an evil accident, been discovered in the mines, and after being *narrowly betrayed* by a Swedish nobleman, bent his course towards this house, then inhabited by a gentleman of the name of Pearson (or Peterson) whom he had known in the armies of the late administrator. Here, he hoped, from the obligations he had formerly laid on the officer, that he should at least find a safe retreat. Pearson received him with every mark of friendship; nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honours. He seemed more afflicted by the misfortunes of Gustavus, than that prince was *for* himself; and exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes, that, instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, he offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers; and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved general.

"Gustavus was rejoiced to find that he had at last found a man who was not afraid to draw his sword in the defence of his country; and endeavoured, by the most impressive arguments, and the prospect of a suitable recompense for the personal risks he ran, to confirm him in so generous a resolution. Pearson answered with repeated assurances of fidelity. He named the gentlemen and the leading persons among the peasants whom he hoped to engage in the enterprise. Gustavus relied on his word, and promising not to name himself to any while he was absent, some days afterwards saw him leave the house to put his design in execution.

"It was, indeed, a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, made this son of Judas resolve to sacrifice his honour to his ambition, and, for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality, by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution, he went straight to one of Christiern's officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this treachery, he had not courage to face his victim; and telling the Dane how to surprise the prince, who, he said, believed himself to be under the protection of a friend (shame to manhood, to dare to confess that he could betray such a confidence!) he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they, apparently unknown to him, rifled it of its treasure. 'It will be an easy matter,' said he; 'for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus.'

"Accordingly the officer, at the head of a party of well armed soldiers, marched directly to the lake. The men invested the house, while the leader, abruptly entering, found Pearson's wife, according to the fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations. At some distance from her sat a young man in a rustick garb, lopping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree. The officer went up to her, and told her he came in king Christiern's name to demand the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof. The dauntless woman never changed colour. She immediately guessed the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son, to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers. In an instant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise: 'If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has had here these few days, he has just walked out into the wood on the other side of the hill. Some of those soldiers may readily seize him as he has no arms with him.'

"The officer did not suspect the easy simplicity of her manner; and ordered part of the men to go in quest of him. At that moment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and catching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed, in an angry voice: 'Unmannerly wretch! What, sit before your betters? Don't you see the king's officers in the room? Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!' As she spoke, she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and opening a side door, 'there, get into the scullery,' cried she, 'it is the fittest place for such company!' and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him and shut the door. 'Sure,' added she, in a great heat, 'never woman was plagued with such a lout of a slave!'

"The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account. But she, affecting great reverence for the king, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlour, while she brought some refreshment. The Dane civilly complied; perhaps, glad enough to get from the side of a shrew; and she immediately hastened to Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and, by means of a back passage, conducted him in a moment to a *certain little apartment*, which, projecting from the side of the house, close to the bank of the lake where the fisher's boats lay, she lowered him down the convenient aperture in the seat, and giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence." II. 198–202.

The present proprietor of the house is a descendant of this extraordinary woman; and if Mr. Porter has given us accurately the tradition current in the house and neighbourhood, it amounts to no mean species of evidence for such a passage.

Our author's military ardour, to which we have already alluded, carried him to Gottenburgh, where he resolved to enter on immediate service with the English army, then assembled in that port. He made his arrangements for joining this force, and expected shortly to be fighting as hard as possible, either in Norway or Zealand. But the decrees of the fates, or those of our cabinet (which, if not quite so unalterable, are to the full as mysterious) willed it otherwise; and Mr. Porter saw the transports, after waiting two months for nothing, all of a sudden set sail. "His northern campaign being cropt in the bud, he hoped for a more propitious commencement on the shores of Spain," and was some time on board a transport; but being informed that they were going direct to the Spanish coast, he disembarked, in order to take England in his way, and rejoin the army when it should arrive at its destination. While he is waiting for a packet he receives the most flattering invitation from the Swedish commander in chief on the frontiers of Norway to join his army, with the assurance that his "military passion shall be fully gratified." But, his duty calls him to the Spanish shores; so he "declines the honour with gratitude," and sails for England.

We wish Mr. Porter would employ another engraver. His drawing used to be excellent; but the *scraping*, by means of which it is rendered to the publick in these volumes, destroys its whole effect. Nothing can be less satisfactory or distinct than these plates. As for any other corrections, we fear it would be in vain to suggest them.

Were we, for instance, only to require a little attention to grammar, or a somewhat less frequent use of French words in describing things at Moscow and Stockholm, where French has nothing to do; or, if French must be used, were we to suggest the propriety of some regard to the idiom of that language, that he should not, for example, turn the burghers or citizens of Stockholm, into *bourgeoises* [II. 120]; or were we to cry out against such words as *bathos-ical* and *Alexandrinally*, and a thousand others equally unknown in all languages, Mr. Porter would forthwith tell us: "These are letters to a friend, and you can't expect cold correctness in epistolary effusions." This would have been an excellent defence, if his friend had criticized his style. It may also be a

good reason for not publishing his letters: but they are now a printed book, and must come under the ordinary jurisdiction of criticism, whatever shape they may formerly have assumed, or with whatever intentions they were composed.

FROM THE LONDON REVIEW.

Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres; including general Observations on the Practice and Genius of the Stage. By the Author of the Theatrical Criticisms in the weekly Paper called *The News*. London. Printed by and for John Hunt.—Reviewed by Mr. Cumberland.

THESE Essays abound in a variety of judicious observations and remarks, which, though addressed to readers of a particular description, will afford general entertainment and delight, were it only for the pleasantry of the style, enlivened as it is by such a flow of fancy, such display of humour, so many apt allusions and so much originality of thought, which, whilst they manifest the genius, mark the juvenility of the writer They are, however, more particularly to be valued for the evidence they bear of the sincere and manly character of their author, who, with an honest contempt for the popular farce writers of the time, observes—*that every actor, who repeats the nonsense of these scribblers with all its effect, hurts his own reputation in proportion as he would extend theirs; for when the owl screeches, the echo must screech also.*

It is not my design, and I do not consider it as my duty, to attend upon this critick through his whole list of performers, amounting to not less than thirty. I will say something of those, who have ceased to live; but I will treat sparingly and tenderly of those, who are to earn their living by their labours on the stage. I approve of their being told of faults, which it would be for their interest, to correct; but as I will not arraign them for defects, with which nature has unalterably endowed them, I must be perfectly satisfied that correction is in their power before I move them to attempt it. As objects of our general censure they have no defence; as servants of the theatre, exhibiting themselves on a stage for our amusement, they have no fastnesses to retreat to from our attack; they are at our mercy, and discouragement partakes of persecution; until a performer shall offend against the respect due to his audience, great respect and lenity are justly due to his feelings.

I have something, but not much, wherewith to reproach my author upon this account; and as it chiefly, if not exclusively, applies to Mr. Pope, I shall reverse the order of his list, and say in few words what I can say with truth of that intelligent and meritorious actor. In all my dramatick concerns with Mr. Pope, which have not been few, I have ever found him strictly punctual in his rehearsals, studiously correct and faithful to his author in representation, and devoting himself to the general interests of the piece as well as to the particular duties of his part with zeal so ardent and so cordial, that if this testimony, which I now oppose to a criticism that condemns him in the gross, may in any degree compensate for the asperity of it, it is a defence that I should have entered upon from conviction of his merits, had I not been also moved to it from a grateful sense of his good services.

It is happy for an actor when nature has bestowed upon him an expressive countenance; but if he has it not by nature, he cannot make it such by art. Let him not hear of privations, which he cannot supply; tell him only of such errours as he

is able to correct. Of all the variety of human countenances, that which is characterized by no prevailing passion is perhaps the most unlucky one an actor can be born with, as being least convertible to stage effect. Still if nature be in the heart, and inspire it with its proper feelings, the features will, in some degree at least, obey its movements. This was the case with Henderson. In his hours of perfect quietude and relaxation his eye slept, and his countenance displayed no promise; but when the spirit within him, though naturally indolent, was awakened by the genius of his poet, he rushed at once into the character he was destined to assume, and the whole man harmonized with the passion, that he really felt. But that latent energy, which was in him, whom all the drama's friends have reason to lament, is not the property of every man, and there will be rarely found another actor, with a countenance, that augured so little, endued with talents to effect so much.

It is true, that every performer, who is possessed of a powerful and well toned voice, is responsible for the management of it, and should not upon all occasions send it round the theatre in compliment to those, who are only in the lobbies. There are not many occasions, that demand of the performer to draw out all the stops of his organ. The proper government and adaptation of its tones is a secret, which but few possess, and yet it is the grand desideratum of all publick speaking. The ear, the judgment, and the feelings of the declaimer must unite their influence and conspire to aid him in the attainment of that nice discrimination, in which consists the very excellence of his art, and which alone can crown his efforts with success; for should he strive to elevate what in itself is low, and to depress what should be lofty, does that actor understand his author, or consult his reason? Though his entrance on the stage as a hero or a king may be announced with a flourish, he is not obliged to out-talk his own trumpets, neither is it always necessary for him to make his exit in a passion.

I confess, that whilst our two overgrown theatres were standing, this art, of which I have been speaking, was no easy attainment; yet I think our chief tragedian, Mr. Kemble, fully understood the importance of it, and practised it successfully; though vehement exertion of the lungs, unhappily for him, was what his frame could ill endure, yet by distinct articulation, and a certain high pitched modulation, approaching in accuteness to what is called a falsetta, he was perfectly well heard in all parts of the theatre, and by never suffering his voice to sink from the sharpness of its key into those guttural and growling flats, in which his sister has accustomed herself to pitch ker inaudible pathetick, he affords a striking proof to what great and judicious account even the sparing gifts of nature may be turned by the economy of art.

How very few possess that delicacy of ear, which should regulate the voice in reading or reciting to few or many, in a large space or a small! Neither Henderson, nor even Garrick, understood this secret, of distinguishing rightly between a playhouse and a private room. Of the two, Henderson was the more ungovernably above pitch; yet Garrick had indulged himself in the habit of bawling out to servants and stage-retainers, till he broke the finer notes of his natural organ, and only spared the clapper of his bell. Let Mr. Pope be never strenuous but when he has something sturdy to contend with, and be in every part as true to nature, as he is in Shakspeare's Henry the eighth, he may defy criticism.

Mr. Hunt has laid down many admirable rules of general utility. Let me add one more, and if I particularly address it to Mr. Pope, I am persuaded his good sense will take

it in good part. The advice I would offer to him is not to take Horace's word upon trust, and be so free to sob and show the signal of his sorrows to the spectators, lest they should not be in the humour to obey it, and leave him, perhaps, to the solitary self-indulgence of bewailing (which some may interpret as applauding) his own exquisite emotions. I have seen Barry weep; but there were not many dry eyes in the theatre when he gave way; and Henderson I have reason to believe never shed tears, but when he could not help it. Therefore I am tempted to advise Mr. Pope and Mr. Elliston, and all those whimpering gentlemen, and whining ladies, who affect a pleonasm in the pathetick, to distrust that Horatian maxim:

—Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primùm ipsi tibi.—

Artificial stammerings, and blubberings, and strugglings for breath, as if fighting against suffocation, are dangerous experiments, for they are in general merely tricks of the stage, open to discovery, and hardly to be ranked above the manual joke, of sawing a truncheon, that it may shiver with a stroke upon the shoulders of an under actor, who manfully endures the blow because he saw the carpenter disarm the weapon.

The author of these essays is a critick, friendly to the stage, when he points out some general errours and offences against local propriety in the mass of our performers, which he sums up under the following charges of—*glancing at the boxes—adjusting the dress—telling the audience their soliloquies—wearing their hats in rooms, and—not wearing them in the open air.* There is no denying that these faults are glaring, and demand correction. The glances at the boxes, and adjustments of the dress, are impertinent and unpardonably out of place. The mismanagement of soliloquies leaves offenders without excuse, now that they have both the precept of Mr. Hunt, and the example of Mr. Kemble, to instruct them in a better practice. As to their intolerable misapplication of hats, it is an indecorum, that exposes them to every body's censure. When they wear them in a gentleman's chamber, his footman should be called to kick them out of it; but when in a lady's, the hangman should be summoned to perform his office. Such violations of propriety are not to be endured: let them be corrected, and I shall be ready and content to agree with Mr. Hunt, that our royal stages have in no period of my remembrance been more amply furnished with performers, capable of doing justice to the best writers, and something more than justice warrants to the bad.

At the same time it is of a long succession of departed favourites, eminent in their profession, that I could speak within the period of nearly seventy years. To have seen them, and retain a lively recollection of their persons and performances, is amongst the few gratifications, which time bestows upon old age, in compensation for much better comforts, which he takes away.

I can imagine that I sit and hear the deep-toned and declamatory roll of Quin's sonorous recitation; solemn, articulate, and round; dealt out with that pedantick, magisterial air, as if he were a professor lecturing his pupils *ex cathedrâ*, and not an actor addressing his audience from the stage. I can fancy that I see him sawing the air with his unwieldy arm, whilst the line laboured as he mouthed it forth. A vast full-bottomed perriwig, bepowdering a velvet coat embroidered down the seams, a long cravat, square-toed high-heeled shoes, and rolled silk stockings, clothing two sturdy legs, that rivalled ballustrades, were in his day the equipments of a modern tragick hero; whilst the hoop and shape (as we see it represented by Hogarth) surmounted by a high-plumed helmet over the aforesaid full-bottom, denoted the Roman or Grecian chief in his

ancient and appropriate costume. We saw those things without amazement then.

Let me not, however, fail to recollect, that this Atlas of the stage could stand under the enormous globe of Falstaff's paunch, and carry himself through that eccentrick character with consummate pleasantry. When I saw him once in that part, I was very young, and of course very easily amused; but it was in my much riper state of judgment, when I kept much more careful watch upon Henderson in the same part, and his performance was according to my conception of good acting one of those instances, so soon summed up, of absolute histrionick perfection; and I class it in my idea of excellence with the Lear of Garrick, the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Pritchard, the Penruddock of Kemble, and (I must take leave to add) with the Iago of Mr. Cook.

Quin was not a confined actor. He did not walk in a narrow path, but took a circuit in his road to fame through all the graver casts of the legitimate, sententious comedy. He would not have done much for the merry dramatists of the present day, but to the writers of the middle age, Vanbrugh and Farquhar and Congreve, he was a tower of strength. I believe he was oratorical preceptor to his present majesty. I know he taught lord Halifax and some other persons of distinction; and till the pointed, penetrating style of Garrick gave a less laborious and a quicker current to poetick measure, Quin's Atlantick swell kept its majestick roll unrivalled.

It is no new thing to tell the world that Quin was a mannerist. Every tragick performer, male or female, has been, is, and will be a mannerist, as long as the stage endures. Mrs. Cibber was decidedly such. I have her now in my mind's eye. I behold her a slender, graceful form from between the wings of a wide expanded hoop-petticoat (pushed sideways on the stage) *rise like an exhalation.* As she advanced in the character of Calista, Belvidera, or Monimia, she pitched her recitation in that plaintive key, from which she hardly ever varied, and you felt yourself professedly at a tragedy in the first sentence that she uttered. It was sweet, but it was sweetness that sickened you; a song that wearied you; a charm that unnerved; a perfume that stifled you. You would have thanked Mr. Fawcet, or any other sawgrinder, to have broken the spell. There was no bearing the pathetick prolongation of one silver tone although melodious as Apollo's harp. Neither is there any reason why metrical recitation should copy the mechanical correctness of a steam-engine; because heroick lines are all of the same length, it does not imply that they must all be set to the same tune, and sung in the same time. Let the heroine, who wishes to have mourners at her death, recollect that the swan only sings when she is dying. Whilst I am writing this, I have Mrs. Henry Siddons in my thoughts; and as this is the only instance in which she shares the failings of her prototype, I sincerely wish her to dismiss it. Every picture must have light and shade. The eye enjoys the change of seasons; so does the ear of sounds. The tragick performer should be aware, that the passions must not be wearied by continual solicitation; the strong appeal must be reserved for great occasion. No hearer can sit through five long acts of continual lamentation. The finest feelings are the most fugacious; they can only be arrested by a master hand, and then they can be held but for a certain time. A tedious petition destroys its own purpose, and a loquacious pleader is not calculated to excite compassion.

Mrs. Cibber was extremely elegant and alluring in her action. Her very frame was fashioned to engage

your pity, for it seemed wasted with sorrow and sensibility. The cheek was hollow, and the eye was joyless. There was neither youth, nor health, nor beauty; yet, perhaps, in the representation of many of her characters, she became more impressive by the privation of those charms, than she would have been in the possession of them. I have heard some, who remembered her, contend, that as an actress, she has never been equalled. I am not of that opinion. Her style and manner harmonized with Barry's, as Mrs. Pritchard's did with Garrick's. Barry was the Marc Antony and Romeo of the stage. Garrick would have played Macbeth and Abel Drugger in the same night; and Mrs. Pritchard would have played with him as lady Macbeth and Doll Common. Foote said, that Garrick would have rehearsed Richard the third before a kitchen-fire, in July, to amuse the boy that turned the spit. I do not know that Mrs. Pritchard would have done quite as much; but she was so little fastidious about her cast of parts, that she took first, second, or third, as they fell to her lot; and as nature was her guide, she always appeared to be the very character she assumed. Whilst she could display the finest powers in the loftiest parts, I have seen her play the humble confidante to Mrs. Cibber's heroine, and never give an elevation to a single line above its pitch and station in the drama. I remember her coming out in the part of Clarinda in *The Suspicious Husband*, whilst Garrick acted Ranger. The unfitness of her age and person only added to the triumph of her talents. As Garrick's genius could dilate his stature, so could her excellence give grace and juvenility to her person. In short, he might have played a giant, and she a fairy, if Shakspeare would have written parts for them. On the first night of the *Jealous Wife*, at which I was present, she rescued Garrick from his embarrassment, and the audience from its languor, when she broke out and feigned a fit, that electrified the theatre and saved the play

The part of lady Macbeth is probably the strongest test, to which the genius and powers of an actress can be put. None can attempt it with impunity, whose abilities are not of the highest order; for the passions that it stirs, the language it employs, and the energy it demands, are all of the sublimest cast. As our nation to its honour boasts the poet who conceived it, so has it also had to boast of actresses, who in succession from the date of its production to the present day of Mrs. Siddons, have figured in that luminous situation without diminishing its lustre.

As I am now speaking of Mrs. Pritchard, and not called upon, nor disposed, to make comparisons, I shall only say that I retain a strong impression of her excellence I have distinctly in my mind her conduct and deportment in the opening scene, where meditating on the intelligence her husband's letter had imparted to her, she gives the first tremendous indication of her character; during which she never failed to command the profoundest stillness and attention throughout all the theatre. As she proceeded to unfold her thoughts, and her mind seemed expanded to admit the visions her ambition teemed with, her air, voice, feature, form itself and her whole nature visibly imbibed the poet's inspiration. Then it was we felt that thrilling horrour at our hearts, which gave us the full consciousness of her powers, and proved there was an actress, who could picture to the life a character of the most terrifick sublimity, that ever man's imagination formed.

To her succeeded Mrs. Yates; to Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Barry, and the stage was still respectably supported. Mrs. Barry in her best days was a lovely and enchanting actress. She possessed, in an eminent degree, all the properties that are adapted to express and to excite the tender pas-

sions. She had more variation and flexibility of tone than Mrs. Cibber, and her eyes were powerful auxiliaries to her voice and action. She was not exclusively a tragick actress, but filled the characters of upper comedy with great success. I do not recollect to have seen Garrick play with more animation on any occasion, than when upon the stage with her, as for instance, in the part of Don Felix and others of that amatory cast. In those days, before theatres were of the size to which they since have grown, the countenances of performers could be distinctly seen, and the language of the eyes could be understood by the spectators; and not to have discovered how their lively comment animated and improved the text would have been a loss indeed.

Of Garrick it was not originally my purpose to have spoken in this place; but the recollection of his various and enchanting talents presses on my mind, and not to speak of him, when speaking of his colleagues and contemporaries, is a self-denial that I cannot practise. He was the great promoter (I had almost said the founder) of that legitimate taste for the early dramatists, particularly Shakspeare, which Mr. Kemble, to his honour be it spoken, struggles to uphold, but struggles against a torrent of mummery, and machinery, and song, and spectacle, which the circumstances of the time he lives in, and of the stage he treads, render it impossible for him to do more than to struggle with. It is a turbid torrent which he cannot stem. If he cannot trust himself to the character even of Macbeth on the little stage in the Haymarket, without Mother Goose to cackle in his after-piece, neither could Garrick have filled that *Colliseum*, which is now a ruin, unless Johnson had drawn out his elephants to allure the gapers in the gallery. All the intelligence of his eye, the archness of his smile, the movement of his brow, the touching pathos of his under tones, spent in their passage through the misty void, would have failed to reach the outskirts of that greedy theatre And he would have found himself only understood in the neighbourhood of the orchestra, whilst the rest of the spectators would have discovered little else in the finest actor that ever lived, but the diminutiveness of his figure.

If the dreadful spectacle which those blazing theatres have alternately displayed to the astonished capital, cannot burn them into smaller and more modest compass, but that they will rise more splendid from the downfal, and defy their fortune, the same resources must supply the same demands; the muse of comedy must resume her cap and bells, and the proprietors must again call forth *aut ursum, aut pugiles*, to amuse the people's eyes, when they no longer can regale their ears.

Mrs Yates was an actress of a loftier cast and higher tone than either Mrs. Cibber or Mrs. Barry—

For dignity composed, and high exploit,

her natural powers were great, her genius bold, her person, voice and action so commanding, that sometimes, in the domineering torrent of her passion, she would so overbear her interlocutors, as almost to outstep decorum and monopolize the stage. Still, where any great and striking effect was to be produced, I have never seen the performer, who in my opinion surpassed Mrs. Yates. In short, she was as decidedly formed and fashioned by the hand of Nature to be an actress, as Mr. Kemble is to be an actor She had an independent style unmethodized by art; a spirit that disdained prescription, and a towering genius, that dreaded nothing but mediocrity.

This great heroine is now no more; but the stage has still possession of an actress, whom all have admired, and many idolized. Were I only called upon to speak of Mrs. Siddons as she has been, I should say that in

her first display of character she was as pure, as perfect, and as near to Nature as Nature's fairest representative could be. I apprehend she has too cautiously restrained and circumscribed her powers, and being sensible that repetition needs relief, has not sufficiently considered that absolute perfection does not admit of variation. Why else she should resort so often to her under tones I cannot tell; for they are positively inaudible, and the people, who call upon her to speak louder, should convince her that she is still too fine a speaker to be allowed to deprive them of their right without a remonstrance.

As an actor, who in the decline of our national taste stands firm in the support of the legitimate drama, and may be truly styled the *gravis Æsopus* of his time, Mr. Kemble has my most sincere respect, and when I bear this unprejudiced testimony to his merit, I am moved to it by no other consideration, but as I think it due from me, being the conductor of a work, devoted to the interests of fair criticism and contemporary genius. If he is evidently cautious how he lends himself to great variety of character, he very probably acts wisely for his fame, and prudently for his health; but I am far from sure, that we have seen him in the whole capacity of his powers, nor does it follow, because he has never stepped beyond the boundaries of his genius, that he has absolutely stepped up to them. I rather think, that if he chose to sally from his intrenchments, he might take new ground, and post himself very strongly on it. I have watched him in his *Leon*, and will venture to say that his fatuity in that character is more highly coloured than that of Garrick's was. I dare say my readers can recollect certain parts, in which his unimpassioned recitation, that would hang so heavy in the hands of others, has a charm that never wearies us in his. I am satisfied he might considerably enlarge his compass, if he would. Nevertheless, we must confess the stamp of Nature is upon him as the tragick hero; and when we add to that the habits he has acquired by the study of his art, and probably by the disposition also of his mind, he has a right, if he sees fit, to be seen in none but the gravest and most dignified situations. Nay, although it were allowed on all hands, and he himself were conscious, that such were the true compass and determined limitation of his histrionick powers, yet Mr. Kemble would have no right to arraign the liberality of Nature, because she did not give him features as flexible, and frame as plastick as she gave to Garrick: what is great, and solemn, and sublime she has qualified him to express, and though her gifts, as such alone, had not been very various, they surely may be called extremely valuable. But I adhere to my conjecture.

Mr. Hunt says of Mr. Kemble, as Racine did of his own Athaliah—

Non in se crimen amoris habit.

Mr. Hunt is a nice observer, and very apt to be right. Mrs. Inchbald differs from him, and upon a question of that nature little likely to be wrong; how can we decide?

The ingenious writer of these essays under my review expresses some disapprobation of a certain stiff and studied manner, which he remarks in Mr. Kemble, and observes that he is an actor even in the operation of taking out his handkerchief, when he is upon the stage. I can believe the fact to be as Mr. Hunt has stated it, but I do not quite agree with him in the comment, that he grounds upon it. I conceive it must depend upon the character, which Mr. Kemble represents, and the situation he is in, whilst an action of this sort is introduced, whether his manner of performing it is, or is not, pedantick and improperly artificial. Heroes and kings may take out their handkerchiefs on the stage; but certainly not for that familiar purpose which meaner characters would apply them to,

whose noses had occasion for them. Mr. Kemble, as the representative of dignity, will of necessity dignify every movement, that fills up the action, and what is termed the by-play of his part. He naturally will not allow himself to perform such common offices, as are above alluded to, like common men, but specifically and precisely as the individual would, whose image is in his mind, and whose minutest habits he would wish to make his own, so long as it may be his duty to reflect them. If he does no more than this, he does right, and I have not observed him apt to offend against character. No performer ever fashioned himself more studiously on reflection, and where I think him open to criticism is, when he suffers that reflection to be seen in representation, which only should precede it.

The part of Hamlet has generally been selected as the test of genius. I rather look upon it as the touchstone of versatility. It is not always the best actor who will play Hamlet best, but he who is most variously endowed; for that applauded drama is, in fact, a most irregular and parti-coloured composition. In parts and passages of that non-descript performance various actors have succeeded; several in many; Kemble in most; Garrick alone in all.

Mr Hunt says (and I quote it as a passage in his best manner)—

"That it must be the praise of a man, who shall possess a genius capable of more than the art of acting, to personate Hamlet, the gallant, the philosophical, the melancholy Hamlet, that amiable inconsistent, who talked when he should have acted, and acted when he should not even have talked. Who, with a bosom wrung with sensibility was unfeeling, and in his very passion for justice unjust. Who, in his misery had leisure for ridicule, and in his revenge, for benevolence. Who, in the most melancholy abstraction never lost the graces of mind or the elegances of manner; natural in the midst of artifice, and estimable in the midst of errour."

Upon this arduous part Mr. Kemble enters with attributes in some respects happier and more auspicious than those with which Mr. Garrick was by nature armed. The dignity of the prince is in his form; the moody silence, meditative look, repulsive coldness, and taunting ridicule cast on the creatures of the court, who besiege him, are peculiarly his own. In the judicious management of soliloquy, so little understood by some, he is not to be surpassed by any. In his interviews with the apparition of his father no actor can be more impressive; but in the graciousness of his manner with Horatio, Laertes and others; in his familiar condescension to the players, and especially in those delicate observances, which are not to be totally laid aside, even in his sarcastick scene with Ophelia, and that more sharp and accusatory one with his mother, which were so finely and so curiously managed by Mr. Garrick, I must confess I have not received that perfect satisfaction from Mr. Kemble, which in other parts he has given me. When Hamlet, in his interview with Ophelia, repeatedly vociferates: To a nunnery! to a nunnery! and quits the stage, Mr. Garrick tempered the unmanly insult in a manner that I cannot define; but by the effect it was evident that the sensibility of the actor operated as a softener to the asperity and coarseness of the poet. I have thought that in the stateliness of his deportment, and above all, in the measured march and high pitched tone of his declamation, Mr Kemble did not sufficiently yield and accord himself to the fluctuations of that changeful character, which is throughout the drama *alter et idem*. But these are merely superficial opinions, that have floated in my mind, whilst I have been watching his performance, and they may very possibly be coloured by the prejudice of first impressions, and I feel how perfectly unfair it is to bring actors now,

contending with the disadvantages of very different theatres and different audiences, to comparisons with actors past. It is nugatory and frivolous, if done to flatter the living; unjust and cruel, if intended to disparage them. The present stage, whilst possessed of Mr. Kemble, has to boast of a performer, more deeply scientifick, more learned, and more laborious in his profession than is probably to be found in the annals of the British theatre. Although Garrick and Barry, Quin and Henderson, Woodward and O' Brien, have passed off; although Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Abington and Miss Farren, will be seen no more, the few old fellows like myself, who have lived through the whole list, and admired every one of them in their turns, would be the most illiberal of bigots, if we did not acknowledge the merit of those, who have succeeded to delight us, and support the undiminished credit of the stage.

I cannot quite take leave of Mr. Kemble without noticing Mr. Hunt's remarks upon orthoëpy, as applied to that elaborate performer. I confess I wish him not to be too precise in his pronunciation, but to content himself with speaking what is commonly called court language, without too marked an aspiration of certain vowels. In some instances, that are urged against him, I think him right; yet I would recommend it to him to restrain his zeal for reforming customs, so long as they are sanctioned by the best societies, and are not inelegant. That he pronounces *aiches*, as those who employed the word, meant it to be spoken, I am well convinced: the metre puts it out of doubt; but it is not worth his while to be in a minority for a word. Let him say to himself—

——Scio meliora, proboque;
Deteriora sequor.—

Mr. Elliston, the Gracioso of Drury Lane, always enterprising, and as various as a hero of a country company, has spirit to undertake and address to execute a great diversity of parts. Those which require little else than memory he seizes with facility; but if deliberation, time, and study shall be wanting, I cannot see where he will find those favours to bestow upon them. If he is not extravagantly fond of praise, I think he must be more than satisfied with the very fine things which Mr. Hunt has said of him. I suspect he has a few failings, which it would be well to correct, but, lest he should not be quite as well pleased with advice, I shall forbear to obtrude it upon him. A man of lively parts is apt to catch at an apology for carelessness, and if you can inspire him with a high opinion of his genius, you may take no further pains about instruction; he will be sure enough to hold it in contempt. If genius may be said to consist in the variety of its operations without any regard to the dignity and importance of them, then may a maker of toys be called a man of more genius than the builder of a ship.

Endowed with an excellent and well informed understanding, graced with a becoming person, and modest, unassuming manners, the junior Mr. Kemble wants nothing but opportunities to display in new and more important parts the histrionick powers, which he possesses in no less degree than others of his family. As I am persuaded that this rising actor has too much real merit to disdain the advice of a judicious critick, I hope he has noticed Mr. Hunt's remark, and will correct his indolence, if indolence can fairly be imputed to him; but if he only wants animation in some unanimating, under characters, and possesses it to the full in such leading parts as Romeo and Jaffier (which I am told is the case) it only proves that he is alive to good writing, and a lazy advocate in a lame cause, and for an unworthy client. As his talents have been gradually expanding and improving from the first hour

when he stepped upon the stage, I would advise him now, before he has the responsibility of a leader upon him, to lay out for excursive service, by which he may diversify his walk. No man can exactly foresee to what extent the elasticity of talent may be stretched by the energy of ambition.

When Mr. Cook is Richard, or Iago, or Sir Pertinax, he is in his proper post, and whilst he bears his faculties in steady poise, no actor can surpass him He is then the main prop of the drama he is engaged in; but should that main prop totter, what disgrace can be greater than that of an actor so disabled? what resentment more justifiable than of an audience so disappointed?

Of Mr. Alexander Rae, now acting on the Dublin stage, I am glad to find that Mr. Hunt conceives favourably. What his advances may have been since he appeared in the summer theatre I cannot say: but of a mind so well informed, so open to instruction, and so totally devoid of self-conceit, as I believe his mind to be, I augur confidently, and expect great produce.

High as my opinion of Mr. Dowton's abilities as an actor is known to be, and much as I regard him, it is enough for me to say that I am particularly gratified to find my opinion so flatteringly confirmed by the ingenious author of these essays

That so many comick actors and actresses, capable of doing justice to the best productions, have been seen to sacrifice their admirable talents to buffoonery and farce, is much to be regretted, and I cannot but agree with Mr. Hunt, that it has been evidently prejudicial to some amongst them of the higher order. Woodward, I confess, was a harlequin, and would jump through the dial-plate of a clock; but he would not grin through a halter. If more than that degree of spectacle and splendour, which is auxiliary to dramatick compositions, must be employed to meet the great outgoings of a theatre, there is no reasoning in the case. It is to be hoped, however, that in the construction of the new and magnificent theatre now erected in Covent Garden, care will be taken that the voices of the performers may have a fair chance to reach the ears of the audience. And as this is unquestionably the first thing needful, there can be little fear of its being overlooked and neglected. Means may at the same time be taken to secure and guard the interiour of the theatre from those unseemly noises and disorderly interruptions, that have been matter of such just complaint; and when the avenues and lobbies shall be kept free from those disgraceful scenes, which to every person that passed through them exhibited the licentiousness of a brothel, a great and very needful thing will be effected. The consequence of this reform will be, that in proportion to the respectability of the assembly, so will be that of the entertainment. Authors, who have been in the practice of writing to the galleries, must give place to those, who can address themselves to hearers of a purer taste; and actors, who, in compliment to those gallery authors, have condescended to become buffoons, must recollect themselves and be comedians.

Much will depend upon the construction of this new theatre about to open, and still more upon the style and character, which the conductors shall give to its representations. and of what description the first novelties shall be, which they offer to the publick. If the splendid pile be really meant to be a playhouse, and if song, and scenery, and show, are to be employed as ornamental, not as essential, then indeed, provided there be genius in the age to furnish dramas of true, sterling worth, there seems no reason why nonsense should pass current, merely because it glitters.

That there is this genius in our contemporaries I cannot doubt; but

in the fitness and capacity of those, who may be selected to pass judgment on their tenders to the stage, I have not the same confidence. This important task of deciding upon the elegibillty of dramatick compositions offered to the stage, has sometimes been confined to one, sometimes in the hands of a committee, and at other times so involved in mystery, that the candidate for acceptance knew not who were his judges, nor could easily find out the channel, through which to make his approaches to the secret tribunal. Now as it cannot be for the honour, or advantage, or repose of the conductor of a theatre that discouragements should be thrown in the way of men of talents, who might otherwise be dis posed to write for the stage, nothing seems more easy than to give promptitude and security to an intercourse between parties, who seem to have a common interest, and no real cause for disagreement.

The proprietor's object is, to have a variety of dramatick novelties, and out of these to select such as shall be judged most likely to attract the publick and ensure success.

The man who offers his production for the stage, naturally wishes and requires to be secured against the mortifying necessity of waiting for an answer tediously postponed, and, perhaps, after much solicitation at length discovering that his unhappy manuscript has been mislaid or lost. He can ill submit to have his offers treated, and his feelings tortured in this manner. He is undoubtedly entitled to receive a speedy and respectful answer, and has a right to know by whom his work has been read, and of course, who it is that is responsible for the judgment, that has been passed upon it.

If these positions are admitted, the remedy is obvious. The only thing wanting is, to appoint the reader, and adjust the rules. What plea can any writer have for discontent, if a period were named for all offers to be made, and a time limited, within which all answers should be given? No one need subject himself to be announced as the author of a rejected piece, if he subscribed his direction and withheld his name. The accepted author only would be summoned to a revisal of his drama at a conference with the reader, who would be prepared to suggest whatever might be thought of to improve, and perfect it for representation, before the parts were cast, and it was recited in the Green room.

Should it be asserted, that the eventual remuneration, which the stage holds forth, is encouragement enough for every man to write, that can write, I dissent from that assertion, believing, as I do, that there are many, with whom emolument is but a secondary object, who are fully qualified to write well and ably for the stage, and only want facility of access to it.

But if it only be contended, that where the property is, the right of judgment ought to be, I think so too. Therefore let the proprietor, who accounts himself competent to the labour and the duty of the task in question, undertake it, and adopt, if he shall see fit, or as far as he sees fit, the accommodating mode above proposed.

If he does not choose to undertake it in his own person, let some man be sought out, by experience, temper, punctuality, and good manners, fitted to conduct a business, which, however delicate and difficult it may be, would in my opinion, under prudent management, produce effects very highly favourable to the interests of theatrical property, the restoration of the legitimate drama, and to the general improvement of the taste and genius of the age we live in.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Travels through the South of France, and in the Interiour of the Provinces of Provence and Languedoc, in the Years 1807 and 1808, by a Route never bef re performed, being along the Banks of the Loire, the Isere, and the Garonne, through the greater Part of their Course. Made by Permission of the French Government. By Lieutenant Colonel Pinkney, of the North American Native Rangers. 4to. pp. 282. Price 1*l.* 1*s.* London, 1809.

WHAT a dissatisfied generation is that of the criticks! The very volume before us, although we have perused it with pleasure, cannot escape a reprimand; and even perhaps may be deemed censurable. It is certainly as impolitick, as it is unpolite, for a book to thrust itself on the reader without a single word of introduction, preface, apology, or address. In this instance, we know not whether the present be an original edition, or reprinted from an American copy; nor, if it be the former, for what reasons England is first favoured with it. In this we blame the author; but, we confess, that we no less blame ourselves for wishing to find in a traveller information which we have no reason to suppose it was his object to obtain, nor was it, probably, in his power.

The condition of the people in the south of France, or indeed in any part of that kingdom, so lately as in the years 1807, 1808, excites an interest which is highly favourable to a writer. Happily for himself this traveller pursued a route through the most enchanting districts of France: districts proverbially known as the residence of health, and amenity; as the abode of the goddess of love, and *gaieté de cœur*.

Mr. Pinkney left Baltimore in America, for Liverpool, in April 1807: from Liverpool he visited London; and, the vessel having some connexions in Calais, he entered France by that port: whence he travelled by the direct road to Paris. At Paris he remained a short time; and quitted that city in company with Mr. Younge, the confidential secretary to Mr. Armstrong, the American ambassadour, the lady of Mr. Younge, herself a French woman, and her niece, Mademoiselle St. Sillery, who, "with the single exception of her aunt, was the handsomest woman he had yet seen in France." We must state, for the information of our readers, that Madame Younge was the niece of our friend, M. Lally Tollendal, so well known by his tragedy of Strafford, his pleadings for the reversal of his father's sentence, in which he succeeded, some years after his father's death; and lastly, for his eloquent *Plaidoyer* for the unfortunate Louis XVI. We understand that he is now a *Préfet* of the Corsican !!....

The route taken by this agreeable society was by Chartres, Nantes, Tours, Blois, Nevers, and Moulins, to Lyons: from Lyons to Avignon, Aix and Marseilles, where our author's tour terminated, and he embarked for America.

For a journey of pleasure nothing could be better selected than the route, the company, and the season; for a journey of information, we should have chosen another course. Unluckily, too, towards the close of the excursion, when our author enters on provinces the state of which we particularly desire to know, his time is shortened by events; and he travels most rapidly, where we could have most earnestly requested his stay. For so long a time have we been excluded from the south of France, that descriptions of that country are now recommended by their novelty; and we are curious to be informed to what degree the character of the people is affected by the scenes they have witnessed. In truth, however, it has sustained scarcely any perceptible variation; and Mr P. informs us, that it is a standing rule in France to forget as much as possible the *blessings* of the French revolution; and to

wave that discourse which might lead to the recollection of them. With this rule we also shall comply; and shall avail ourselves of the delineations of Mr. P. (which we know by recollection to be faithful) to furnish materials for an estimate of the *present* state of that part of the kingdom of France.

A stranger, whether Briton or American, would naturally be startled at the high value of money, as expressed in the relative *cheapness of land*, and of the necessaries of life (produced on the spot) throughout France. When Mr. P. tells us, that, at Angers, he found "the prices of beef and mutton to be about 2*d.* per lb; a fowl 5*d.*; turkies, when in season, from 18*d.* to 2*s.*; bread about 1 1-2*d.* a lb; and vegetables, greens, &c. *cheap to a degree;* a good house about six *louis* per year; and a mansion fit for a prince (for there are some of them, *but without inhabitants*) from 40 to 50 louis, including from 30 to 40 acres of land without the walls." We are by no means surprised at his inference "what a situation for a residence!" When he finds *large* estates to be sold for a trifle; so as to "clear the purchase money in five years;" that he should be even tempted to speculate on what advantages they offer, appears to us very natural. But, his good sense was too efficient not to lead him to examine the reverse of the medal; and to state the *per contra:* which he does on several occasions. We select what he says of the country around Clermont, because on that occasion he discusses this subject at some length.

"The same scenery continues with little variation to Clermont, the country improving and the roads becoming worse. In this interval, however, I passed several chateaux in ruins, and several farms and houses, on which were affixed notices that they were to be let or sold. On inquiring the rent and purchase of one of them, I found it to be so cheap, that could I have reconciled myself to French manners, and promised myself any suitable assistance from French labourers, I should have seriously thought of making a purchase. An estate of eleven hundred acres, seven hundred of which were in culture, the remainder wood and heath, was offered for sale for 8000 louis. The mansion-house was indeed in ruin beyond the possibility of repair, but the land, under proper cultivation, would have paid twenty-five per cent. on the purchase money. The main point of such purchases, however, is contained in these words: 'Under proper cultivation.' Nothing is so absurd as the expectation of a foreign purchaser, and particularly of a gentleman, that he will be able to transfer the improved system of cultivation of his own country into a kingdom at least a century behind the former. As far as his own manual labour goes, as far as he will take the plough, the harrow, and the broadcast himself, so far may he procure the execution of his own ideas. But it is in vain to endeavour to infuse this knowledge or this practice into French labourers; you might as well put a pen in the hand of a Hottentot, and expect him to write his name. The ill success of half the foreign purchasers must be imputed to this oversight. An American or an Englishman passes over a French or German farm, and sees land of the most productive powers reduced to sterility by slovenly management. A suggestion immediately arises in his mind—how much might this land be made to produce under a more intelligent cultivation? Full of this idea he perhaps inquires the price, and finding it about one tenth of what such land would cost in England, immediately makes his purchase, settles, and begins his operations. Here his eyes are soon opened. He must send to England for all his implements; and even then his French labourers neither can nor will learn the use of them. An English ploughman becomes necessary; the English ploughman accordingly comes, but shortly becomes miserable amongst French habits and French fellow-labourers.

"In this manner have failed innumerable attempts of this kind within my own knowledge. It is impossible to transplant the whole of the system of one country into another. The English or the American farmer may emigrate and settle in France, and bring over his English plough and English habits, but he will still find a French soil, a French climate, French markets, and French labourers. The course of his crops will be disturbed by the necessity of some subservience to the peculiar wants of the country and the demands of the market. He cannot, for example, persevere in his turnips, where he can find no cattle to eat them, no pur-

chasers for his cattle, and where, from the openness of the climate in winter, the crop must necessarily rot before he can consume it. For the same reason, his clover cultivation becomes as useless. To say all in a word, I know not how an English or an American farmer could make a favourable purchase in France, though the French government should come forward with its protection. The habits of the country have become so accommodated to its agriculture, that they each mutually support the other, and a more improved system can only be introduced in the proportion in which these national habits can be fundamentally changed. But such changes must necessarily be gradual and slow, and must not be reckoned upon by an individual."

If these reasonings be applicable to a part of France between the British channel and the capital, we may assure ourselves that the interiour and southern districts offer ample confirmation of them: and Mr P. repeatedly, and even frequently, finds such instances.

"I have frequently had occasion to speak of the slovenly agriculture of the French farmers; and I am sorry to have to add, that the fertility of the provinces of Nivernois and the Bourbonnois is rather to be imputed to the felicity of their soil and climate than to their cultivation. There is certainly a vast proportion of waste land in these provinces, which only remains waste, because the French landlords and farmers want the knowledge to bring it into cultivation. Many hundreds of acres are let at about twelve sols (sixpence) per acre, and would be sold at about a louis d'or, which in three years, under English management, would be richly worth thirty pounds. What a country would this be to purchase in, if with himself an Englishman or an American could transport his own labourers and ideas! But nothing is to be done without assistance."

Our estimate of the cheapness of commodities in France must be restricted to the *home produce*. What the land affords, having no easy conveyance to other parts, no demand from any distance to give it value, must either be consumed on the spot or wasted. Of what vast profit, then, would be the superiour husbandry of England, if, after the crop was produced, it proved to be redundant? It might stock the publick granary in one year; but what, beside the *pleasure* of producing it, would prompt the exertions necessary to a second abundance.

"Provisions" says Mr P. "are incomparably cheap at Valence and in its vicinity. Trade, however, seemed very slack; the shops were on the smallest possible scale; and every thing which was not produced in the neighbourhood was enormously dear. Groceries in France are nearly twice the price which they bear in England. I made some inquiries as to the rent of land. On large farms it is about five or seven shillings English money per acre. The agriculture seemed very indifferent."

Mr. P. observes that "in large purchases land is very cheap: in small purchases very dear." He ascribes this dearness of small purchases "to the strong repugnance of the small proprietors to part with their paternal lands" We account for it on a different principle. Where capital is extremely scarce, and where there are no capitalists, or none who venture on speculations, small properties may find many purchasers; but estates demanding the payment of some thousands of pounds will be offered at a cheap rate, from absolute want of "the needful." The price must be an irresistible temptation, by its lowness, before there can be any hope of the commodity being disposed of.

This want of capital pervades the commercial establishments of France; it is one of the evils produced by the revolution, the effects of which will long be felt severely. This is one principle in explanation of the anomaly which puzzled our author at Abbeville, where he found the French broadcloths dearer than English of the same quality.

"Abbeville, which I reached in good time for the *table d'hôte*, which is held on every market day, is a populous but a most unpleasant town. The inhabitants are stated to exceed 22,000; but I do not conceive that they can amount to one half of that number. The town has a most ruinous appearance, from the circumstance of many of the houses being built with

wood; and by the forms of the windows and the doors, some of them must be very ancient There are two or three manufactories of cloth, but none of them were in a flourishing condition. I went to visit that of Vanrobais, established by Louis XIV. and which still continues, though in ruins. The buildings are upon a very large scale; but too much was attempted for them to execute any thing in a workmanlike manner. There are different buildings for every different branch of the manufacture. I cannot but think, however, that they would have succeeded better if they had consulted the principle of the sub-division of labour. I saw likewise a manufactory of carpets, which seemed more flourishing. In the cloth manufactory, the earnings of the working manufacturers are about 36 sous per diem [1*s.* 6*d.*] in the carpet manufactories, somewhat more. The cloths, as far as I am a judge, seemed to me even to exceed those of England: but the carpets are much inferiour. From some unaccountable reason, however, the cloths were much dearer than English broadcloth of the same quality. Whence does this happen, in a country where provisions are so much cheaper? Perhaps from that neglect of the sub-division of labour which I have above noticed.

"Abbeville, like all the other principal towns through which I passed, bore melancholy marks of the Revolution. The handsome church which stood in the market-place is in ruins; scarcely a stone remains on the top of another. Many of the best houses where shut up, and others of the same description evidently inhabited by people for whom they were not built. In many of them, one room only was inhabited; and in others, the second and third floors turned into granaries. Indeed, along the whole road from Abbeville to Paris, are innumerable *chateaux*, which are now only the cells of beggars, or of the lowest kind of peasantry."

He says also, speaking of Tours:

"Tours was formerly celebrated for its silk manufactory, and enough of it still remains to invite and to gratify the curiosity of a traveller. The attention of the French government is now unintermittingly occupied in efforts to raise the manufactures of the kingdom, but whilst the war makes such large demands, trade must necessarily be cramped. The manufactories, however, still continue to work, and produce some beautiful flowered damasks, and brilliant stuffs. The weavers for the most part work at their own houses, and have so much by the piece, the silk being furnished them by their employers. The prices vary with the pattern and quality of the work; two livers per day is the average of what can be earned by the weavers. The women weave as well as the men, and their earnings may be estimated at about one half. Upon the whole, however, these manufactures are in a very drooping condition, and are scarcely visible to a foreign visitant, unless the immediate object of his inquiry. There is likewise a riband manufactory, but the ribands are very inferiour to those of England. About 1000 persons may be employed in these two manufactories."

The combined operation of these causes, deficiency of mercantile capital, and the conversion of the *learning hands* into soldiers, with the other injurious effects of war, account for the impotent state of the French manufactories. Neither will they revive, till peace inspire them with an energy, which capital may be directed to support. We may hint at another cause which possibly has its influence on this subject. The conscripts, taken from among the reputable classes equally with the lower, fill the ranks of the army. Whatever of skill, or taste, or refinement the youth of this description may be supposed to possess; whatever of science they may have acquired superiour to the merely operative labourer, it falls with them in the field. We cannot but think, therefore, that the prodigious loss lately sustained by France on the banks of the Danube must be estimated much above the numerical loss in lives, though that be very great: it affects persons and families who might justly be deemed the strength of the state, as well in intellect as in exertion—and if their commercial capital falls to their sisters, of what use is it to the state?

We confess ourselves disappointed at the cursory notice taken by our traveller of the present condition of the city of Lyons. He says nothing on the late introduction of cotton manufactures into that city, nor of the transit business in which it lately en-

gaged: nor of the number of looms, &c. now in work. He merely tells us, that

"The manufactories of Lyons, being confined in their supply to the home market, are not in the same flourishing state as formerly. They still continue, however, to work up a vast quantity of silk, and on the return of peace, would doubtless recover somewhat of their former prosperity. Some years since, the silk stockings alone worked up at Lyons were estimated at 1500 pair daily. The workmen are unhappily not paid in proportion to their industry. They commence their day's labour at an unusual hour in the morning, and continue it in the night, yet are unable to earn enough to live in plenty."

We are now able to account for the fact noticed by Mr. Pinkney, that the English vessels at sea exceed the French *two hundred to one:* for, when we ask, what manufactured goods France has to export? to what distant countries can she afford to export them at her own risk, with the necessary length of credit? and consider the prevalence of the military system among her population, we see no prospect of her speedily abounding in "ships, colonies, and commerce." This limitation of consumption to the neighbourhood where the commodities are produced, contributes also to explain the cause of that deadness, and want of passage on the high roads. which surprised our author. There is not that incessant intercourse between the extremities of the kingdom and the capital in France which there is in England. There are few principals or agents of commercial houses, travelling on business, few parties travelling on pleasure: indeed, we understand, that since the cards of citizenship, &c have been necessary, scarcely a *rambling* excursion is undertaken.

But, to quit these political considerations, and consider a little the people who are interested in them:— We readily discern the fidelity of Mr. Pinkney's portraits of the personages with whom his expedition brought him acquainted. The French are little improved by their late sufferings. They pipe, they dance, they amuse themselves, they pass away life jovially. They are as licentious, as loquacious as ever: the men are "gay and not jealous;" the women are loose and not reserved. Those who have any pretensions to beauty, expect homage; and those who have no beauty have sprightliness and taste. Decencies and decorum they have none; yet religion is fashionable. The better class are lively, frank, and pleasing; thoughtless, but amiable; addicted to their pastimes; and too volatile, in the judgment of philosophick Englishmen, to be susceptible of the blessings of magna charta or the bill of rights: in other words, they talk but little politicks, and are offended when reminded by allusion, or reference, to what they have seen or suffered, while beguiled by the demon of democracy, and misled by the spirit of destruction.

Mr. P. has found himself at a loss to describe in proper terms the ingenuities of French confectioners, and French conversations: he therefore uses language not precisely *ad rem;* and concludes his hints at "naked Cupids," "naked Venuses," "Leda and her swan," by saying:

"A French assembly or fashionable rout, certainly excels an English one in elegance and fancy, as much as it falls short of it in substantial mirth. The French, it must be confessed, infinitely excel every other nation in all things connected with spectacle, and more or less this spectacle pervades all their parties. They dance, they converse, they sing, for exhibition, and as if they were on the stage. Their conversation, therefore, has frequently more wit than interest, and their dancing more vanity than mirth. They seem in both respects to want that happy carelessness which pleases by being pleased. A French woman is a figurante even in her chit-chat."

These assemblies are filled with ladies dressed *à la Diane*, *à la Minerve*, *en Bacchante*, and (intentionally) *à l'Anglaise;* the rage for every thing English maintains itself in great vigour very generally, especially in the more polite assemblies.

We are agreeably surprised with the information. that the emigrants who have returned, have imported with them so much of the taste of our country, as to be distinguished among their neighbours.

"Ecures is a village situated on a plain, which in its verdure, and in the fanciful disposition of some trees and groves, reminded me very strongly of an English park. This similitude was increased by a house on the further extremity of the village. It was situated in a lawn, and entirely girt around by walnut trees except where it fronted the road, upon which it opened by a neat palisadoed gate. I have no doubt, though I had no means of verifying my opinion, that the possessor of this estate had been in England. The lawn was freshly mown, and the flowers, the fresh-painted seats, the windows extending from the ceiling to the ground, and even the circumstance of the poultry being kept on the common, and prevented by a net-work from getting on the lawn—all these were so perfectly in the English taste, that I offered Mr. Younge any wager that the possessor had travelled. 'He is most probably a returned emigrant,' said Mr. Younge; 'it is inconceivable how much this description of men have done for France. The government, indeed, begins to understand their value, and the list of the proscribed is daily diminishing"

But we must not close our account of this volume without introducing our readers to the court of the man who now holds the sovereignty over this nation: a nation *once* ardent for liberty, and, for a moment, vociferous in its demands of *English* liberty: happy had they understood what they desired, and know how to obtain and to prize it!*

"I had resolved not to leave Paris without seeing the emperour," says Mr. P. "and being informed that he was to hold an audience on the following day, I applied to Mr. Younge to procure my formal introduction. With this purpose we waited upon general Armstrong, who sent my name to the grand chamberlain with the necessary formalities. This formality is a certificate under the hand of the ambassadour, that the person soliciting the introduction has been introduced at his own court, or that, according to the best knowledge of the Ambassadour, he is not a merchant—a *Négociant actuel.* It may be briefly observed, however, that the French Négociant answers better to the English mechanick, than to the honourable appellation, merchant. General Armstrong promised me a very interesting spectacle in the Imperial audience. 'It's the most splendid court in Europe,' said he. 'The court of London, and even of Vienna, will not bear a comparison with it.' Every one agreed in the justice of this remark, and my curiosity was strongly excited.

"On the appointed day, about 3 o'clock, Mr. Younge accompanied me to the palace, where we were immediately conducted to a splendid saloon, which is termed the Ambassadours' Hall. Refreshments were here handed round to the company, which was very numerous, and amongst them many German princes in their grand court dress. The conversation became very general; those who had seen Buonaparte, describing him to those who were about to be introduced. Every one agreed that he was the most extraordinary man that Europe had produced in many centuries, and that even his appearance was in no slight degree indicative of his character. 'He possesses an eye,' said one gentleman, 'in which Lavater might have understood a hero.' Mr. Younge confirmed this observation, and prepared me to regard him with more than common attention.

"The doors of the saloon were at length thrown open, and some of the officers of the grand chamberlain, with white wands and embroidered robes and scarfs, bowing

* It is a singular circumstance, and perhaps unknown to the generality of our readers, that in the early part of the French revolution two accredited agents were sent from Paris to London expressly for the purpose of taking plans of our house of commons, that their *Salle des Séances* might be like it; and so particular were they in their proceedings that they measured with the greatest exactness the speaker's chair, that *M. le Président de l'Assemblée Nationale* might have one exactly similar. However, we must do them the justice to mention, that they were astonished at our manner of conducting business, and when they were told how much service was gratuitously done the country by the respective members' attendance on committees, &c. &c. &c. (which, like many of our own countrymen, they had not the most distant idea of) they frequently shrugged up their shoulders, and exclaimed, *quel désintéressement! mon Dieu! quelle nation—en vérité, c'est une grande nation!—Tâchons-nous de faire la même chose?*—Edit. Pap.

low to the company, invited us, by waving their staves, to follow them up the grand staircase. Every one now arranged themselves in pairs, behind their respective ambassadours, and followed the ushers in procession, according to the precedence of their respective countries, the Imperial, Spanish, and Neapolitan ambassadours forming the van. The staircase was lined on both sides with grenadiers of the legion of honour, most of whom, privates as well as officers, were arrayed in the order. The officers, as we passed, exchanged salutes with the ambassadours; and as the imperial ambassadour who led the procession, reached the door of the anti-chamber, two trumpeters on each side played a congratulatory flourish. The ushers who had led us so far, now took their stations on each side the door, and others, in more splendid habits, succeeded them in the office of conducting us.

"We now entered the anti-chamber, in which was stationed the regular guard of the palace. We were here saluted both by privates and officers, the imperial guard being considered as part of the household. From the anti-chamber we passed onwards through nearly a dozen most splendid apartments, and at length reached the presence-chamber.

"My eyes were instantly in search of the emperour, who was at the farther extremity, surrounded by a numerous circle of officers and counsellors. The circle opened on our arrival, and withdrew behind the emperour. The whole of our company now ranged themselves, the ambassadours in front, and their several countrymen behind their respective ministers.

"Buonaparte now advanced to the Imperial ambassadour, with whom, when present, he always begins the audience. I had now an opportunity to regard him attentively. His person is below the middle size, but well composed; his features regular, but in their *tout ensemble* stern and commanding; his complexion sallow, and his general mien military. He was dressed very splendidly in purple velvet, the coat and waistcoat embroidered with gold bees, and with the grand star of the legion of honour worked into the coat.

"He passed no one without notice, and to all the ambassadours he spoke once or twice. When he reached general Armstrong, he asked him, *Whether America could not live without foreign commerce as well as France?* and then added, without waiting for his answer, 'THERE IS ONE NATION IN THE WORLD, WHICH MUST BE TAUGHT BY EXPERIENCE, THAT HER MERCHANTS ARE NOT NECESSARY TO THE EXISTENCE OF ALL OTHER NATIONS, AND THAT SHE CANNOT HOLD US ALL IN COMMERCIAL SLAVERY:—ENGLAND IS ONLY SENSIBLE IN HER COMPTERS."*

We have extracted the more freely from this work, because the writer cannot be suspected of an undue bias toward Britain. The result of his observations is indeed very strongly in favour of our native island; and the manners, conveniences, enjoyments which it offers, are rendered more grateful to a rational mind by contrast with the frivolities—not of that portion of the French nation which *thinks* of *thinking*, but—of the bulk of the people of France.

We frankly acknowledge our obligations to him for his communications, avow with readiness that we have derived entertainment and gratification from his work; as indeed might be inferred from the copious extracts in which we have indulged ourselves.

* *Comptoirs*—Counting houses.

FROM THE LONDON REVIEW.

An Account of the Empire of Marocco,* and the District of Suse; compiled from Miscellaneous Observations, made during a long Residence in, and various Journeys through these Countries. To which is added, an Accurate and Interesting Account of Timbuctoo,* the great Emporium of central Africa. By James Gray Jackson, Esq.—Review by Mr. Cumberland. London, 1809.

AS this had appeared to me to be a very interesting publication, involving many curious and some truly important particulars, I held it to be

* Either the author or the reviewer has chosen, in several particulars to depart from the usual orthography, by writing Marocco instead of Morocco, Timbuctoo instead of Tombuctoo. We have in this instance, adopted the alterations without knowing the reason for which they are made. *Ed. Select Reviews.*

a duty, which I owed both to my readers and myself, to employ every means in my power for tracing certain matters, which seemed to rest upon simple affirmation, to their true and genuine sources of authority, before I set my name to a review of Mr. Jackson's volume.

He informs us in his preface, that it has been "compiled from various notes and observations, made during a residence of sixteen years in different parts of the empire of Marocco." This is a claim, which very few of our travelled authors have to prefer, and certain it is, that the Englishman, who for sixteen years has voluntarily devoted himself to the hazard and horrour of living under the dominion of a Moorish despot, has fairly, and to a certain extent, earned a title, to be believed, when he is describing what he has seen and known and learned of the country: yet if he tells of things altogether new and strange, and such as it is hard to credit, there should be something more than mere assertion on his part to ensure our faith, and reconcile us to the tale of wonder. When, for instance, in the chapter that treats of zoology, we are told of the swiftness and abstemiousness of the desert horse, possessing such extraordinary powers, and refusing all sustenance but that of camel's milk, and above all of the heirie, or camel called tasayee, which in traversing the desert, performs the length of nine days journies in one, with a swiftness, which seems to elude all description except that of a telegraph; we assuredly want something more solid than mere narration to support the fact, and keep our faith from staggering. When in the region about Timbuctoo, as yet unvisited by any English, and I might say any European traveller, we are informed of a river, which would convey us to Grand Cairo through a tract as thickly strowed with populous towns as China; and that this river is, in fact, a western branch of the Nile itself, to be traced from its source in the Jibbel Kumra, or Mountains of the Moon, so called, to its junction with the eastern or Egyptian streams; the geographer is startled by intelligence so new, and would naturally urge those questions, which I have anticipated, and require that explanation which I have sought for and obtained.

When a traveller makes notes of his own adventures, with a pre-determined purpose to impart them to the publick, and enjoy the luxury of writing a book, he makes himself the hero of his story, and of course must make the story worthy of its hero.

This certainly was not in the contemplation of Mr. Jackson; the engagement that occasioned him to make so long a residence in a Mohammedan country, and to perfect himself in a language, that is spoken in all parts wheresoever Mohammedans are, were of a political as well as a commercial sort. In that character he was appointed by the old government of Holland, agent to the states general, and, having negotiated with the emperour Muley Yezzid, hoisted their flag at Agadeer or Santa Cruz, and opened that port to foreign commerce. Here he established himself in trade, till he was obliged to leave Santa Cruz, when the present emperour, jealous, perhaps, of the natural strength of the place, situated at the extremity of the Atlas Mountains, ordered it to be evacuated. This measure, dictated in the suspicious character of Marocco policy, obliged Mr. Jackson to cross the Atlas Mountains with the prince's army, and repair to the emperour, who then held his court at Marocco. This inland capital was no station for our author's purpose, and he was permitted to go to Mogodor on the coast at the distance of about a hundred miles, where he again established a house of commerce, under the firm

of James Jackson and Co. when upon the death of Mr. Layton the partnership being dissolved, the surviver came to England, and having no other object but to render his communications useful to the African association, after several interviews with them, was induced by the liberal suggestions of the earl of Moira to publish those remarks, and that body of information, which are to be found in the volume now under my review.

Thus it came to pass, that Mr. Jackson, without courting the fame of an author, has become the unobtrusive narrator of his own observations, and these he has committed to the publick with less parade of dictation, and more modest avoidance of egotism than I can recollect to have observed in any other writers of the same description, whether their scale of travel has been great or small, foreign or domestick. For it shall sometimes happen that the passenger in a stage coach between Bath and London, shall blow as loud a trumpet to puff his pennyworth of adventures, as if he had penetrated into unexplored latitudes, and added newly discovered countries to the map of earth.

Travellers of this sort have been successfully exposed of late by some, who seem to have a way of getting at their pocket-books, and yet keeping clear of the penalties of the law.

Of Barbary it may be said, that no country on the globe, of which so much has been written, is so little known. In the mean time its natural fertility entitles it to be considered as the garden of the world. In its products it possesses every thing that can invite the trader to its coasts, in its government much, that may discourage him from resorting to them. By referring to the eleventh chapter of this volume [p. 193.] where a statement is given of exports and imports, accurately transcribed from the original Arabick books of the custom house at Mogodor, a correct idea may be formed of the trade carried on in that port. In the list of exports will be found almost every article. that is in request either for luxury or for general use; the advantages that our traders might derive from the vast abundance of raw materials, that would be bartered in exchange for manufactured goods, are in a manner incalculable; yet such is the wretched state of this neglected trade, that "with the exception of two or three houses, there is, at present, no European establishment of any consequence at Mogodor," and it is to be feared that Mr. Jackson is too well founded in his remark, "that with consuls, who are equally unacquainted with the language of the country, and the manners, politicks, and complexion of the court, we must not expect that the British merchant will be sufficiently encouraged to make considerable adventures to West Barbary."

Still it should appear from the opinion of this well informed writer, that means are in our power, by prudent regulations, and intelligent, well chosen agents, to revive this languishing, but important branch of trade.

"A close connexion," he observes, "with the empire of Marocco is of the greatest importance to Great Britain, both in a political and commercial point of view; for besides the various articles of trade already enumerated, it affords ample supplies of provisions; and if a friendly intercourse between the two nations were firmly established, we should never have any difficulty in victualling not only Gibraltar, but also all our different fleets which cruise in the Mediterranean, and on the northern coast of Africa; a resource, which, in the present state of things, certainly merits the serious attention of this country. The advantages of a trade with this empire must be evident, from what has been detailed in the preceding pages, where it will be seen that *nearly the whole of the exports to Marocco consists of manufactured goods, and that the returns for*

these are entirely raw materials, many of which are essentially necessary in our manufacture."

Greater advantages in point of trade than these, no country can hold forth; and it is Mr. Jackson's opinion:

"That we have it in our power, by proper representations and a judicious negotiation, to supply, through this channel, a great part of the interiour of Africa with our superfluous manufactures, while we might receive in return many very valuable and useful articles; such as oil of olives, hides, skins, almonds, gums, wax, silver, and gold; in addition to which may be mentioned, oranges and lemons, of which a greater quantity might be procured from two ports [Tetuan and Rabat] in the empire, than is afforded both by Spain and Portugal. The oranges of Tetuan" he says "are the finest in the world, and are sold for eight drahims, or about *3s. 6d.* per thousand. In short, nothing is wanting to secure a most extensive and lucrative trade with Marocco, but an established friendship between the two nations, strengthened by a mutual return of good offices and attentions. Indeed," he adds, "the present emperour, Muley Soliman, may be said to have made overtures of this nature."

The fact I find to be as follows. Muley Soliman, the reigning monarch, who is better versed in the laws of the Koran, than any man in his empire, and in his nature more merciful than any of the antecedent sovereigns of Marocco, wrote a letter with his own hand to his majesty our king, which after being sent to the universities for interpretation, was rendered into English by the author of this volume, and we presume has been answered. In this imperial letter, Muley Soliman, addressing his majesty by the sacred title of *sultan*, pays him the highest respect that ever was offered by a Mooselman to a Christian king.

In the twenty-four first pages of this work, the author gives a geographical account of the four grand divisions of the empire of Marocco, viz. northern, central, southern, and eastern.

In the northern division, we find the towns of Fez, Mequinas, Tetuan, Tangier, and many others, whose names are not so familiar to us. This province extends along the shores of the Mediterranean sea, and abounds in corn and cattle. The vicinity of Tetuan produces (as has been already observed) the most delicious oranges in the world; figs, grapes, melons, apricots, plums, strawberries, apples, pears, pomegranates, citrons, lemons, limes, and the refreshing fruit of the opuntia, or prickly pear. It has forests of oak, cork, and other valuable trees of large growth. Hemp, cotton of a superiour quality, honey, wax, gum Arabick, and the tobacco called Mequinasi, so much esteemed for making snuff.

In the central division are the towns of Marocco, Saffee, and the port of Mogodor. This fine province abounds in horses and horned cattle. The horses of Abda are of the most select breed in the country. The goats are innumerable, and their skins form a principal article of exportation from the port of Mogodor. The mountains of Haha produce the famous wood called Arar, new to this country, which is proof against rot or the worm.

In the southern district, Suse is considered as the most extensive, and, excepting in grain, the richest province of the empire. The olive, almond, date, orange, grape, and all the other fruits of the northern provinces abound here, particularly about Terodant, the capital of Suse; and according to our author's account, there is not, perhaps, a finer climate in the world than that of Suse, in which province he resided at Agadeer or Santa Cruz. The sugar-cane grows spontaneously about Terodant; cotton, indigo, gum, and various kinds of medicinal herbs are produced, and the stick liquorice in profusion. Wax in great quantity, the gums euphorbium, sandrac and amarad, wild thyme, worm-seed, orriss root, orchilla weed, and coloquinth; antimony, saltpetre of a superiour quality, copper, and silver are here found; the two latter in abundance about Elala and in Shturka.

The eastern district so overflows in dates, that a camel load, or three quintal, is sold for two dollars. The people, who live beyond the Atlas mountains in the district of Tafilelt, are described of such inviolable honesty, that a robbery has scarcely been known in the memory of man, though they use no locks. Gold dust is here the circulating medium in all transactions of magnitude. There are mines of antimony and lead ore, and they carry on a considerable trade to Timbuctoo, Housa, and Jinnie, south of Sahara.

To these geographical observations there is attached a map of West Barbary, including Suse and Tafilelt; also one other, showing the tract across the desert, as followed by the caravans from Fez to Timbuctoo. In these maps Mr. Jackson professes to have corrected the abuses and mistakes with respect to names, which in others will be found. He also vouches for their accuracy, and expresses his belief, that in a short time they will be considered the most correct of any hitherto published.

In his zoology, chapter the seventh, Mr. Jackson expatiates in an interesting manner on the beauty of the gazel or antelope, and quotes an Arabian sonnet to show how the poets in that language have made it the vehicle to convey compliments to their mistresses: *You have the eyes of an antelope, O lady—you possess the beauty of a gazel.* "These," he says, "are irresistible compliments with the Arabs. In short, perfect beauty and gazel beauty are synonymous terms."

The animal called El Horreh, an inhabitant of Sahara, and never found to the northward of the river Suse, is held in sovereign estimation by the Arabs, as the emblem of cleanliness; and if we may believe the tradition of its never lying down, lest it should defile the purity of its skin, we may suppose it conscious of its beauty. It is described as somewhat similar to the gazel in its form and size, coloured with a light tint of red on its back and head, but so intensely white in the under parts, as to give pain to the eyes by its dazzling brilliancy. The stone called bizoar, is a concretion produced by this animal, but whether formed in the stomach or elsewhere, Mr. Jackson does not undertake to say, and thinks it is not accurately ascertained. This stone is scraped and taken as an antidote against poison.

The avadad is a singular animal, who throws himself from the steepest cliffs and precipices of the Atlas mountains with impunity, and lights on his horns and shoulders in the plains below, when thirst compels him to the stream. These curious tumblers, hitherto undescribed, are so very wild, as not to be approached without great danger, and my author believes he is correct in affirming, that the only two skins of this animal which ever found their way to Europe, and then with considerable difficulty and expense, were by him presented to sir Joseph Banks.

Mr. Jackson, speaking of the rhinoceros, says:

"With regard to the animal called by our heralds the unicorn, and represented in armorial bearings, I doubt if ever such an animal existed; for I have frequently conversed with men, who had been twenty years in the different countries of the interiour of Africa, but never could learn that a beast with one horn existed, in figure resembling a horse."

In the like cautious, unassuming style, which marks so strongly the inquirer after truth, he says that

"The jumars, the reputed offspring of the ass and the bull or cow, are animals whose existence is still doubted. I have never, in any of my travels, seen such a one; but I was once informed by the best authority, that such a beast was sometimes seen in Bledel-Jerrede; my informer had not, however, seen it himself. Dr. Shaw has described one, that he saw in Barbary; notwithstanding which, the count de Buffon disputes its existence."

I come now to speak of that wonderful animal the heirie, or desert camel, which, by the providence of the Creator, seems exclusively be-

stowed upon those whose lot it is to traverse that trackless waste, those burning and intolerable sands, which, if no such animal were in being, would form a chasm and impassable barrier between nation and nation, inhabitants of the same continent, and for ever separate those who are reciprocally dependant on each other for an interchange of produce necessary to the comforts, and in many cases to the immediate wants of each. That this creature should be endowed with powers and properties, that enable it to journey day after day without food or water over those dreadful tracts, where neither water nor food can be had, decidedly evinces a divine interposition. But for a more particular description of the astonishing performances of this extraordinary animal, I must refer my reader to the very words of Mr. Jackson.

"Mounted on the heirie or desart camel (which is in figure similar to the camel of burden, but more elegantly formed) the Arab, with his loins, breast, and ears, bound round, to prevent the percussion of air proceeding from a quick motion, rapidly traverses, upon the back of this abstemious animal, the scorching desert, the fiery atmosphere of which parches and impedes respiration so as almost to produce suffocation. The motion of the heirie is violent, and can be endured only by those patient, abstemious, and hardy Arabs, who are accustomed to it. The most inferiour kind of heirie are called Talatayee, a term expressive of their going three days journey in one. The next kind is called Sebayee, a term appropriated to that, which goes seven days journey in one, and this is the general character; there is also one called Tasayee, or the heirie of nine days; these are extremely rare."

Mr. Jackson says [p. 41] "A journey of thirty-five days caravan travelling will be performed by a sebayee in five days. They go from Timbuctoo to Tafilelt in seven days. One of these animals once came from Fort St. Joseph on the Senegal river to the house of Messrs. Cabane and Depras, at Mogodor, in seven days." These astonishing trajects (each performed in the space of seven days) cannot, by my author's computation, be less than one thousand miles respectively. The witnesses to the truth of the latter fact are of the highest respectability, and the time passed by the way was ascertained by the date of the despatch; which the rider of the heirie brought. There is also an authentick anecdote of a sebayee, that went from Mogodor to Marocco, and returned to Mogodor between sunrise and eleven o'clock at night; a journey of two hundred miles. This is a performance that challenges all the annals of Newmarket to equal, and perhaps exceeds what their philosophy can expound, or their candour give perfect credit to. Yet it is no wonder in the country where the animal is known, and might be backed by the attestations of thousands. "The swiftness of the heirie is thus described by the Arabs in their figurative style: When thou shalt meet a heirie, and say to the rider, *Salem Alick!* ere he shall have answered thee, *Alick Salem!* he shall be afar off, and nearly out of sight; for his swiftness is like the wind."

When my author computes by the term of a day's journey, he is to be understood as speaking of a journey of seven hours, at the rate of three miles and a half an hour, which is the rate of the camel of burden; so that a day's journey is on an average about twenty-four miles. As for the animal called a dromedary (if any such be in existence) it is absolutely unknown and unheard of in western Africa, and remains a question for the naturalists to decide.

As the Arabs of the desert have this superiour breed of camels, in like manner they have the desert horse, *Sh'rubah Er'rech*, which literally signifies *Wind-sucker;* the animal is so called, from his hanging out his tongue at one side of his mouth, when in speed, and, as it were, sucking in the air. In height about fourteen hands, and gaunt as a grayhound. His extraordinary powers

seem to be seated in the breadth and strength of his chest, which is two spans between his fore-legs; these, though extremely fine in bone, are uncommonly strong in sinew, and his swiftness and durability exceed those of the common barb almost in the same degree, as the sebayee exceeds the common camel. The arab employs him chiefly in hunting the ostrich, a sport in which he is particularly expert. The motion of this little speedy animal is uneasy to an unpractised rider. He is very low in the crest, and carries his head straight out, and so *tucked up* (as the jockey phrase is) that he must be girted round the breast. The Scheik Abyd Allah, a familiar friend of Mr. Jackson, rode one of these horses from Mogodor to Santa Cruz, which is not less than a hundred English miles, between the dawn of day and four o'clock in the afternoon. My author also informs me, that upon meeting this Scheik on the sands of Mogodor, so mounted, and being challenged to try the speed of his Barbary horse, which was one of the finest in that country, fifteen hands and a half high, the Scheik upon his desert galloway gave him a start of one hundred yards in the distance of about one mile, and soon passed him with a velocity that put all competition of speed instantly out of question.

The Arabs, who inhabit the cultivated spots, called Oasis, in the desert, where this horse is bred, feed him upon camel's milk, to which he becomes so attached as to reject all other sustenance, even water; and when brought to Marocco, which sometimes happens, he falls away—"and if obliged ultimately from hunger, to eat barley and straw, the Moorish provender, he recovers, gradually fills up, and becomes handsome to the sight, but loses entirely his usual speed." Nay, he does more than this, for Mr. Jackson quotes an instance within his knowledge, of Alkaid Omar ben Daudy, an Arab of Rahammenah, and governour of Mogodor, "who had two Saharawan horses in his stables [horses of the desert] and finding it inconvenient to feed them constantly on camel's milk, he resolved to try them on the usual food given to Barbary horses. He accordingly had their food gradually changed, and in a short time fed them altogether with barley, and occasionally wheat and straw. They grew fat, and looked better than before; but they lost their speed, and soon afterwards died, as if nature had designed them to be appropriated solely to that district, whose arid and extensive plains render their use essentially necessary."

If Mr. Jackson's famous barb was as speedy as one of our profest running horses, the experiment of his match with the Scheik Abyd Allah might tempt our gentlemen of the turf to speculate upon an importation of one of these Sh'rabah Er'rechs, or wind suckers, accompanied with a nursery of camels, and an Arab for his training groom and rider. His breed, however, might be attainable, and an object, perhaps, which some may think worthy of the experiment.

"Gold and silver mines are found in several parts of the empire of Marocco, particularly about Messa, in the province of Suse." Of these the emperour had caused some to be destroyed from reasons of policy, and others, particularly one very rich in silver, which being situated between two clans, who were continually fighting for it, was rendered of no use to either. Iron, copper, and lead ore, saltpetre, sulphur, and antimony, of the finest quality are in great abundance, and "vast quantities of salt are conveyed by the Akkabas to Soudan, where none is produced, and on that account is so valuable at Timbuctoo, that a pound weight is frequently bartered for an ounce of gold dust." To that city, the great emporium of central Africa, where immense treasures of gold are amassed, and which is as yet unvisited by any European adventurer, the curiosity

of the reader will naturally be directed.

The caravans of Marocco, Fez, Tunis, Algier, Tripoli, Egypt, &c. have, from time immemorial, carried on a very extensive and lucrative trade with Timbuctoo, across the great desert Sahara, between the months of September and April inclusive. From Fez, the distance may be reckoned at fifteen hundred miles, S.S.E.

"The articles transported by the company of merchants trading from Fez to Timbuctoo, are principally as follows: Various kinds of German linens, viz. platillas, rouans, brettanias, muslins of different qualities, particularly muls, Irish linens, cambricks, fine cloths of particular colours, coral beads, amber beads, pearls, Bengal raw silk, brass nails (in great request) coffee, fine hyson teas, refined sugar, and various manufactures of Fez and Tafilelt, viz. shawls and sashes of silk and gold, hayks of silk, of cotton and silk mixed, of cotton and of wool; also an immense quantity of (hayk filelly) Tafilelt hayks, a particularly light and fine manufacture of that place, and admirably adapted to the climate of Soudan; to these may be added red woollen caps, the general covering of the head, turbans, Italian silks, nutmegs, cloves, ginger, and pepper, Venetian beads, cowries, and a considerable quantity of tobacco and salt, the produce of Barbary and Bled-el-jerrêde."

The returns made for these articles by the traders at Timbuctoo, consist in gold dust, twisted rings of Wangara of pure gold, gold rings wrought at Jinnie, where they make various trinkets of such workmanship as would be difficult to imitate either in England or France, bars of gold, elephant's teeth, gum of Soudan, grains of Sahara [called by us grains of paradise] odoriferous gums of exquisite perfume, for the purposes of fumigation, *slaves in great number*, brought from the regions which border on the Jibbel Kumra, or Mountains of the Moon (so called from their white or lunar colour) a chain, which, with little or no intermission, runs through the continent of Africa from west to east, viz. from Assentee in the west to Abyssinia in the east—whilst the finest ostrich feathers and ambergris are collected by the caravans in their passage on the confines of the desert.

As the caravans perform their stated daily journies over this trackless waste, they direct their course to certain well known hospitable spots, interspersed like islands in the ocean, called Oasi's, or Wahsi's, which are inhabited, cultivated, and of amazing fertility and luxuriance; in these the caravans halt about seven days, for the purpose of feeding, refreshing their camels, and recruiting their water skins.

There is no reason why any European traveller might not safely attach himself to one of these *accumulated caravans*, and visit Timbuctoo, provided only that he had made himself a master of the western Arabick; an indispensable accomplishment, which I understand Mungo Parke to have been deficient in, and of course unqualified for the task he undertook.

The caravans perform the traverse of the desert, including their sojournments at the watering places, in about one hundred and thirty days, going at the rate of three miles and an half an hour, and travelling seven hours a day. Out of these one hundred and thirty, they rest seventy-five days, which leaves fifty-five days for actual travelling, and from these data the reader may easily make a loose computation of the distance. It is practicable, however, for caravans to perform this journey in much less time, and there is a note [p. 241] in which Mr. Jackson says, "That when he had a commercial establishment at Agadeer, he himself received a caravan of gum Soudan from Timbuctoo in eighty-two days."

As the slaves of Wangara and Houssa, purchased by the caravans at Timbuctoo, are sold on their return to the Moors and Arabs of Barbary, it is clear that there is a traffick for the human species carried on between inhabitants of the same continent, in which no European nation, or even individual, is concerned. This traf-

fick is of high antiquity, long antecedent to any European practice of that reproachful nature. So far, therefore, as it may have contaminated the character of the Christian trader, he has to plead in extenuation of his errour, that he was the last to begin, and the first to leave it off.

The territory of Timbuctoo, as described by Mr. Jackson,

"May be said to extend northward to the confines of Sahara, or the Desert, a tract of country about ninety miles in breadth; the western boundary is one hundred and thirty miles west of the city, and the eastern extends to the Bahar Soudan, or the Sea of Soudan, which is a lake formed by the Nile El Abeede, whose opposite shore is not discernible. On its opposite or eastern shore, begins the territory of the white people, denominated by the Arabs N'sarrath, Christians, or followers of Jesus of Nazareth. South of the river is another territory of immense extent, the boundary of which extends to Lamlem, or Melli, which latter is reported to be inhabited by one of the lost or missing tribes of Israel."

The city of Timbuctoo would furnish to the traveller a most interesting spectacle, forasmuch as it is resorted to by traders from all the neighbouring nations, who enjoy perfect security of property and person, with unlimited toleration as to their religious worship, of whatever description that may chance to be. The city is about twelve miles in circumference, and without walls. The houses are on one floor, spacious, and the apartments lighted by doors, that open into an interiour square; the inhabitant not requiring the accommodation of a window, whilst the climate never reminds him of the inconvenience of an open door. The women are extremely handsome, and the men proportionably jealous. In every other respect they are hospitable, splendid, and particularly pride themselves in their attention to strangers. What, then, has a European to fear in such a community, and where can he be so entirely to his heart's content, as in a country whose mines of gold are inexhaustible, and where every thing he sees and touches, and can take away with him, is that precious metal, the very object he adores, the crown of all his wishes, the reward of all his travel, the first and last great ruling passion of his heart?

The name of the rich and potent monarch, who governed Timbuctoo, in the year 1800, and was sovereign of Bambarra, was Woolo. He is native of the country, and, like his people, black. His usual residence is in the neighbouring city of Jinnia, though he has three palaces at Timbuctoo, which are said to contain an immense quantity of gold; and fortunate it is for Woolo, that his surrounding deserts are such an impassable barrier, else his black army of five hundred thousand negroes would hardly serve to keep certain marauding white men from unfurnishing those palaces, whose stores are so much more tempting to the plunderer than the statues and pictures of Italy and Spain. Still there are avenues, by which commerce may approach and reach him, and as he will weigh gold even against salt, when there is a dearth of that necessary in his country, we have only to find those avenues, and his hoards at Timbuctoo will gradually melt away into general circulation. The climate of this yet unvisited city, is salubrious in the extreme, which is more than men bargain for, when they go to a country that abounds in gold. The sexes marry early, for they are in the latitude of 16° 40′; and the natives, as well as those who have resided there any considerable time, have a suavity of manners, not to be observed on the northern side of the desert. There are several large caravanseras, or houses of accommodation for travellers in Timbuctoo, where they will find lodging for themselves and their cattle, till better provision can be made for their establishment.

I particularly recommend the following extract to the attention of my readers.

"It has been said, that there is an extensive library at Timbuctoo, consisting of manuscripts in a character differing from the Arabick. This I am inclined to think has originated in the fertile imagination of some poet, or perhaps some Arab or Moor, who, willing to indulge at the expense of European curiosity, has fabricated such a story. In all my inquiries during many years, I never heard of any such library at Timbuctoo. *The state library, which is composed for the most part of manuscripts in the Arabick, contains a few Hebrew, and perhaps Chaldaick books; amongst the Arabick it is probable there are many translations from Greek and Latin authors at present unknown to Europeans.*" [P. 257.]

It seems by this account that there is a state library, and probably many Arabick translations of Greek and Latin authors hitherto unknown. How much, therefore, is it to be regretted that Mr. Jackson, qualified as he is by his perfect knowledge of Arabick, had not found leisure and ambition to visit and examine this library, which perhaps contains a treasure richer and more valuable to the enlightened world, than all the golden palaces, which the negro monarch of Bambarra has in his possession!

The path seems open to adventure, and the time may come, when those who send forth missionaries to explore those interesting regions, will recollect, that when a traveller cannot speak the language of the country he is in, he will gain very little information from the people that inhabit it.

It is asserted that the mines belonging to the sultan Woolo are so pure, that lumps of virgin gold are constantly found of several ounces in weight. These mines are worked by the negroes of Bambarra, who are thereby made extremely rich, "for all pieces of ore, which they take from the mines, not weighing twelve mizams, or about two ounces, become a perquisite to themselves, as a remuneration for their labour, and all pieces of a greater weight belong to the sultan, and are deposited in his before mentioned palaces."

I shall now conclude by giving the substance of certain passages, extremely curious, which relate to the river near Timbuctoo, which is called the Nile el Abeede, or Nile of the Negroes. In the interiour of Africa, and amongst the rich traders, who engage in this traffick across the continent, there is but one opinion with regard to the Nile of Egypt and the Nile of Timbuctoo, and that opinion is, that they are one and the same river, or rather that the latter is the western branch of the former. The source of the Nile of Timbuctoo is at the foot of the western branch of the chain of mountains called Jibbel Kumra, where it forms a *merja*, or swamp. The copious springs, which throw the water up with great force, are very numerous, and are found on both sides of the mountain, that is on the eastern as well as on the western side. That these streams communicate with each other is an opinion so general, that the Africans express their astonishment, whenever the Europeans dispute the fact, and assert that it is a folly to doubt what the experience of succeeding ages has demonstrated to be true. That the Nile of Timbuctoo communicates with Cairo, has been ascertained to a certainty by a party of seventeen negroes of Jinnie, who proceeded thither in a canoe, on a commercial speculation, and reached Cairo, after a trafficking voyage of fourteen months, who reported that there are twelve hundred cities and towns, with mosques or towers in them, between Timbuctoo and Cairo, built on or near the banks of the Nile el Abeede and the Nile Massar, or in other words the Nile of Soudan and the Nile of Egypt. Precisely where they join is not ascertained, or, more properly speaking, has not come to the knowledge of my author. The Nile el Abeede being the greater, and running through a larger tract of

country than the Nile Cham, or Nile Massar, is called Nile el Kabeer, the greater Nile; the Nile of Egypt, however, is not called the lesser Nile, but always, as above, the Nile Cham, or Nile Wassar; Cham being the Arabick name for Egypt, when united to Syria and other countries. The Nile el Abeede overflows in the same manner as the Nile of Egypt, when the sun enters Cancer. At Kabra near Timbuctoo, it becomes a very large stream. River horses and crocodiles are found in it, and the country contiguous to its southern banks is covered with forests of primeval growth, in which are many trees of great size and beauty. These forests abound with elephants of an enormous size.

I now close my imperfect review of this very interesting work, which I earnestly recommend to my readers, not doubting but they will find it altogether as worthy of their study and attention, as the Swedish literati have of theirs, who, as I am well informed, are preparing a translation in the Swedish language at the university of Upsala near Stockholm.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

A Poetical Picture of America, being Observations made during a Residence of several Years at Alexandria and Norfolk, in Virginia; Illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants: interspersed with Anecdotes, arising from a general Intercourse with Society in that Country, from the year 1799 to 1807. By a Lady. 12mo. 4s. 1809.

A picture of America in doggerel rhymes, but not a *poetical* picture; unless this epithet be taken in a sense which the fair writer, we suppose, cannot mean. We are very modestly told that "no muse is invoked;" and as the lady seems to have no acquaintance whatever on the forked hill, we should have commended her prudence had she abstained from any trespass on the manor of the muses, and confined herself to the plains of humble prose. Nothing is gained by lazy and hobbling rhymes, except it be the amusement of the reader at the expense of the author; for it is impossible, when verse is execrably bad, to refrain from laughing at it, whether the subject be the travels or even the sorrows of a lady. For example:

"Unwilling serious thoughts to check,
I took a place upon the deck."

Further on, we contemplate the lady at her ease, regardless even of the restraints of rhyme:

"We'd time enough to look *about*,
The wind grew slack—the mate had *sport*."

The state of society in Alexandria is thus depicted:

"Such dull stupidity was there
I thought it seemed exceeding clear
That those who chose to live and *stay*
In this same *Alexandria*,
Must feed on air, or for a treat,
Their household furniture soon eat."

At Norfolk, the lady promenaded to "see the lions:"

"The weather fine, I walked *about*
To see the town, and view the *fort*."

To open our eyes respecting the supposed cheapness of living in America, it is hinted

"That living is not near so low
As people hope when first they go."

Sometimes the lady "cares not a pin" for grammar, when it opposes the formation of a rhyme; though, in general, she is not very nice in this latter respect:*

"Sometimes the young *men* smart *appears*
And some look well spite of their ears."

In allusion to female resources in America, we are presented with this *somehowing* couplet:

"As money must be had somehow,
There every lady has a cow."

* In one piece, *milk* is selected as a rhyme to *think*.

The commodities with which the markets in Virginia are supplied "*make a figure*" in these elegant lines:

"The mutton tolerably fat.
The veal as lean as any cat."
"Small birds that every taste may hit
They bring from blackbirds to tom-tit."
"The other crabs you cheap may buy
Eighteen for four pence halfpenny."

We are very glad to see that this book is printed by subscription; since benevolence is certainly better than taste!

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

La Fete de la Rose; or the Dramatick Flowers; a Holyday Present for Young People. By Mrs. B. Hoole. 24to. pp. 22. 6*d*. 1809.

We have read these verses with singular pleasure; and young people, in their holydays, may be delightfully amused by them. A walk in the garden, with this book in the hand, will be a very interesting entertainment. The rose, queen of flowers, designed to give a *feast* to her friends; following the example of *birds*, *beasts*, and *insects*; but the lilly persuades her to have a *theatre* placed upon the lawn, and a tragedy performed, with a pantomime following. Many of our readers, we think, will readily *pay for* a sight of the tragedy, interlude, pantomime, and concluding banquet, if we treat them with a view of the *theatre*.

"On a hill, near the lawn, with pale violets o'ergrown,
The queen in full majesty sat on her throne;
In a robe of pink satin this Venus was drest,
And a diamond of dew glittered bright on her breast:
A mantle of green moss around her was born,
To soften the radiance it could not adorn;
Behind her as guards, the tall *holy-oaks* stood,
The *carnation* sat near her, a prince of the blood;
The white *rose*, and damask too, claimed their high stations,
As peers of the realm, and as royal relations;
For supporters the *lilach* and *jessamine* came,
And the flexile *laburnum* bowed low to the dame;
But *geranium* declared it was his place to stand
Earl marshal, by heirship, at majesty's hand;
And the *myrtle*, with blossoms all white as a bride,
Placed herself with great modesty, close by his side.
Then powdered *auricula* headed his cousins,
Cowslip, *primrose*, and *polyanth*, walking by dozens.
The flaunting *ranunculus*, yellow and red,
By the gentle *anemone* softly was led;
Rich *stocks* of all ages, behind them were placed,
Gay *pinks* intermingled with infinite taste;
Convolvolus opened her eyes on the scene,
And *monkshood* a moment forgot all his spleen.
The *marygold* gaudy, and *love in a mist*,
With *larkspur* and *hyacinth*, shone in the list;
Mezereon was there in his jacket of red,
And pining *narcissus*, still hanging his head;
His dashing relation, the *daffodil* came,
With sprightly miss *Jonquil*, a sweet scented dame;
Poor *charity* too, in her boddice of blue;
And low-bred *nasturtiums* whom nobody knew.
Though none were invited some *coxcombs* where there,
And *London-pride* simpered to see them appear;
The *sweet-briar* and *hawthorn* united to screen,
From vulgar intrusion the throne of their queen;
But in spite of their thorns 'twas beset at all hours,
By elegant *creepers*, and *parasite* flowers."
p. 7.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Das Kriegspiel, &c. The Game of War. Pamphlet. 8vo. London, 1809.

THIS game is founded on the principle, that in war success does not always depend on the excellence and valour of the troops, but much more frequently on the combination of marches, and on a judicious disposition of the different corps of which the army is composed. The ancient wars, the modern wars in general, and, especially, the military events that took place in Germany at the close of 1805, have corroborated this principle, and have suggested the idea of this game, which, by uniting amusement with utility, offers to military men an instructive recreation, by imitating on a map, or plan of any kind, the movements of two opposing armies, and, in which the intention is, to reduce the adversary, by skilful combinations of tacticks and by taking all advantages, to give up the game.

This game has three distinct recommendations: 1. It is much easier to learn than chess: 2. It is more interesting: 3. It is, especially, more instructive to any one who is studying the art of war: because the same principles are adopted in playing at it as in real operations in the field, and thereby the party becomes familiarized with great manœuvres, and learns to derive advantages from topographical plans, which have always considerable influence on the motions of armies, and the positions taken by troops.

The implements for this game are, a large map, to represent an extensive district, and a box with figures, which are disposed according to the rules of the game annexed. The combination is such, that it may be played on any map, provided those who play agree beforehand on the different roads, the extent of marches, and the strength of the position;—the better to explain these points, they are settled on a map that is given with the materials for playing at this game.

To this character of "the game of war," for which we are beholden to a foreign journalist, we would add, that an officer in command is more frequently at a loss to discern the intentions of his adversary, than to frustrate them, when detected, before they are put in execution. The plans laid by two ingenious players, for the movements of their troops, would suggest many resources, of which though only one could be executed, several might have merit. The habit of promptitude and decision, yet of selection, after having compared different plans in the mind, could not but be strengthened by a friendly opposition of this nature. And the after thoughts of what should have been done, under existing circumstances, are much inferiour sources of anxiety to the mind of the combatant, than a wrong order given while countermarching in presence of the enemy.

Chess is generally understood to have been conceived in the same spirit as this "game of war." It consists in the attack and defence of the sovereign powers of two countries, whose dominions are divided by a river. Many famous generals have desired that their officers should be familiar with the chess board: and for the same reason we have thought this article deserving of a place in our work.

When Christina, queen of Sweden, was on her journey to Rome, she visited the French academy, and desired them to proceed in the allotted business of the evening, that she might enjoy their conversation. It proved to be the revision of certain articles of their dictionary of the French language.

The phrase under discussion was: "War is the game of Kings." The president apologized for the subject, as being merely accidental, and intending no reflection on crowned heads.

The queen only laughed, and expressed sentiments which have been happily rendered by our poet Cowper:

"War is a game, which were their subjects wise,
Kings should not play at."

Nevertheless, in a case like the present, we give leave even to subjects to play at it, as the result of the conflict need inspire no remorse. Perhaps some among the great body of officers in our island might derive profit, in a military sense, from this amusement: and though we must regret the necessity that renders the profession of war honourable, yet, while that necessity continues (and we see no hope of its being removed) the advantages to be derived from studying it as a science must be more than tolerated: they must be commended.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Sermons to Young Ladies. By James Fordyce, D. D. Philadelphia, republished by Mathew Carey, 1809.

THE author of these sermons is certainly a man of taste and genius; and what is still greater praise, he appears to have a warm and generous concern for the best interests of humanity. His style, his manner, the observations he makes, plainly show that he knows the world; that he has carefully studied, and is well acquainted with the human heart; and that he is possessed of every qualification necessary to execute the important task he has undertaken.—There are, indeed, to the best of our recollection, no compositions of this kind in the English language, in which are to be found greater delicacy of sentiment, correctness of imagination, elegance of taste, or that contain such genuine pictures of life and manners.

The author's style of preaching is entirely new, having never, as far as we know, been before attempted. It requires uncommon talents to succeed in it: and he has succeeded to admiration. His design is to improve the most amiable and most agreeable part of the creation, for whose best interests he professes an unfeigned regard and fervent zeal. He entertains the highest idea of their importance and destination; considers them not in that debasing light in which they are too often considered, as formed only to be domestick drudges, and the slaves of our pleasures: but as intended to be reasonable and agreeable companions, faithful and affectionate friends, the sweetners and the charm of human life; in a word, as designed to soften our hearts, and polish our manners. Though nature, observing the same distinction here, as in the more delicate frame of their bodies, has, in his opinion, formed the faculties of their minds less vigorous than those of men, yet she has bestowed upon them, he thinks, a greater sensibility of heart, and sweetness of temper; a nicer and quicker discernment of characters; a more lively fancy; and a greater delicacy of taste and sentiment.

Attend, then, to his instructions, ye fair! He addresses you in the character of an affectionate brother; and you will find him a discreet guardian, a prudent counsellor, a faithful friend, and a rational companion. Hearken to him, and he will teach you how to captivate the heart of every virtuous beholder—how to spread a lustre round your persons superiour to that of all the diamonds in the universe—how to enrich and adorn your understanding—how to enjoy solitude—how to shine in conversation without designing it—how to inspire a mixture of complacence and respect—how to unite decency and sense with mirth and joy. Take

him for your guide, and he will lead you from the wide and dangerous walks of idle amusement and dissipation, from the gay and fluttering scenes of vanity, into the peaceful and delightful paths of knowledge, genuine beauty, and elegance. He will show you how to escape dishonour and remorse, reproach and ridicule: and prove, that sense and capacity, joined to meekness and modesty, are exempted from the condition of every thing else; which is, to lose its influence, when it loses its novelty. Attend to him, and he will teach you to cultivate genuine worth instead of artificial forms; to practice undissembled sweetness, instead of fictitious courtesy; to level the fantastick structures of pride, and to raise on their ruins the plain and modest, but pleasing and grateful fabrick of meekness and humility. He will show you the difference between flattery and approbation, between smiles and attachment. He will direct you in the choice of your companions and diversions; how to guard against the follies of your own sex, and the arts of ours. He will teach you to despise, or rather to pity, the futility of those frivolous fops, those empty, conceited, and insignificant danglers, that are to be seen, in such numbers, in every place of publick resort—whose capacity reaches no higher than flattering every young woman they see, into good humour, by telling her perpetually, how handsome, and how fine she is.

He will teach you to dread and to guard with the utmost caution against those cool, complimental, smooth tongued libertines—those sly, insinuating, insidious deceivers, who have steeled their breasts by system, whom the boasted principles of infidelity has raised to a glorious contempt of all laws, human and divine, delivered from the vulgar conceit of immortality, and enabled to conquer the little weaknesses of nature, with the ignoble prejudices of education: and such wily wretches, such obdurate and flagitious offenders, he assures you, abound every where.—Listen then to this faithful and kind monitor, and he will convince you, that your safety lies in retreat and vigilance, in sobriety and prudence, in virtuous friendship and rational conversation: in domestick, elegant, and intellectual accomplishments, in the guardianship of Omnipotence, which can only be obtained by TRUE RELIGION.

Such, and many more such, are the important lessons this excellent preacher will teach you; nor does he approach you, ye fair ones, with an austere countenance, or an awful solemnity. On the contrary, his aspect is cheerful and sprightly; he is no less entertaining than he is instructive; he thinks those persons, strangers to true wisdom, who suppose her monitions incompatible with cheerful images or joyful ideas; and he is too well acquainted with the human mind, to hope to reform its errours without conciliating its affections, or to imagine that the *tutoring of terrour* alone, as he expresses himself, will produce the love of goodness. Happy the mothers who follow his maxims, in forming the taste and manners of their daughters! happy, thrice happy, the daughters, who are blessed with such mothers.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JULY, 1809.

SOME expectation was raised in the publick mind from the "*Batchelor*" of Mr. Moore, better known by the name of *Anacreon* Moore; but it would be difficult, even amid the mass of modern publications, to point out one so destitute of every qualification to render it worthy of notice.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

The following is an account of a hunting match in Athol, for the entertainment of Mary, Queen of Scots, extracted from "Gunn's Historical Inquiry respecting the Harp."

I SHALL give it in the words of an eye-witness. "I had a sight of a very extraordinary sport. In the year 1563, the earl of Athol, a prince of the blood-royal, had, with much trouble and vast expense, provided a hunting match for the entertainment of our most illustrious and most gracious queen. Our people call this a royal hunting. I was then a young man, and was present on that occasion. Two thousand Highlanders were employed to drive to the hunting ground all the deer from the woods and hills of Athol, Badenoch, Marr, Murray, and the countries about. As these Highlanders use a light dress, and are very swift of foot, they went up and down so nimbly, that, in less than two months time, they brought together two thousand red deer, besides roes and fallow deer. The queen, the great men, and a number of others, were in a glen, or narrow valley, when all these deer were brought before them; believe me, the whole body moved forward in something like battle order. This sight still strikes me, and ever will strike me; for they had a leader whom they followed close wherever he moved. This leader was a very fine stag, with a very high head. The sight delighted the queen very much, but she soon had cause for fear, upon the earl's (who had been from his early days accustomed to such sights) addressing her thus: 'Do you observe that stag who is foremost of the herd? There is danger from that stag; for if either fear or rage should force him from the ridge of that hill, let every one look to himself, for none of us will be out of the way of harm, as the rest will all follow this one; and having thrown us under foot, they will open a passage to the hill behind us.' What happened a moment after, confirmed this opinion; for the queen ordered one of the best dogs to be let loose upon a wolf; this the dog pursues—the leading stag was frightened—he flies by the same way he had come there—the rest rush after him, and break out where the thickest body of the Highlanders was. They had nothing for it now but to throw themselves flat on the heath, and to allow the deer to pass over them. It was told the queen, that several of the Highlanders had been wounded, and that two or three had been killed outright; and the whole body of deer had got off, had not the Highlanders, by their skill in hunting, fallen upon a stratagem, to cut off the rear from the main body. It was of those that had been separated, that the queen's dogs, and those of the nobility, made slaughter. There was killed that day three hundred and sixty deer, with five wolves."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

On the Conduct of Lady M. W. Montague towards H. Fielding.

SIR,

THE sensibility of lady Montague is generally supposed to have been equal to her wit. A higher encomium could scarcely be passed, for in wit she certainly was not inferiour to any of her sex. It is with reluctance that I point to lady Mary's conduct, in regard to Henry Fielding, as a proof that she could be disdainful and unfeeling; but a just appreciation of characters, which are held forth for publick applause, is so necessary to the welfare of the moral world, that my presumption in this particular must need little apology.

Henry Fielding was second cousin to lady Montague, both being descended in the same degree from George Fielding, earl of Desmond. In addition to his claim on the score of affinity, Fielding's pretensions, as a gentleman and a wit, were assuredly sufficient to entitle him to the same consideration bestowed on Pope; but these two writers appear to have been received by her ladyship in a very different manner. Pope was admitted to an extreme of familiarity, and his letters are written in a correspondent train of confidence. Fielding waited at her door, as the poet attends his patron, and concludes a letter, which appears expressive of his usual manner to lady Mary, in these words:—"I shall do myself the honour of calling at your ladyship's door to morrow, at eleven, which, if it be an improper hour, I beg to know from your servant what other time will be more convenient." The man thus liable to rejection, and thus distant in mode of address, was *her cousin*, and of high rank in letters; but he was necessitous. Pope, whose epistles denote the acknowledged consequence of the writer, and who could readily appoint the proper hours for the lady to *call on him*, was rich. There lay the most important difference; for ladies of wit and sensibility, like the common world, are fond, it seems, of a gilded toy.

Throughout every letter in which lady Mary mentions Fielding, she is entirely silent on the relationship that existed between them; and her ladyship admired his talents; but then she knew his poverty. "Since I was born," she observes in a letter to her daughter, "no original has appeared, excepting Congreve and Fielding, who would, I believe, have approached nearer to his excellences if not forced by necessity to publish without correction, and throw many productions into the world, he would have thrown into the fire, if meat could have been got without money, or money without scribbling. The greatest virtue, justice, and the most distinguished prerogative of mankind, writing, when duly executed, do honour to human nature; but when degenerated into trades, are the most contemptible way of getting bread"

Her ladyship regrets the death of Fielding, but merely as a writer, and as a being that relished existence.—Lady Mary Wortley Montague appears at one period to have been afraid, and at another ashamed, to own for a cousin the author of Tom Jones! "I am sorry," writes lady Mary, "for H. Fielding's death, not only as I shall read no more of his writings, but I believe he lost more than others; as no man enjoyed life more than he did, though few had less reason to do so; the highest of his preferment being raking in the lowest sinks of vice and misery. His happy constitution (even when he had with great pains half demolished it) made him forget every thing when he was before a venison pasty, or over a flask of champaigne; and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth. His natural spirits gave him rapture

with his cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret."

It may be averred that the dissipated habits of Fielding rendered him an improper intimate for a lady; but still he was entitled to the consideration due to a relation and a man of genius. The frequent low pleasures in which Fielding was accustomed to indulge may, perhaps, in some part, be attributed to the scantiness of his finances. Lady Montague was connected with many persons of consequence and power. Through the medium of these she might have recommended her cousin to the notice of the court, and have given him an opportunity of proving that he was as well calculated to be an honour to his family in point of general demeanour, as from poignancy of wit and fertility of imagination.

I am, sir, your's, &c.

J. N. B.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent, Mr. Bannantine's remarks on pastoral poetry, are very ingenious and entertaining. But I do not exactly agree with him in his opinion of Theocritus, and other pastoral writers. They deserved, I judge, better treatment.

With respect to Shenstone's celebrated ballad, I am one of those few, who think with Mr. B. that a great part of it borders upon nonsense; inasmuch as to render the whole ridiculous. It is an excellent subject for the burlesque: and I really wonder that its namby-pamby strain should have received praise from Johnson, and that it was never travestied before "the Devon and Cornwall Poets," thought proper to make merry with it. For the amusement of your readers, I shall insert in this place a few stanzas from the parody alluded to. After which, I must beg leave to recur to my first position, that Theocritus "deserved better treatment."

In reading the following "risum teneatis?"

"My beds are all furnished with fleas,
Whose bitings invite me to scratch;
Well stocked are my orchards with jays,
And my pigsties white over with thatch:
I seldom a pimple have met,
Such health does magnesia bestow;
My horse-pond is bordered with wet,
Where the flap-ducks and sting-nettles grow.
I have found out a gift for my fair,
In my Cheshire some rotton I've found;
But let me the plunder forbear,
Nor give that dear bosom a wound:
Though oft from her lips I have heard,
That the rotten her palate would please;
Yet he ne'er could be true, she averred;
Who would rob the poor mite of his cheese."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"I sleep not a wink all the night,
And my days they do dolefully pass,
Till I see her (O! exquisite sight!)
Come tripping it over the grass.
Oh, say can'st thou hear me complain;
Nor list to thy shepherd so true?
O! come, and give life to the swain;
Who now is a dying for you;
No hurt my sweet Phillis shall ail,
By Venus the goddess I vow,
For, whilst I am holding the pail,
Why——She shall be milking her cow."

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Some Observations upon the Habits attributed by Herodotus to the Crocodiles of the Nile. By M. Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire.*

THE history of Herodotus is one of the most valuable of literary productions. It is the most ancient, and it is also, perhaps, the most important, on account of the number and value of the facts which it contains.

* Translated from the "Annales du Museum d'Histoire Naturelle."

It has had many detractors, however; especially at that time when the ridiculous question was agitated respecting the preeminence of the ancients over the moderns. Herodotus can be accused of relating prodigies only when he is contemplated by the standard of our own institutions: but, if we visit Egypt, and view its ancient monuments and catacombs, and consider its numerous and magnificent remains of social organization, we shall be convinced that Herodotus has added nothing to the picture of antiquity, which he has delineated.

Such was the opinion which I formed while among the ruins of the famous Thebes and its hundred gates. I passed the greatest part of the month of October there, in the year 1799; and I employed some moments of leisure in ascertaining the veracity of Herodotus with regard to his observations upon natural history. I shall confine myself, at present, to what he has said, respecting the crocodile.

I had only this opportunity of studying this celebrated animal. It is known that he is found no where but in the *Thebaid* and in the Upper Nile. Not having remained long enough at Thebes, to corroborate all the observations of Herodotus, I supplied my deficiencies by inquiries of the fishermen of Luxor, of Carnat, and of Medinet-Abou.

It may be necessary to observe, that these sort of people, in Egypt, have more knowledge of their trade, and more acquaintance with the habits of aquatick animals, than their brethren in Europe. The occupation is hereditary, and descends from father to son: and their knowledge is transmitted with accuracy; for they dread nothing so much as a fruitless expenditure of time and labour. They say, in the same sense as naturalists, and almost always with singular precision, *such an animal is of such a genus, and such a one is but a variety of this genus.* They have also our dual nomenclature, and they designate each species by its generick and specifick appellation.

However, I was not wholly without distrust. I suspected their indolence of mind and their servility of character. They do not love much talking; and, from the hope of a good reward, they have the courtesy of not displeasing any one by contradiction: hence, they almost naturally reply *yes* to every question that is put to them, provided they are not interested in it.

Thus forewarned, my readers will be enabled to exercise a discretionary judgment.

Herodotus, in the translation of M. Larcher, commences thus upon the subject of the crocodile:—

"Let us now pass to the crocodile and its natural qualities.—It never eats during the four most severe months of winter."

I interrogated my fishermen upon this point: but they did not comprehend me. Yet, the position of Herodotus is not contrary to the known character of reptiles. *Bartram* asserts, positively, the same thing of the crocodiles or *caymans* of North America; but, to be sure, these animals live in a colder climate, inhabit a younger soil, and are enabled to find, more easily, barren places, where they may conceal themselves and remain torpid during the winter. If crocodiles were still to be found in Lower Egypt, as they were in the time of Herodotus, it is very probable that his observation would be true: that portion of Egypt (especially on the shores of the Pelusiack branch and of lake Menzaleh) being covered by inaccessible marshes, and being also much colder, both from its northern position and from the abundant rains that fall during the winter. Should not Herodotus, therefore, be considered as speaking only of these crocodiles in the neighbourhood of the sea?

"Though it has four feet, yet it is amphibious. It passes the greater part of the day in dry places, and the whole night in the river; for the water is warmer than the air and the dew."

These observations are strictly true. All crocodiles do this, unless some local circumstances combine to render it impossible. They live in troops, on the tops of the islands, which are very numerous in the rivers. They never leave the spot that gave them birth, except to seek for prey; and they return, at stated periods, and repose, in common, upon the strand.—They never believe themselves safe. Hence, if they hear the least noise, and, above all, if they perceive any one coming towards them, they plunge into the water, separate from each other, and swim about at hazard.

When any persons come to the shore which they inhabit, and remain there a length of time (as I had the patience to do for half a day with some friends and my guides) it causes them the greatest uneasiness. They cannot remain under water more than ten minutes at a time, and they do not even wait ten minutes without raising their heads so that their snout is level with the surface of the water. —The nasal apertures being in the middle, they are thus enabled to draw in the air, which, from the peculiar organization of the parts, passes into the tracheal artery, without any of the ambient water. But this manner of breathing while swimming, fatigues them after a while. Then they separate into two troops; the smallest go to a distance to find some beach where they may be safe; but the larger ones content themselves with approaching the slope which is produced at the head of each island by the deposited sediment of the earth.

So much inquietude at the sight of a single man, shows a timidity of character; and, in fact, the crocodile is a fearful animal on land; but he is quite the reverse in the water. It is not prudent to bathe near him. The cries of terrour that were uttered by the inhabitants of Luxor, at beholding a Frenchman commit the rash act, were sufficiently indicative of the idea which they entertained of the power and ferocity of the crocodile. It is no uncommon thing to meet, in the Thebaid, countrymen who are deprived of an arm or a leg; and if they are asked to what accident they owe their loss, they reply, *this misfortune happened to me from a crocodile.*

"They lay their eggs upon the earth, and hatch them there."

Aristotle says the same of the incubation of the female of the crocodile. The fishermen, however, assure me that the heat of the sun alone hatches the eggs of the crocodile. Should Herodotus be understood, in the expressions which he has used, as meaning the care which the mothers bestow upon their eggs when they are upon the point of being hatched? I asked how long a time elapsed between the laying of the eggs and the birth of the young crocodile. They always replied a month, without being able to specify the exact number of days.

Two enemies of the crocodile, the ichneumon and the *tupinambis**, are constantly employed in seeking for its eggs, of which they are very fond. These animals excited the gratitude of the ancient Egyptians, by attacking thus, in its very source, the reproduction of an animal so fatal to Egypt.

The *tupinambis*, which swims very well, carries on, besides, a constant war with the young crocodiles, and continues the pursuit of them till they take shelter amongst larger individuals of their species.

The Egyptians imagine that the tupinambis is the crocodile in its first state; and, though they have often had opportunities of correcting themselves in this errour, yet they persevere in it; for that which approaches to the marvellous, will never want enthusiasts to relate it, nor the credulous to believe it.

"Of all known animals, there is not one which becomes so great after having been

* *Ouaran el bar* of the Arabs: *Lacerta Nilotica* of Hasselquist.

so little. The eggs are not much larger than those of a goose, and the animals that issue from them are in proportion to the eggs: but they gradually grow and reach to seventeen cubits, and even more."

Elian relates that there was to be seen one of twenty five cubits under Psammeticus, and another of twenty six under Amasis; and the learned have determined that this measure was nearly equal to thirty five or thirty seven feet. Prosper Alpinus, Hasselquist, and Norden, speak of crocodiles that were thirty feet in length. M. Lacipierre, an officer of health, and a member of the French commission in Egypt, was in possession of teeth which had belonged to a crocodile of equal dimensions. Now, we know that a crocodile, when it issues from the egg, is nine inches long. It is capable, therefore, of acquiring more than forty times its original length. What Herodotus says of the size of the egg, is also perfectly correct.

"It has the eyes of a hog, the teeth are projecting, and of a size in proportion to that of the body."

Pere Fenillée [Observ. tom. 3, p. 373] says of the crocodile of St. Domingo, that it has the eyes of a hog; which, doubtless, implies that the crocodile has a small prominent eye, the upper part of which is covered and almost hidden. Its under eye-lid moves in an upward direction. As, according to the relation of Swammerdam, the pupil of the eye is capable of contraction, like that of the cat, and of becoming perpendicularly long, some learned individuals, and especially M. Camus, who saw a living crocodile at Paris in 1772, have found that its eyes have more resemblance to those of a cat than of a pig. I shall simply observe, that this is a quality which it possesses in common with many nocturnal animals, as also being furnished with a *membrana nictitans*.

With regard to its teeth, every one is acquainted with them; and besides, M. Lacepede, in his interesting article of the *Crocodile*, may be consulted.

"It is the only animal which has no tongue."

Yes, doubtless, which has no apparent tongue. Such is the opinion that would be formed from an inspection of the living animal, and which has been given by Aristotle in two parts of his works, by Seba, Hasselquist, and all travellers. But, notwithstanding, the tongue has been discovered by Olaüs Wormius, Girard, Borrich, and Blasius. The early anatomists of the academy of sciences have also described it; and they suspected the accuracy of Herodotus in consequence; but surely he may be forgiven that he did not know what after ages have discovered only by means of anatomical research.

"It does not move the under jaw, and it is the only animal, also, which moves the upper jaw towards the under one."

Much has been written for and against this position; but I am astonished that it should have been so long questioned. The crocodile is, in fact, the only known animal, whose upper jaw (between the parts of which the skull is to be found) moves towards the inferiour one, *which has scarcely any motion at all*. Herodotus, however, could not establish this distinction. *He* had, under his eyes, living crocodiles, and he was fully justified in speaking, as he has spoken, of the motion of their jaws.

"The claws of the crocodile are very strong, and the skin on the back is so covered with scales, as to be impenetrable."

It is impossible, in fact, to penetrate the armour of the crocodile, without using iron weapons: leaden bullets flatten on his sides, but do not enter, unless they happen to strike him near the ears.

"It cannot see when in the water; but when above the surface its sight is very exact."

The first proposition can only mean that he sees less perfectly under water; but the second is strictly true. *Procopius* has verified this fact. He often endeavoured to approach near enough to crocodiles to shoot at them, but the moment he was per-

ceived they fled and disappeared. I have repeated the same observations at the isle of Thebes and at that of Hermuntis.

The moment the crocodiles perceived me, I saw them slowly turn themselves and make towards the river. At first, they proceeded with caution, and with a measured pace; but, arrived within a certain distance, they leaped, all at once, into the water. I approached the beach which they had quitted, and from the impression of their feet on the sand, the largest among them had leaped at least eight feet.

I am also informed that crocodiles hear at a great distance. My conductors, who were not ignorant of this, recommended me to preserve the strictest silence, as the only means of approaching near to them.

"As it lives in the water, it has its throat filled with leeches. All animals, every beast, avoids it; it lives in amity with nothing but the trochilus, from whom it receives most important services. It keeps its mouth open, the trochilus enters and eats up all the leeches. The crocodile feels so much pleasure in being thus relieved, that he never commits any outrage upon his deliverer."

This passage is one which has exercised the ingenuity of commentators more than any other. Some have denied the fact altogether; but it is certain, that they are wrong in thus impeaching the veracity of this historian. I took every pains possible to ascertain the fact that there is a small bird, which, flying constantly from beach to beach, and continually occupied in seeking for its food, enters sometimes into the throat of the crocodile when it is asleep, and eats the insects that are there sucking its blood, and not leeches, in the strict acceptation of the word, such as M. Larcher uses it in his translation. There are no leeches in the Nile; but there is a vast number of gnats engendered on its surface, which are a great torment to the crocodile, by inserting their proboscis into the orifices of the glands, which are very numerous in its tongue and palate.

It has not yet been discovered what is the bird which performs this good office for the crocodile, except by ridiculous stories, which have been invented by way of explanation.

Blanchard, among others, in the *Memoirs de l'Academie des Inscriptions*, attributes to it (doubtless from a false interpretation of an expression of Scaliger's) thorns on the back and at the end of the wings; and he describes it as a busy servant who endeavours to put the crocodile to sleep by a gentle tickling. Can it have been thought that the invention of this fable would increase the veracity of Herodotus?

Marmol, who knows as little upon this subject as Blanchard, says that it is a white bird, of the size of a thrush.

The greater part of translators have made it a wren, by giving a meaning, too absolute, to a passage in Pliny respecting the *trochilus*; but this errour has been removed by M. Larcher, who justly observes that the wren is a wood bird, which dwells in dry places and hedges.

Aldrovandus, who lived before all the modern *literati*, has approached the nearest to truth, when he conjectures, from several passages of Aristotle and Atheneus that the *trochilus* is the *coureur*, an aquatick bird, very quick in running, having long legs and a straight and slender beak.

Salerno endeavours to support this opinion by new proofs.

Lastly, the *trochilus* has been discovered in modern times. Father Sicard, one of the missionaries sent to the Levant, notices it under its Arabian name of *Sag-sag*. It is to be lamented that he did not indicate to what species this individual belongs.

There is no bird so frequent on the shores of the river as the trochilus. Hasselquist has described it under the name of *charadrius ægyptius*. It is a distinct species, though very similar to the small plover of Europe. Aristotle and Atheneus are both perfectly right in saying that it runs very quick, and that it goes, in calm

weather, to seek its food in the water.

"All beasts and animals fly from the crocodile."

The common heron, on the contrary, seems to be fond of it: at least, he seeks the neighbourhood of the crocodile; but he takes care to have the river between him and his friend, doubtless, from motives of safety.—Wherever herons are seen, there can be no doubt of crocodiles being found on the other bank. I recollect that the presence of these birds directed us, on the 21st October, 1799, to a troop of fifteen crocodiles, which were reposing quietly upon land, and whom we threw into confusion by a cannon ball which our vessel fired upon them: the herons were not alarmed, but continued to watch. They keep thus very near the crocodiles to avail themselves of the terrour which they create in the river, and to be ready to seize the fish which their presence causes to fly in every direction.

The pelican has the same instinct: but he does not confine himself to this sole fishing, nor does he persist with the same perseverance as the heron.

"When the crocodile reposes upon land, he has the habit, almost always, of turning towards the side whence the wind blows, and of keeping his mouth open."

This is a fact which I have frequently verified, both at the isle of Thebes and Hermuntes. I have been able to observe, very distinctly, upon the moist sand, the traces of two troops of crocodiles which my approach had driven away; almost all of them had their throats directed towards the northwest. Some of them had been lying on their sides, and the impression of their half opened jaws was very visible on the sand.

My guides availed themselves of these circumstances to make me observe the difference between the males and females. I thought, indeed, that I could observe that the impressions which they attributed to the males, had a head much stronger, but shorter than the others. On this occasion they boasted much of the superiority of the males over the females; adding, that the males knew very well how to make themselves obeyed, by biting the females, or striking them severely with their tails.

"Some of the Egyptians consider the crocodiles as sacred animals. The inhabitants of Thebes, for example, have a great veneration for them. The sacred crocodile is nourished with the flesh of victims, and with other prescribed food. As long as it lives, it is taken the greatest care of; when it dies, they embalm it, and deposit it in a sacred chest."

Many mummies of crocodiles were found in the catacombs where the people of the city of Thebes were buried. I myself found two: M. Pugnet, one of the most able of the medical men belonging to the army of the east, found also, a very fine one: and, lastly, the grottos of *Heletia* were filled with the bones of large crocodiles that had been embalmed. I have also brought, from the same places and from the burial grounds of Memphis, the figures of crocodiles modelled in porcelain, and in baked earth.

"The inhabitants of the environs of Thebes, select a crocodile, which they rear and instruct with such care, that it will suffer itself to be touched by the hand. They adorn it with ear-rings, made of gold or stone."

There is not a single circumstance, even down to so minute a one as this, which I have not had an opportunity of verifying. Having had occasion for the head of one of my crocodile mummies, I drew it forth from its bandages, and I had the satisfaction of perceiving, from the apertures in its ears, that they had been perforated to hang ear-rings in them.

I have thus commented upon every paragraph of Herodotus respecting the crocodile, and I have done it without prejudice. I may be suspected of admiring this great man, and I am willing to confess that I do.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

An Account of the Colony of Cayenne, in South America; with Anecdotes of the celebrated Victor Hugues—from the French of Piton.

GUIANA, or *Grand Terre*, is a part of America, properly so called, comprehending about ten degrees of latitude; bounded, on the east, by the north Atlantick ocean; on the west, by the mountains of the *Cordeliers*; on the north, by the river Oronoco; and on the south, by the river of the Amazons, or the Line.

French Guiana, is divided into districts, which take their names from the principal rivers or capes. The *Maroni* and *Oyapoe* are the only rivers which have their source in the great chain of mountains, which, in this part of the world, separate the waters which flow towards the ocean, from those which fall into the Amazon. The rivers *Mana*, *Synnamari*, *Oyac*, and *Appronague*, spring from the mountains of the second class; the others, less considerable, from the mountains of the inferiour order. All have several branches, more or less rapid, increased by a great number of smaller streams.

The chief place of the colony of Cayenne, is generally known by the name of the *Island of Cayenne*; but no just idea can be formed of this island, if it is represented as being separated at a distance from the continent, and surrounded by a sea, navigable for vessels of all descriptions. On the contrary, when the navigator first makes this land, it appears to him as forming a part of *Terra Firma*. Possibly it might have been so formerly. At present it is only separated from it by a river, or strait, which rises and falls with every tide, and which can be only navigated by boats, or vessels of very little burthen.

The greatest breadth of the island of Cayenne, measured on a line running from east to west, is four leagues, or twelve English miles; its greatest length from north to south is sixteen miles and a half; and its circumference, taking in all its windings, is about fifty miles. That part of the circumference bordered by the ocean, and which is to the north east, may, perhaps, be about eleven or twelve miles.

The town of Cayenne, situated at the north-west extremity of the island, at the mouth of the river of the same name, is fortified, and might be capable of being advantageously defended by a small mountain which is close to it. Its latitude is 4 degrees 56 minutes, and longitude 54 degrees 35 minutes, from the meridian of Paris, according to the observations of M. de la Condamine, in 1744.

The days and nights are equal throughout the year, with the exception of about half an hour, which we lose from September to March, but gain in the six other months. Day appears at half-past five; and at six the sun darts from the bosom of the ocean, surrounded with clouds of brilliant purple. We have two summers, two equinoxes, two winters, and two solstices. The heat is tempered by abundant rains, which fall during the winter solstice, from the middle of December to March, and return again from May to the end of July, when the summer commences, and continues to December. The sun is twice vertical here, the 20th of April, and the 20th of August. It is but little felt the first time, owing to the rains, by which the earth is so moistened and cooled. Its return, however, gives about six weeks of fine weather, which dries up the ground a little; but the fickleness of these climates often deceives the planters, who would be able to reap two abundant crops, if the summers and winters were regular. Europeans will smile at hearing of summer and winter in the torrid zone. The summer is a

scorching sun, which, for several months, is only refreshed by a sort of breeze, which blows constantly from the east, or north-east, during the day. This wind comes from the sea, and gets the better of the land-breeze. This latter is only felt on the coast at certain hours, almost always morning and evening, just at sunrise and at sunset.

The winter is one continued fall of rain, so heavy and abundant, as often to inundate whole plantations, and cover them entirely with a sheet of water. The rain sometimes falls for fifteen days successively, without the slightest intermission. It was this which made the Abbe Raynal say, that the shore, where the colony of 1763, had disembarked, was a land *under water*. The winter is sometimes, however, dry and warm; then the plants and the trees wither; the north wind, with its dry, cold, nitrous breath, burns and parches up the flowers, fruits, and tender buds: such is the north wind of warm climates, more destructive than a scorching sun in a dry summer in Europe.

The *old town* of Cayenne has a very miserable appearance; the houses are nothing more than wretched cabins, with sashes without glass; a heap of buildings, erected, or rather huddled together, without art or taste; sloping streets, dirty and narrow; and paved, one would suppose, from the pain we felt in walking through them, with the points of bayonets. In place of carriages and phaetons, old sorry looking jades, more lean and wretched than the animals which drag our hackney coaches, seven or eight fastened to a vehicle meant for a cart, drag slowly along some barrels of salt beef or fish. In the old town, houses of two stories high are palaces; and stores, which are let out for eight or ten thousand francs per annum (from 350 to 450 pounds British) as magazines for the different productions of the colonies, or of Europe.

The new town is more regular, more lively, although built in the same style, on a *Savanna*, or marshy meadow, drained about fifteen or twenty years ago; the whole, taken together, is less considerable than a large village in France. The houses appear empty, or, for the most part, occupied by people of colour, who have nothing, do nothing, trouble themselves about nothing, and who live more at their ease than our respectable tradesmen in France, whom the sun never shines upon in bed, and who labour hard all day. Here every one sells, exchanges, buys, and resells the same thing again; every thing is almost at the price of its own weight in gold, and every one procures it without scarcely knowing how. This paradox is very easily understood, when we come to know the colonies. Those who inhabit them, spend with profusion the money they acquire without trouble; their indolence is so great, that sooner than incommode themselves, they will pay a servant to pluck the fruits which are under their hands, and another to carry them to their mouths. Those who arrive from Europe pay for all; and when vessels are delayed, and do not arrive at the usual time, the famine becomes general without alarming any person.

Population.—There are as many different races of men here, as there are distinctions under a monarchy. The *whites*, or planters, who differ from the Europeans by their light hair, their *pale* and sometimes *lead-like* countenances; the *negroes*, by the shades more or less grounded in their skins, of bronze, of ebony, or a reddish copper, approaching to a sort of brownish red. The mixture of all these colours gives a race of people not unlike the jacket of harlequin. An Indian and a white woman will have a child, whose skin is of a reddish white. A negro and an Indian woman, one of a copper hue, tinged with brown. A white man and a negress, a mulatto. A *mulatto* and a

white woman, a *mestee*. A *mestee* and a white, a *quadroon*. Each species has its various shades of singularity, and often partakes of the influence of their country. The Indian has all the cunning, the jealousy, and the ferocity, of the wandering tribes of the three Arabias. The negroes, the idle, crafty, malicious, yet shall low and confined ideas of the savages of Africa. The others spring from the mixture of the different races, with the vices of the climate, and the stupidity of their ancestors; indeed, it is a matter of doubt, whether it were not to be wished, that there were more blacks than those *half-whites* in our colonies.

That part of *Cayenne* which is on the continent is but partially cultivated. The principal plantations are there; but they are situated at a great distance from each other. The post of *Synnamari* owes its name to a fountain about two leagues to the southeast, near the river, remarkable for the salubrity of its waters. There formerly was a hospital there; but it does not now exist. *Synnamari* is at the northwest extremity of a large *Savanna* of 15 or 16 miles long, and eight or ten wide. It consists of 15 or 16 huts, the melancholy remains of the colony of 1763. *Konamana*, the place allotted for the banished deputies and others, is six leagues further on. Some merchants of *Rouen* landed there in 1626. The shore, from which the sea has retired full two leagues and a half, was then under water almost to the mountains. The Konamana appeared to them a proper situation to found a colony, Cayenne and its environs being then peopled only by savages. They settled upon the summit of the rocks, in order to carry on a war against the Indians. At the end of three weeks, three-fourths of them were carried off by pestilential fevers, and the remainder got on board their vessels, and set sail for France.

The chief productions of Cayenne are sugar, coffee, cotton, indigo, roucou.—The sugar-cane originally came from Asia, whence it was carried to Europe, and the island of Madeira. This latter place furnished a part of what the Europeans brought into America. There are two sorts; the one yellow, the other violet. The last sort was cultivated here by the Indians, before we discovered the New World. North America produces a tree not unlike our maple, from which sugar is obtained by making incisions in it. The process of curing it is much less expensive than that from the cane; it is tapped twice a year, and yields a white agreeable sugar, but less solid than that from the cane.

The cotton tree is a shrub, which the planters are obliged to keep in a dwarfish state, in order to render it more productive. It is not certain, whether it is a natural plant of the country. It is not to be met with in the woods of Guiana; and yet before our discovery, the Indians cultivated it to make hammocks and other articles. The leaf is broad, octagonal, smooth, and soft, on the inside, and a little woolly on the out. The flower is of a beautiful yellow, shaped like a bell, and not unlike that of our gourd or pumpkin. When the flower falls off, a large pod, something in the shape of an egg, appears, which contains the cotton and the seed. When this egg is fully grown, the heat opens it, and it shows four or five small black grains about the size of our vetches; from this grain is made an oil. The cattle are very fond of them, and will often destroy the fences to get at them. The cotton tree bears in a year. It gives two crops annually; but that of the month of March, which is but trifling, is frequently destroyed by the caterpillars, which always spring up after the first rains. The cotton of Cayenne is more esteemed in trade than that of other colonies, as much from its superiour quality, as from the care they bestow upon its culture.

The origin of the discovery of cof-

fee, and the transportation of it from Arabia into Europe and America, is thus related.—It is said, that a flock of sheep having discovered a wood of coffee trees, loaded with the berries full ripe, began to browse upon them, and that very evening the shepherd was surprised to see his flocks returning home to the fold, frisking and leaping. He followed them; tasted the berries; found himself more lightsome and cheerful; and was surprised to find the same flavour in the kernel as in the pulp of the fruit. He dried and roasted some of them; smelt the perfume, and related his discovery to a *Morlack*, or priest, who took it to prevent his falling asleep during his long meditations. The use of coffee soon passed from Asia to Africa, Europe, and to both the worlds. The Dutch succeeded in raising the plants in Europe in hot houses; and having shared them with France, these sorts of magazines furnished the first seeds which were sent to America. The Island of Martinique got hers from the Botanical Garden at Paris; but if we are to believe a tradition pretty generally known, those of Cayenne were brought from Surinam. It is said, that some soldiers of the garrison having deserted, and gone over to the Dutch colony, soon repented of their fault, and wishing to return to their colours, they brought to the government of Cayenne some grains of coffee, which then began to be cultivated in the colony of Surinam; that they obtained their pardon in consequence of the service they thereby rendered to Cayenne, and the great advantages she would derive from its culture. It is also said, that this happened so late as the years 1715 or 1716, when Mons. de la Motte Aigron was commander in chief.

The coffee of Cayenne is of an excellent quality. It thrives in all lands which are in an elevated situation. It very soon degenerates in a poor soil, and never arrives at perfection but in that which is good. As there is but little of the latter in the colony, there are but few coffee plantations of any extent. The trees being planted, and attended to, with all the care which this sort of culture requires, thrive as well as those of the Dutch at Surinam and Demera; but the quality of the coffee is inferiour.

Towards the summit of the mountains, the cocoa tree extends its scattered branches; and, under its large leaves, conceals its brown fruit, surrounded with a soft, pulpy sap, enclosed in a spherical, streaked kind of cap. There is reason to believe the cocoa is a native of Guiana; at least, it is certain, that a forest of it, of considerable extent, is known here. It is situated beyond the sources of the *Oyapok*, on the borders of a branch of the *Yari*, which runs into the river of the Amazons. It is generally believed, that the species of cocoa cultivated in the colony originally came from this forest, because the natural inhabitants of the country, settled on the banks of the *Oyapok*, made several journeys to this part, either for the sake of visiting other nations, or when they sent expressly, to bring the seeds of cocoa, when the price of this article could easily support the expenses of these journeys, which were never much to these people.

Indigo thrives very well in some parts of the colony, more especially on the borders of the river *Aprouague*, where the soil is dry and rich. These is a sort of *wild indigo*, which naturalists call *Anil*, which grows without cultivation, at a little distance from the sea. It is celebrated for its medicinal qualities, and is much used in all complaints of a bilious nature.

The *Roucou* yields four harvests in the year. It fears neither caterpillars nor worms, which make such havock amongst the canes and cotton. Nothing but the heaviest rains ever injures it, or makes it shed. The tree which produces the *roucou* is always loaded with fruit and flowers. Its leaf

resembles our winter pear tree; its flower, our hedge rose; its fruit, contained in a prickly husk, like our horse chesnut, is separated into two divisions of small seeds. A *roucou* tree in full bearing, is a beautiful sight; but the gathering it, like the indigo, is unhealthy. The roucou is only cultivated in Guiana, by the Indians, who stain their bodies with the red colour they extract from it. The berries of the roucou are made into a paste, which is much used in colouring different stuffs.—The *vanilla* likewise thrives here. It is a native of the country. It is tall and luxuriant, like the vine. The fruit resembles the banana. The Indians alone cultivate it, and make it an article of commerce with the colonists.

All the tropical fruits and plants are found in Guiana in abundance. The *bread fruit* and the *mango*, from the East Indies, were introduced some years ago, and have succeeded well.

The rivers abound with various kinds of fish; but they are also infested with swarms of alligators or crocodiles, as large as those of the Nile. They are so voracious, that they scruple not to attack boats, and often drag away the fisherman and his lines. Some of them are full thirty feet in length, and, as the interiour of the country is but little known, it is probable there are much larger ones.

The forests abound with animals and wild beasts of every description. Tigers are very numerous, and often take off cattle from the plantations. Man has many enemies on this great continent; and amongst them serpents of an enormous size. Were I to relate what many people of the colony have told as facts, relative to these reptiles, few would believe me.

In the year 1773, the court of France determined to establish a spice garden at Cayenne, and caused a number of various plants to be brought there from India. Two other expeditions followed in 1784 and in 1788, both from the Mauritius.—The clove and cinnamon succeeded very well; the other plants perished on the passage. For a considerable length of time, the cultivation of these trees was prohibited to the colonists, which of course prevented their increase. This system having been abandoned, the court sent several plants to St. Domingo and Martinique, in 1787, and 1788. At present, the government of Cayenne is occupied in increasing the spice gardens through the colony. In the latter end of 1798, it distributed a great quantity of seed, and several plants of cloves and cinnamon to all the planters who asked for them; and the gardens of the town offer to the view alleys of the *mango* growing beside the clove tree.

The strait which separates the island of Cayenne from the main, is about a mile and a half wide. There are but few villages on the main. Of these the chief are *Synnamari* and *Konamana*. The latter place was fixed upon for the residence of the unfortunate deputies, priests, and others, who were transported under the sanguinary decrees of the revolutionary tyrants. It is a wretched village, consisting of a few huts, or *Indian karbets*, in a remote desert situation, surrounded with almost impenetrable forests, and distant about 90 miles from Cayenne. From this place the celebrated senator Barthelemi, ex-director; generals Pichegru, Willot, Ramel, and five others, made their escape, through the woods, to Surinam, in 1799, from whence they got to Barbadoes, where they were furnished with a passage to Europe by the British government. The celebrated *Collot d'Herbois*, well known in the bloody annals of the revolution for his cruelties and murders, died here. When he was taken ill, the surgeon, who was appointed to attend the exiles, asked what was his complaint—"*I have a fever, and a burning perspiration.*"—'*I believe it well—You perspire with guilt and crimes.*"

Collot turned from him, and burst into tears. He called on God and the holy virgin to come to his assistance. A soldier, to whom, at his first arrival, he had preached his doctrine of atheism and infidelity, approached and asked him, why he invoked that God and that virgin, whom, but a few months before he had turned into ridicule? "Ah! my friend, my tongue belied my heart." And then added: "My God, my God, dare I still hope for pardon? Oh! send me some consolation; send me some one who will turn aside my eyes from the fire which consumes me. Oh God! my God! grant me some peace and comfort."

The approach of his last moments was dreadful and horrible in the extreme. While a priest was sent for, he expired in dreadful agony, vomiting blood, and every limb distorted. "*Discite Justitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos.*"—The day of his interment was a holyday. The negroes who were to bury him, anxious to get to their dances, scarcely put him in the earth. His body became food for hogs, and birds of prey.

Such was the end of a man who possessed many excellent qualities—weak, but irascible to excess; generous without bounds; little regarding fortune; a stanch friend, but a most implacable enemy. The revolution was his ruin. He meant to expiate his crimes in some sort, in the history of his life, which he began; but his notes could not be found after his death.

The garrison of Cayenne consists, generally, of about five hundred regular troops, which, with the militia, who form a force of about fifteen hundred men, are under the command of the governour or commissioner, who has the chief military, as well as civil command. The present commissioner is the celebrated general Victor Hugues, who commanded at Guadaloupe during the revolution, and who is well known in the new world. A sketch of his life may not be unentertaining.

Victor Hugues, born at Marseilles, in France, is about the middle age and size, rather inclining to be lusty. His whole appearance is so expressive, that his most intimate and best friends dare not accost him without fear. His heavy, ordinary countenance expresses the feelings of his soul. His round head is covered with short, thick, black hair, which stands in all directions, like the serpents of Eumenides. In passion, which is his habitual fever, his large, thick lips, the seat of ill humour, make you not wish that he should open them to speak. His forehead, covered with wrinkles, raises or lowers his heavy eyebrows upon his large, hollow, black eyes.—His character is an incomprehensible mixture of good and evil. He is brave, but a liar to excess; cruel, yet feeling; politick, inconsistent, and indiscreet; rash, but pusillanimous; despotick and cringing; ambitious and crafty, sometimes loyal; his heart brings no one affection to maturity; he carries every thing to an excess; although objects strike upon his soul like lightning, yet they leave a strong, marked, terrible impression. He recognises merit, even at the very moment when he oppresses it; he destroys a feeble enemy; he respects, nay, fears, a courageous adversary, even though he triumphs over him. Vengeance has made him many enemies. He easily foresees, and provides for, emergencies; ambition, avarice, the thirst of power, tarnish his virtues, influence all his thoughts, and identify themselves with his very existence. He loves nothing, wishes for nothing, toils for nothing, but gold; he sets so high a value on this metal, though he already has abundance, that he would wish the very air he breathes, the nourishment he takes, and the friends who visit him, were all composed of gold. The small portions he has scattered at Cayenne, are like the

acts of generosity of the Parnai, or of Mithridates, scattering gold upon the plains of Cisica, to dazzle and retard the conqueror. These great and varying passions are sustained by an indefatigable ardour; a never-ceasing activity; by enlightened views; and means always certain, whatsoever they may be. Neither guilt nor virtue hinders him from employing both one and the other to serve his purpose, though he well knows the difference between them. Ever fearful of delay, he always lays hold of the first favourable means which offer. He appears to honour atheism, which, however, he only professes outwardly.

He has a strong, sound, judgment; a most retentive memory; he is a good practical seaman; a severe administrator; an equitable and enlightened judge, when he only listens to his conscience and his understanding; an excellent man in any crisis of danger and of difficulty, when no great management is required. Although the inhabitants of Guadaloupe and Rochefontain reproach him with abuses of power, and revolutionary excesses, which decency and humanity shudder at, yet the English (and I have been a witness to it) give the highest credit to his tacticks and his bravery.

From a cabinboy Hugues became a pilot, and afterwards a baker at St. Domingo. At the first insurrection of that colony he went over to France, and was elected a member of the popular society, and of the revolutionary tribunal, at Rochefort; got himself to be appointed agent to Guadaloupe; retook that Island from the English, and, in all the Antilles, acquired the esteem of the English, and the execration of the colonists. The stormy and unsettled times, in the midst of which he lived, has completely revolutionized his spirit, and a life of peace and tranquillity is to him a sort of anticipated death.

His very name was dreaded through the colony; his arrival was looked upon as the coming of a wild beast; the sound of joy gave place to those of terrour and dismay. He was so well convinced of the odium which attended him, that when he was appointed to the command of Cayenne, he got a letter of recommendation from *Jeannett*, who succeeded him at Guadaloupe, of which, on his arrival, he caused copies to be circulated in every district. The following is a copy of it:—

"Worthy inhabitants of Cayenne, lay aside your fears. I know that citizen Hugues appears terrible in your eyes; he will restore happiness to your colony; he asks no more of fortune. He will cause you, by his clemency, to forget the miseries which Guadaloupe experienced under his government. It will be his chief ambition to deserve your confidence and esteem."

Most people took this letter for a piece of sarcastick irony, and very few indeed, gave faith to it.

His policy began to manifest itself on his arrival. He permitted the banished deputies to visit the Island of Cayenne, with proper passports—which was never done by former agents. He even visited their hospitals. The government, he said, had ordered him to treat them with attention. He praised those inhabitants who had done acts of kindness to them. He wished, he said, to restore peace and order. He made no change in the system of police, as left by *Burnel;* because the consular government had only appointed him provisionally. He paid off the debts of the colony, and corrected the errours of his predecessor. He gave balls and splendid entertainments. The troops which had disembarked along with him were a mixture of deserters from all nations—men ready to undertake any thing, if the thermometer of politicks should again descend to anarchy. Whenever prizes were brought in, he had their produce shared most equitably. He put the black soldiers on the same footing as the white; new modelled their dis

cipline, and brought them to perfection. Yet, notwithstanding all this, for the first six months he could gain no friends. He had even the precaution to get himself praised in some of the Paris journals, that the colonists might see how he was respected in France.

It would appear difficult to reconcile such rigorous measures as he adopted, with the good he has done the colony; and still less, with the praises which certain journals bestow upon him. He revived trade and commerce, by making himself a merchant. He opened, in his own name, a mercantile concern, in which he sometimes figured as a merchant, and sometimes as an agent, to set what value he thought proper on the different articles.

In the course of his long residence at Guadaloupe, he has amassed a considerable fortune. Some say he is not worth less than eighty, or a hundred thousand pounds sterling, most part of which, it is said, he has well secured in America; dreading, perhaps, were he to place it in France, some pretext would soon be found to make him disgorge some of his ill-gotten wealth.

Yet, in spite of his activity, he has experienced several losses. Famine has visited the colony no less than three times during his agency. He was never disconcerted. He caused the police to be observed with the utmost severity, and kept the negroes in subjection, more by the terrour of his name, than by his proclamations.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH MAGAZINE FOR THE YEAR 1800.

SIR,

AS the present destructive war on the continent holds out no inducement to visit regions annually manured with human blood, I occasionally amuse myself with turning over a few foreign publications imported into this country.

That your readers, however, may not be disappointed, I think it necessary to inform them, that my taste for reading is confined chiefly to natural history, and the useful, domestick arts; insomuch that I have, for a long time, held politicks, metaphysicks, and all speculative branches of knowledge, in utter detestation.

Among the works I lately received by way of Hamburgh, I met with a very extraordinary French pamphlet, on the *ingenuity of spiders;* and I much doubt, whether any of your fair or unfair readers might conjecture, how this frightful little animal has, *in an essential manner, contributed to the conquest of Holland, by the French!* A proposition so extraordinary requires a satisfactory explanation.

It is well known that several animals, such as frogs, cats, cocks, &c. are influenced by the electricity of the atmosphere, and that they are undoubtedly sensible of the approaching changes of the weather. The spider, that gloomy companion of the afflicted and wretched in cells, is peculiarly susceptible of impressions originating from the different states of the air; and according to an account* given us by M. D'Isjonval, that insect is, perhaps, the most curious and entertaining in animated nature.

In the commotions which took place in Holland, when the stadtholder was reinstated by the Prussian

* Sur la découverte du rapport constant, entre l'apparition ou la disparition, le travail ou le non-travail le plus ou le moins d'étendue des toiles, ou des fils d'attache des arraignées des différentes espèces; et les variations atmosphériques du beau-tems á la pluie, du sec á l'humide, mais principalement du chaud au froid, et de la gelée á glace au véritable dégel; par le Citoyen Quatremere D'Isjonval, á la Haye, 1795, chez van Cleef.

arms, M. D'Isjonval was arrested and imprisoned at Utrecht, where he spent upwards of seven years, deprived of his liberty. To amuse himself during this long confinement, he courted the acquaintance of spiders, studied their temperament and constitution, and, after a long series of accurate observations, he made the important discovery, that they were the most weather wise of all creatures. Their *presentiment* of approaching changes is incomparably more refined and certain, than the variations indicated by the best barometers, thermometers, and hygrometers. A weather glass points out only the probable state of the weather for the next day; but with respect to a permanent or long continued state of the atmosphere, this instrument cannot be relied upon. Spiders, however, have not only an obvious sensation of the approaching changes of the weather, similar to that manifested by a barometer, but they also indicate, with the greatest exactness, the more distant changes for a considerable length of time; nay, they foretell with precision, for a period of ten days or a fortnight, those states of the atmosphere which are of a settled nature.

M. D'Isjonval was so great a friend and admirer of spiders, that in his room, towards the end of autumn, he once counted not less than 4000 cobwebs. He informs us in the work before quoted, that most spiders, indeed, conceal themselves during winter; but a few still remain active and cheerful, even in that severe season, and continue their usual labours. These brumal spiders presage an intense degree of cold or frost, frequently no less than ten or fifteen days previous to such a change, even though they should make their appearance in very mild weather, which might still continue for several days. Thus the captive general was enabled to predict the uncommonly severe frost, which decided the fate of Holland; for though appearances did not at first answer his expectations, the predictions were strictly verified by the event.

On Wednesday, the 16th of January, 1795, the wind changed to the northward. On Thursday it began to freeze, and the frost increased to such a degree, that the French were enabled to enter Utrecht, and to release their imprisoned countryman. But on the 20th of January, an unexpected thaw threatened to frustrate the design of the invaders, who had advanced with all their heavy artillery, accompanied by an army of one hundred thousand men, to pass the icy bridges which nature had apparently constructed for facilitating their hostile operations. In this critical situation, M. D'Isjonval, however, remained firmly and confidently attached to the prognosticks afforded him by the social spider.—He, without hesitation, seized one of his meteorological assistants, confined him in a glass vessel, and delivered him over to general Van Damme, then commanding officer at Utrecht, with a request to send this creature as a hostage to general Pichegru, who had his head quarters at the Hague. And lo! the long legged messenger did not disappoint the expectations formed of his prophetick talents. The frost recommenced the next day with greater intensity than had been experienced in Holland for ages, and that ill fated country became an easy prey to the revolutionizing republicans.

The discoverer of this extraordinary faculty in spiders further remarks, that from their appearance in autumn, he has deduced rules for ascertaining the probable degree of vegetation in meadows or pasture lands, during the following summer. In consequence of such conjectures, he informs us, that he would venture upon a mercantile speculation, to purchase large quantities of butter in the winter; as he was convinced the demand for this article would be great, and its price be considerably advanced. We do not, however, learn

from his pamphlet, whether the event has justified his expectations.

Nor does the ingenious ex-general determine, with any degree of precision, to which species of the spider he was particularly indebted for this important information. He says, indeed, that those spiders which spin their webs in a perpendicular direction, serve as the most accurate barometers; but he does not point them out by the names of the different species. It is, however, probable he alludes to the *aranea redimita*; yet those winter spiders which, according to his account, appear singly in that season, seem to belong to another genus, and this again consists of several species.

The manner in which these untutored little artists carry on their operations, conformable to the impending changes of the atmosphere, is shortly this: If the weather is likely to become rainy, windy, or in other respects disagreeable, they fix the terminating filaments, on which the whole web is suspended, unusually short; and in this state they await the influence of a temperature which is remarkably variable. On the contrary, if the terminating filaments are made uncommonly long, we may, in proportion to their length, conclude, that the weather will be serene, and continue so at least for ten or twelve days. But if the spiders be totally indolent, rain generally succeeds; though, on the other hand, their activity during rain is the most certain proof, that it will be only of short duration, and attended with fair and very constant weather. According to further observations, the spiders regularly make some alteration in their webs or nets, every twenty-four hours. If these changes take place between the hours of six and seven in the evening, they indicate a clear and pleasant night.

It were much to be wished, that, from a multitude of such experimental facts, a regular system could be formed; as it may not be very difficult to observe the labours of spiders, according to their different species. In this manner, an *atmospherical araneology* could be produced; a work which might not only be useful in regulating undertakings by land and sea, but which, likewise, would be of the greatest importance in mercantile speculations. M. D'Isjonval has, indeed, promised to furnish the publick with a *calendrier araneologique;* but I have not been able to learn, whether he really has fulfilled, or yet intends to fulfil, his promise.

I remain, with many good wishes for the prosperity of your excellent magazine, sir, your devoted servant,

CINCINNATUS.

FROM THE BRITISH MAGAZINE.

ACCOUNT OF SOCIVIZCA, A FAMOUS ROBBER.

TO make the life of a robber productive of publick utility, it would be necessary, that being interrogated by a philosopher, he should unveil, with the utmost candour, the tortuous windings of his soul. Then we might learn how, and by what degrees, crime became familiar to him; observe the struggles between vice and those principles of justice of which no human heart is ever entirely devested. Then we might lament the defeat of virtue, and tremble at the terrible dominion which vice exercises over those minds of which it is become absolute master. From such a display the reader might derive an increased love of goodness, justice, and integrity, and an augmented horrour of their opposite. He would be endowed with more circumspection, and especially in those circumstances which tend to seduce him into more dangerous consequences, and lead to a forgetfulness of the principles of honour.

If the life of Socivizca is devested in part of these useful requisites, it is not without interest, from the number and variety of adventures in which he engaged, and from the publication having been prohibited by the old French government.

Socivizca was born in 1725, at Simiovo, of parents who professed the Greek religion. His father occupied a farm, the proprietors of which were Turks, and treated him and his family with excessive rigour. Socivizca, being of a turbulent and ferocious disposition, was indignant at these circumstances, and frequently plotted with his brothers the means of revenge. The father, who was of a mild and pacifick turn, exhorted them to patience and resignation; advice ill suited to the impetuosity of Socivizca.

At length, chance brought the masters of the farm, who were three brothers, to lodge at the house of Socivizca's father, with a sum of eighteen thousand sequins in their possession. The young man, addressing himself to his brothers, convinced them that they could never find a safer opportunity of avenging and enriching themselves, and by his persuasion they murdered their three guests.

They did not, after committing this crime, betake themselves to flight; and although strict inquiries were made, and even some persons were executed, no suspicion, for a time, fell on the real delinquents. However, in about a year, doubts were entertained; partly from Socivizca's imprudence in displaying his real character, and partly from the quantity of money which the family were suddenly enabled to expend. They then thought it prudent to decamp, with the money they still retained. The father, who was very old, died by the way.

They stopped at Ymoschi in the territories of the republick of Venice, increased their wealth, built a house, and opened a shop, which they stored with excellent and expensive merchandise. This was in 1745, when Socivizca was twenty years old.

The tranquil life of a merchant did not suit his active disposition. He returned to Montenero, attended by ten persons, who resolved to share his fate, and in the course of the summer massacred forty Turks. His fury was entirely directed against that people, and it is even averred, that he never committed an offence against the subjects of Venice, or those of Austria.

After making a great number of expeditions, in which he was joined by one of his brothers, he returned to Ymoschi, where he resided in tranquillity for nine years, employed in the trade established by his family. Yet from time to time he made excursions to assassinate some Turks.

The brother who had accompanied him in his expeditions, being unable to settle in a quiet life, joined the most furious aiducos in the country. The aiducos were formerly a band of Morlachians, who associated to oppose the Turks on the frontiers, in order to hinder them from penetrating beyond their limits; but at present the term is used merely to denote robbers on the highway. This youth formed an intimate connexion with a Morlachian of the Greek religion, and chose him for his *probatime*. This association was an affair of great ceremony among the Morlachians. Those who resolved to become *probatimes*, went together to the altar, each holding a taper in his hand, and the priest pronounced some prayers over them. Thus united, the friends, or *probatimes*, bound themselves mutually to assist and serve each other. Socivizca's brother made an injudicious choice of a friend. The *probatime* gave him an asylum, made him drunk, and then delivered him into the hands of the pacha of Traunick, who put him to death with the most cruel tortures.

Socivizca having learned this event, immediately repaired to his brother's

friend to hear the particulars. He was received by the father, who related the story in such a manner as to make him believe that his son was entirely innocent. The *protobatime* next made his appearance, and after a great display of kindness, went out, under pretence of seeking the finest lamb in his flock to regale his friend; but his intention was to deliver him to the Turks who were at Duwno, twelve miles from his house.

As neither the *protobatime* nor the lamb were forthcoming, all the family retired to rest, and all seemed buried in slumber; but Socivizca did not sleep. He was tormented with extraordinary forebodings; and unable to endure his internal sensations, rose from his bed in search of a light; but could not find a spark of fire throughout the house.

Suspicion and rage now possessed his mind. He sought his arms, but could not find them. He called aloud, but no answer was returned. At length, he recollected that he had materials in his pocket to strike fire, and succeeded in lighting a lamp. He went to the bedside of the father, and demanded his arms. The old traitor, who expected his son's return with a body of Turks, sought to gain time by equivocating; but the impetuous Socivizca dashed out his brains with a small axe which he accidentally found. He then applied to an old female servant, who, dreading her master's fate, complied with Socivizca's demand.

As soon as his arms were restored to him, he quitted the house, but lurked at a small distance to watch the event, and ascertain the extent of the *protobatime's* treachery. Of this he soon obtained irrefragable proof, and retired breathing nothing but vengeance.

He assembled a few friends, and surrounding the traitor's habitation, set it on fire. Seventeen persons perished in the flames. An unfortunate woman attempting to make her escape was shot, together with the infant in her arms.

From this time the Turks pursued Socivizca with the utmost rancour, and he multiplied his murders and robberies.

Pursued on every side, and anxious to obtain a short repose, he retired with his family to a country in the Austrian dominions. He was for three years, together with his two brothers, his wife, his son and daughter, an inhabitant of Carlowitz, and during that period his conduct was irreproachable.

At length some person, whose name is not recorded, betrayed him into the hands of the same pacha who had so cruelly put to death one of his brothers; and his wife and children were soon afterwards seized in the same manner. They were all compelled to set out for Traunick; but during the journey, Socivizca contrived to make his escape, though he had still the mortification to leave his family prisoners.

When his own safety was ensured, he negotiated with the pacha for the liberty of his wife and children; but in vain. All other methods failing, he determined to write, and his letter is given as a curious specimen of social feeling, operating on a rugged mind and ardent disposition.

"I am informed, O pacha of Bosnia, that you complain of my escape; but I put it to yourself, what would you have done in my place? Would you have suffered yourself to be bound with cords like a miserable beast, and led without resistance by men, who, as soon as they arrived at a certain place, would in all probability, have put you to death? Nature impels us to avoid destruction, and I have only acted in obedience to her laws.

"Tell me, pacha, what crime have my wife and children committed, that, in spite of law and justice, you should retain them like slaves? Perhaps you hope to render me more

submissive; but you cannot surely expect that I shall return to you, and hold forth my arms to be loaded with fresh chains. No; you do but deceive yourself, and render me more terrible than before. Hear me then, pacha: you may exhaust on them all your fury, without producing the least advantage. On my part I declare, I will wreak my vengeance on all the Turks, your subjects, who may fall into my hands; and I will omit no means of injuring you.—For the love of God, restore to me, I beseech you, my blood. Obtain my pardon from my sovereign, and no longer retain in your memory my past offences. I promise that I will then leave your subjects in tranquillity, and even serve them as a guide when necessary.

"If you refuse me this favour, expect from me all that despair can prompt. I will assemble my friends, carry destruction wherever you reside, pillage your property, plunder your merchants; and from this moment, if you pay no attention to my entreaties, I swear that I will massacre every Turk that falls into my hands."

The pacha did not think proper to pay much attention to the letter of a highway robber, and Socivizca exerted himself in accomplishing the vow he had made. He desolated the country, giving proofs of a prodigious valour; insomuch that the people were obliged to entreat the pacha to deliver them from so great a scourge, by sending back his wife and children. The pacha, however, was inexorable, and Socivizca could only obtain the liberty of his family by a fortunate co-operation of force and stratagem.

It was not the satisfaction of regaining the society of persons so dear to him, that induced Socivizca to quit the life of a robber. That effect was produced by other causes.

His troop took prisoner a Turk who had favoured the escape of one of Socivizca's brothers. The brother, in opposition to the wish of the chief and the rest of the band, was anxious to return the favour. The captive was destined to die; but the grateful robber, while Socivizca was at prayers, a ceremony which he never omitted before meals, set him at liberty. All the aiducos were outrageous against the brother of Socivizca, and one of his nephews carried his resentment so far as to give him a blow. The indignant uncle drew a pistol, and killed him on the spot. Socivizca expelled his brother from the troop, and after performing the funeral obsequies of his nephew, felt so great a degree of mortification, that he determined to pass the remainder of his days in retirement.

But the habits of a long life are not so easily changed. After a short retreat, he suddenly resumed his occupation of plundering on the highway.

After so many massacres and robberies, Socivizca found himself in possession only of six hundred sequins. Part of this sum he confided to a friend, and part to a cousin, both of whom absconded with the deposit.

At length, in 1775, the emperour Joseph II. passing by Grazach, where Socivizca then resided, was desirous to see him. He had him brought into his presence, interrogated him himself, made him repeat the chief events of his life, and besides making him a considerable present in money, appointed him to the post of arambassa of Pandours. He was living at Grazach in 1777, when his history was first written, and it is not known whether he is yet dead. [1800.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Could any of your readers tell me the *origin* of the phrase: "He does it *under the rose?*"

J. HALL.

"*Under the rose* we speak it."*—And at a venture, also, we take it, that the expression "under the rose," like that which says, "he that is hanged need fear no colours," arose from *the wars*. It may be asked: What wars engendered the former phrase? To which we reply, the wars betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster. These, it is well known, obtained, for ages, the popular appellation of "*The contention betwixt the two roses.*" In this conflict, the opposite adherents wore as badges, the cognizances of their different parties. They swore by the *red* or the *white rose;* and these opposite emblems were displayed as the *signs* of *two taverns;* one of which was by the side, and the other opposite the parliament house, old palace yard, Westminster. Here the retainers and servants of the noblemen attached to the *duke of York* and *Henry VI.* used to meet. Here, as disturbances were frequent, measures either of *defence* or of *annoyance* were taken, and every transaction was said to be done "UNDER THE ROSE;" by which the most profound secrecy was presumed. From this, we believe, the phrase spread, and became a term of general acceptation: and it is curious to observe, that in the time of *James I.* the authors whom we have quoted in our motto, put it, as a colloquial expression, into the mouth of *Vandunke*, the governour of *Bruges:* intending, perhaps, to intimate, that it was in use in *Flanders*, which, we need not hint to our friend Mr. H. was part of the dominions of the *dutchess of Burgundy*, daughter of *Richard, duke of York*, and sister to *Edward IV.*

EDITOR.

*Beggars' Bush, comedy, Beaumont and Fletcher, act ii. scene 3.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

CLASSICAL EXPLANATION OF THE PHRASE "UNDER THE ROSE."

SIR,

YOUR explanation of the phrase, "*under the rose,*" in your last number, is extremely ingenious and novel. It is indeed so plausible, that I should incline to trust to it, had I not always imagined that phrase to have been derived from an ancient custom, observed at Grecian festivals. The learned Potter thus describes it: "The rose, being dedicated by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of *silence*, to engage him to conceal the lewd actions of Venus, was an *emblem of silence;* whence to *present*, or *hold it up* to any *person* in discourse, served instead of an admonition that it was time for him to hold his peace. And in entertaining rooms, it *it was customary to place a rose above the table*, to signify that *what was there spoken, should be kept private.*" Potter refers to the following epigram for his authority:

Est rosa flos Veneris, cujus quo facta laterent,
Harpocrati, matris dona, dicavit amor:
Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis;
Conviva ut sub ea dicta, *tacendo sciat.*

IMITATED.

The ROSE, the flower of Venus! sweetly veils,
And furtive loves, and secret joys, conceals.
"My mother's gift, thou god of Silence take,
And be the emblem thine!" So Cupid spake.
Hence o'er his TABLE, the wise host suspends
The ROSE, that hints its silence to his friends,
And what *beneath the Rose* those hours reveal,
The guests in sacred silence may conceal.

Z.

IN your last number, your correspondent, Mr. J. Hall, expresses a wish to be informed, what is the origin of the phrase, *under the rose*. The wild rose tree [*Rosa sylvestris*] it is well known, abounds in solitary places, and at a distance from the haunts of man. Now, as such retired spots are well suited, not only as places of rendezvous for lovers, but for others engaged in transactions that shun the light of day, and where they can unbosom themselves in perfect confidence to each other, is it not natural to suppose, that these places must have been frequently chosen for such purposes; and that, in time, the expression, "under the rose," might be figuratively applied to every thing, in which secrecy and fidelity were required?

This account may probably not be deemed satisfactory, by many of your readers. To such I can only say, in the words of the Roman poet:

——— Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.

NEMO.

London, June 19, 1809.

POETRY.

LOVE ELEGY TO HENRY.

[*By Mrs. Opie.*]

Then thou hast learnt the secret of my soul;
Officious Friendship has its trust betrayed;
No more I need the bursting sigh control;
Nor summon pride my struggling soul to aid.

But think not banished hope returns again,
Think not I write thy thankless heart to move;
The faded form, that tells my tender pain,
May win thy pity, but it can't thy love.

Nor can I move thee by soft winning art,
By manners taught to charm, or practised glance;
Artless as thine, my too, too feeling heart
Disdains the tutored eye, the fond advance.

The cold coquette, to win her destined prey,
May feign a passion, which she ne'er can feel;
But I, true passion's soft commands obey,
And fain my tender feelings would conceal.

In others' eyes, when fixed on thine, I see
That fondness painted, which alone I know;
Think not, my Henry, they can love like me,
More love I *hide* than they can e'er *bestow*.

While tender glances their emotions speak,
And oft they heave and oft suppress the sigh;
O, turn to me, behold my pallid cheek
Shrinking from thine, behold my down cast eye!

While they by mirth, by wit, thine ear amuse,
And by their eloquence thy plaudits seek;
See me, the fond contention still refuse,
Nor in thy presence, Henry, *dare* to speak.

When asked to breathe the soul enchanting song,
See them o'erjoyed exert their utmost art;
While vainly I would join the choral throng,
Lost are those tones which once could touch the heart.

But, Henry, wert thou in love's language wise,
Vainly would others more than Emma shine;
Beyond their sweetest strains thy heart would prize
One faint, one broken, tender tone of mine.

O proofs of passion, eloquent as vain!
By thee unheeded, or perhaps unknown—
But learn, the pangs that prompt this pensive strain,
Ere long, disdainful youth, may be thine own.

Ah! no—in hopeless love thou canst not pine,
Thou ne'er canst woo the brightest maid in vain;
For thee love's star midst cloudless skies will shine,
And light thy graceful steps to Hymen's fane:

While I, as hope, and strength, and life recede,
Far, far from thee shall waste the languid day:
Blest, if the scroll that speaks thy bliss I read,
But far more blest to feel life's powers decay.

THE DESERTED PARSONAGE.

[*By J. Lynch, esq.*]

MARK* where yon steeple rears its simple spire,
Where all the village train, with awe retire,
To lift their grateful orisons on high,
To him, whose awful mandate rules the sky.
I love to see the long procession glide
Across the mead, or up the green hill's side,
To that plain edifice, whose folding door
Expands admissible to rich and poor:
The house of HIM, who no distinction knows,
But that which Virtue's sacred power bestows,
Behind† the church a tottering mansion bends,
Whose mouldering wall a sudden lapse portends;
Rank weeds enclose its entrance; and each stone
Is with excrescent damps and moss o'ergrown:
Its garden waste, its lawn o'errun with briar;
Its once pellucid fount a bed of mire:
There desolation reigns—no human sound
The long deserted, lonely rooms resound:
No guest, with champing steed and hasty hoof,
Approaches now the hospitable roof;
That rifted roof, wide opening to the sky;
Totters at every blast that blusters by.

Alas! the parsonage!—"Alas! the shame"—
Methinks I hear some hoary swain exclaim,
"A time there was, when yonder mouldering dome
Was Peace and Charity's selected home.
How cheerful to the eye its front arose!
There crept the woodbine, and here bloomed the rose,
There drooped the virgin lily's pensive head;
And here carnations glowed with streaky red.
There stood of ancient elms a stately row,
Now by the unrelenting axe laid low:
And here, as gently sloped the smiling lawn,
Started at every breeze, the trembling fawn.
Methinks, e'en now, in yon sequestered way,
Where hazel clumps exclude the noontide ray,
Our lost, lamented, past'ral friend I view,
As wont, some pious reverie pursue.
O! what a man was he?—what charms of sense
Could round such tranquil happiness dispense.
Each sun, that on his works delighted shone,
Saw him neglect, for others' ease his own:
Each liberal sentiment that warmed his breast,
A friend in every human form confest;
No narrow, selfish prejudice confined,
His noble, free, disinterested mind.
To every sect alike his bounty flowed;
His love for all mankind unceasing glowed:
For as the sun its genial warmth imparts,
Alike to barren and to fertile parts,
So would he dedicate to all his care,
And portion of his love to all a share:
Good, without pride; and learned without conceit;
Skilled to check riot, or suppress debate;
No match declared—no contract was begun,
Nor mother gave her maid, nor sire his son;
Till first their pastoral friend the choice approved;
His sanction was the prize for those that loved.
Beneath his care dark melancholy smiled,
By soothing arguments of wo beguiled:
Despair grew calm, and sorrow's rankling dart
Was blunted by his soft persuasive art.
The wretch by persecuting conscience stung

* From poems about to be published.

† The author has seen a parsonage house in Yorkshire, which answered this description.

Drank peace and hope from his enlivening tongue;
That tongue whosh harmonizing sounds would flow
A magick talisman for every wo.

Alas! one fatal eve, by duty led,
He sought with godly zeal the feverish bed
Of fell disease—he sought to cheer the hour
Of harpy Death's inevitable power;
But can my faultering voice our misery tell?
A victim to his generous pains he fell;
He fell (but rests in every heart inurned)
Wet with the tears of all; beloved and mourned!

Ah! sad reverse——a stripling of the gown
Now holds the vicarage, but lives in town.
In scenes of gay voluptuousness he strays,
And spends in revelry both nights and days.
While yonder dome, slow mouldering into dust,
Admits each pelting shower and vagrant gust."

Methinks I hear the swain—his deep-drawn sigh!
I mark the rising sorrow swell his eye;
And as I bid farewell, and turn the vale,
Reflection ponders on his mournful tale.

THE SQUEAKING GHOST.

A tale, imitated from the German, according to the true and genuine principles of the horrifick.

The wind whistled loud! farmer Dobbin's wheat stack
Fell down! The rain beat 'gainst his door!
As he sat by the fire, he heard the roof crack!
The cat 'gan to mew and to put up her back!
And the candle burnt—*just as before!*
The farmer exclaimed, with a piteous sigh,
"To get rid of this curs'd noise and rout,
"Wife, gi'e us some ale." His dame straight did cry,
Hemed and coughed three times three, then made this reply—
"I can't mun!" Why? *'Cause the cask's out?*
By the side of the fire sat Roger Gee-ho,
Who had finished his daily vocation,
With Cicely, whose eyes were as black as a sloe,
A damsel indeed who had never said No,
And because *she ne'er had an occasion!*
All these were alarmed by loud piercing cries,
And were thrown in a terrible state,
Till opening the door, with wide staring eyes,
They found to their joy, no less than surprise,
"'Twas the old sow fast stuck in a gate!"

PHILOSOPHICAL AND ECONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

M. DEGEN, a watchmaker of Vienna, has invented a machine for raising a person into the air. It is formed of two kinds of parachutes of taffeta, which may be folded up or extended at pleasure, and the person who moves them is placed in the centre. M. Degen has made several publick experiments, and risen to a height of fifty-four feet, flying in various directions with the celerity of a bird. A subscription has been opened at Vienna to enable the inventor to prosecute his inquiries.

BARON LUTGENDORF, long known as a traveller and voyager, has contrived a machine by which a person may exist under water, without fear of being drowned—It is a kind of cuirass, which admits of the body assuming every possible position, and which is said to be extremely useful in saving persons in danger of being drowned. The police of Vienna have purchased a considerable number of these machines, with the view of assisting in bringing up drowned persons from the bottom of the Danube.

AEROSTATION—On the 22d August, 1808, Messrs. Andreoli and Brioschi, of Padua, ascended in a balloon, amid an immense concourse of spectators. Soon after leaving the ground, the barometer having fallen to fifteen inches, M. Brioschi began to feel an extraordinary palpitation of the heart; his breathing, however, was not affected: the barometer, afterwards, fell to twelve inches, and he was overcome with a gentle sleep, which ended in a complete lethargy. The balloon continued ascending; and when the barometer stood at nine inches M. Andreoli perceived that the machine was completely inflated, and

that he could not move his left hand. The mercury continuing to descend, marked eight inches and a half, and a violent detonation was heard from the balloon, which then descended with great rapidity, and M. Brioschi awoke. The aëronauts alighted safely on the hill of Euganea, not far from Petrarch's tomb and the city of Argua, about twelve miles from Padua. The voyage lasted from half past three until half past eight o'clock.

DR. BREWSTER, of Edinburgh, has invented an instrument for determining distances at one station, without measuring a base, without a portable base being attached to the instrument, or without knowing the magnitude of the object, the distance of which is to be ascertained. A long base is actually created by the instrument, without measuring it; and the distance is obtained upon a principle, which, as far as we know, has never been employed in trigonomical instruments.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

☞ COMMUNICATIONS for this head, from authors and booksellers, post paid, will be inserted free of expense. Literary advertisements will be printed upon the covers at the usual price.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

In Baltimore, published,

The Practice and Jurisdiction of the Court of Admiralty, in three parts. 1. A Historical Examination of the Civil Jurisdiction of the Court of Admiralty. 2. A Translation of Clarke's Praxis, with notes on the Jurisdiction and Practice of the District Courts. 3. A Collection of Precedents. Paret natione modoque. By John E. Hall, Esquire. pp. 250, 8vo.

By Thomas A. Ronalds, N. York, republished,

The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, price 1 dollar.

By D. Longworth, New York, published,

No. I. of the Rambler's Magazine, and Theatrical Register.

By Robert M'Dermut, N. York, published,

The Yankee in London. A series of Letters, written by an American, during nine months residence in London. Containing Sketches of Society, and manners in that city at the present day; and of the most prominent traits in the English character. 1 vol. 12mo, price 87 1-2 cents.

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By William Wells, Boston, published,

A Biographical Dictionary.—Containing a brief account of the first Settlers, and other eminent Characters, among the Magistrates, Ministers, Literary and Worthy Men of New England. By John Elliot, D.D. Corresponding Secretary of the Massachussetts Historical Society.

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By Farrand, Mallory & Co. Boston, republished,

The Scripture Doctrine of Atonement Examined—First, in relation to Jewish Sacrifices—and then, to the sacrifice of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ By John Taylor, of Norwich.

To which are added—Candid Remarks upon the Rev. Mr. Taylor's Discourse, entitled, The Scripture Doctrine of Atonement. By George Hampton, M. A.

PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

Mathew Carey, Philadelphia,

Proposes to republish—Wilkinson's general Atlas, Royal Quarto, with additions of the Maps of the several states, and expects to be able to publish it in about twelve months.

Jane Aitken, Philadelphia,

To publish in a few days—An Epitome of Electricity, and Galvanism. By two Gentlemen of Philadelphia.

The object of the authors of this work has been to arrange and illustrate principles; to bring into one view what is most important upon these subjects in other treatises, now become numerous and expensive; to add their own experiments in support of correct theory; and to digest the whole into system.

Johnson and Warner, Philadelphia,

To republish by subscription—Guthrie's new Geographical, Historical, and Commercial Grammar: and present State of the several Kingdoms of the World—illustrated by twenty five correct Maps. The Astronomical part by James Ferguson, F. R. S.

Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia,

To republish—Letters and Reflections of the Austrian Field-marshal Prince de Ligne. Edited by the Baroness de Staël Holstein. Containing Anecdotes, hitherto unpublished, of Joseph II. Catharine II. Frederick the Great, Rousseau, Voltaire, and others; with interesting remarks on the Turks; translated from the French, by D. Boileau.

J. Milligan, Georgetown, Col.

To republish—Tales of Fashionable Life, by Miss Edgeworth, author of Practical Education, Letters for Literary Ladies, the Parent's Assistant, &c.—*J. M.* has also nearly ready for publication, The Parent's Assistant; or, Stories for Children, in 3 vols. 18mo.—price 2 dollars 50 cents, neatly bound and lettered.

Williams & Whiting, New-York,

To publish by subscription—A copyright edition of The Federalist, on the new Constitution, written in 1788, by Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and John Jay: together with an additional volume of selected and original matter, from the writings of general Hamilton.

S. Gould, New-York,

To republish—Cooper's Equity Pleader; also, Roberts on Wills.

At New-York,

Proposals are issued, without a name, to publish a work, to be entitled, Theophilanthropist; to be published by a Society in monthly numbers.

[The object of this work to us, appears to be to promote the cause of infidelity and atheism. The professed object is "to promote the progress of *reason*, and to increase the sum of human happiness."]

E. A. Kendal, of New York, has in the press,

Travels in Lower and Upper Canada. A very high degree of importance attaches itself to these Travels, as well for the recent and authentick information which they contain, concerning two provinces of so much value to the British empire, as for the novel and interesting views which they afford, of the countries northwest of the Canadas, their inhabitants and natural history. In Lower Canada, a prominent object of inquiry was the commerce in furs; and every detail of this commerce necessarily connects itself with the actual history of the North American nations, involving accounts of their numbers, habits, and condition. These subjects, so well calculated to fix the attention of philosophers and statesmen, Mr. Kendal has been enabled, by the aid of original documents, and much oral communication, to treat of, in a manner full of novelty, and peculiarly satisfactory. The arts, the poetry, and the mythology of these tribes of hunters, are each found to invite attention, and even to possess attractions not unworthy of the walks of polite letters. Besides other engravings, this work is to be accompanied by a splendid series of coloured plates, exhibiting the military costume of the Kinistinoes of the plains. In that part of the travels which relates to Upper Canada, the memory of Brandt, the Iroquois chief, is preserved, by a portrait, drawn from the life, and by some biographical memoirs. The agriculture, trade, resources, and political and moral state of Lower and Upper Canada, are illustrated by a multitude of important facts, and the work abounds with anecdote. The work is expected to form one large volume 4to. and will be published in England about the time of its appearance in America.

Thomas & Whipple, Newburyport,

To publish a copyright edition of A New System of Modern Geography; or, a general description of all the considerable countries in the world; compiled from the latest European and American geographies, voyages and travels: designed for schools and academies. By Elijah Parish, D. D. Minister of Byefield; author of "A compendious system of universal Geography," &c. &c.; ornamented with maps.

"*Though geography is an earthly subject, it is a heavenly study.*" BURKE.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Observations and Experiments on the Use of Sugar in Feeding Cattle, Sheep, and Swine, 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Life of George Romney, esq. By William Hayley, 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.*

The Life of Mr. John Bunyan, with a Portrait and Fac simile. By the Rev. Joseph Ivimey, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

The Foundling of the Forest, a play, in three acts. By William Dimond, esq. 2*s.* 6*d.*

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Scintilla Juris; or an Argument in support of the Doctrine that "A future use cannot have the possession executed to it by the Statute of Uses, unless there exists a Seisin in some person subject to such use, at or within due time, after the happening of the act, period, or event upon which it may be limited to arise." By William Henry Rome, esq. of Lincoln's-inn.

An Account of the Operations of the British Army, and of the State and Sentiments of the People of Portugal and Spain, during the Campaigns of 1808 and 9. By the Rev. James Wilmot Ormsby, chaplain on the staff. 2 vols. 8vo.

A new Analysis of Chronology. By William Hales, D. D. Vol. I. 4to. 2*l*. 2*s*.

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An Account of Travels in Marocco, South Barbary, and across the Atlas Mountains, made during a stay of sixteen years in that country. By James Gray Jackson, 4to. 2*l*. 2*s*.

A Tour through Denmark and Sweden, written during the last winter and spring. By Lieut. Col. J. Macdonald, 2 vols. foolscap. 8vo. 12*s*.

An Elementary Treatise on Chymistry, comprising the most important facts of the Science, with Tables of Decomposition, on a new plan; to which is added an Appendix, giving an account of the latest discoveries. By Charles Sylvester, 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Essays on Professional Education, in eight chapters. 1. On the Choice of a Profession. 2. On the Clerical Profession. 3. On the Military and Naval Professions. 4. On the Medical Profession. 5. On the Education of a Country Gentleman. 6. On the Profession of the Law. 7. On the Education of a Statesman. 8. On the Education of a Prince. By R. L. Edgeworth, esq. F.R.S. M.P. L.A. 4to. 1*l*. 5*s*.

William Tell, or Swisserland delivered. A posthumous work of the Chevalier de Florian; to which is prefixed a life of the Author. By Jaufirett. Translated from the French, by William B. Hewitson, Author of the Blind Boy, &c. 12mo. 5*s*.

Sir John Carr's Poems, embellished with an elegant portrait from Westall, engraved by Freeman, 4to. 21*s*. 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.

A Dane's Excursions in Britain. By Mr. Anderson, author of a Tour in Zealand, &c. 2 vols. 12*s*.

PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Murphy, Author of the Description of the Church at Battalha, &c. is preparing for publication, the Arabian Antiquities of Spain. The work will be printed in large folio, and consist of about one hundred plates, with descriptions of the different objects, and several interesting particulars relating to the Arabs, and their establishments in Spain.

Richard Cumberland, esq. proposes to print by subscription, Twelve of his hitherto unpublished Dramas, in a quarto volume, to be ready next spring.

A Treatise on Evidence, relating to Criminal and Civil Actions, with Proofs necessary to different Actions, alphabetically arranged.

A new edition of Booth on Real Actions, with Additional Notes from Mr. Serjeant Hill's MSS.

A new edition of Mr. Powell's Conveyancing, with Notes, by Mr. Barton, in 3 vols. royal 8vo.

A short Treatise upon the Law of Patents for new Inventions, containing the Opinion of Lord Eldon, as Chief Justice of Common Pleas, in Cartwright *v.* Amatt, and dedicated, by permission, to his Lordship. By William Scott, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, Barrister at Law.

Mr. Williamson, of the Inner Temple, has nearly ready for publication, a Companion and Guide to the Laws of England, comprising the most useful and interesting heads of the Law; to which is added a Summary of the Laws of London.

An Irish gentleman of rank, who lately spent three years in London, is preparing for publication, a Series of Letters to his Father in Ireland, containing the Secret History of the British Court and Metropolis, with the state of Modern Manners and Society.

A work upon the principles and plan of Cœlebs, by a clergyman of the first respectability, is now in preparation, and will shortly be published. It is intended as a counterpart to that popular work, and to form a standing companion for it, when the rage for ephemeral productions is past.

A Translation of the Voyage of d'Entrecastreaux in search of La Perouse is in the press.

SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR DECEMBER, 1809.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Essays, biographical, critical, and historical, illustrative of the Tatler, Spectator, Guardian, Rambler, Adventurer, and Idler, and of the various periodical Papers, which, in imitation of the Writings of Steele and Addison, have been published between the close of the Eighth Volume of the Spectator, and the commencement of the Year 1809. By Nathan Drake, M. D. Author of Literary Hours. 4 vols. octavo. London.

PERIODICAL papers devoted to elegant literature and popular instruction, exhibiting pictures of the manners of the age, constitute a species of literary composition, which with pride and fondness we pronounce to have originated in this country. Our author ascribes the honour of the invention to Steele. With him, however, it seems to have been nothing more than one of those fanciful projects which he easily embraced and easily relinquished. The invention seems more fairly due to Addison, who having amassed materials with the assiduity of a student, came prepared to rescue periodical composition from the dregs of politicks and polemicks—and to give a new direction to the national taste.

Dr. Drake opens his work by an essay which describes the state of literature and manners in this island, at the commencement of the Tatler. There was a theatre, which inculcated debauchery as a duty, and immorality as a grace; men of the highest rank indulged in amusements which are now confined to the lowest; women were either the frivolous idols of the toilette, or the solemn drudges of the housekeeper's room. Science, which had felt some encouragement from the gayety of Charles, was neglected by the phlegmatick William, and ridiculed in the first years of Anne; and it was not wonderful that our women could not spell, when it may be said, that our men had not yet learnt to read.

The popular effects produced by these papers is unequalled in the history of literature. They made us a people of readers, of thinkers, and of writers, and they gave a new direction to the literature of Europe. Dr. Drake, has produced some striking evidence of their influence from two interesting contemporary pamphlets.

"Every morning their readers were instructed in some new principle of duty, which was endeared to them by the beauties of description, and impressed on their minds in the most indelible characters." "All the pulpit discourses of a year scarce produced half the good as flowed from the Spectator of a day."—"These writings here set all our wits and men of letters

upon a new way of thinking, of which they had but little or no notion before—Every one of them writes and thinks much more justly than they did some time since."

Some facts, however, relative to this period, have escaped his industry. Budgell declares, that 20,000 of the Spectators have been sold in one day. They penetrated even to the Highlands, and were read with the news of the week, by the grave politicians who met after church on Sundays, to arrange national affairs. They were soon imitated, and their very titles copied, throughout Europe. The lethargick Hollander awoke to a *Spectator*, by Van Effen; the French had their *Babillard;* and the Germans their *Guardian*. This last, printed at Hamburgh, found a heavy sale, till the writers inserted translations of the English Spectators, when the demand for it rapidly and widely increased. At that time, it was a tribute paid to wit, somewhat unexpected from Germany.

The bold feature in "this new manner of writing," as it was called, is the dramatick plan which Addison adopted with all the felicity of genius, and which has become the despair of his imitators! By the invention of a *dramatis personæ*, of opposite humours and pursuits, as in the club of the Spectator, and the feigned characters of his correspondents, he poured all the colours of life into this moving scene. These personages served as vehicles for exhibiting the domestick manners of the nation, at a time when there was a decisive originality among our countrymen, now so equalized and flattened by artificial uniformity. As some of his foreign imitators copied this invention, they exhibit an interesting contrast of national manners. In the Spectator of Miravaux, for instance, we find the portraits of his Parisians; the lively Frenchman plays with their levities, but weeps over their serious distresses. The letter of a father on the ingratitude of his son, is an eloquent appeal to the feelings; while with equal power and pathos, he describes the tyranny of patrons, the torments of avarice, and the perfidy of friends, by those incidents, and touches of character, which he discovered in his own country. In the Spectator of Van Effen, the manners and feelings of the Hollanders are given, like copies after life, by Heemskirk. The members of his literary club share the ponderous gravity of the natives, while the boorish pride of the monied Dutchman is at once the coarsest and the truest of portraits. Van Effen has given a voluminous love-story; but in a country where that romantick passion does not appear above once in a century, with more truth than taste. His Laura is a maid servant, his Petrarch a carpenter of Amsterdam. The first interview takes place as she stands on the steps of her door, holding one of those stoves of lighted turf which the women carry to warm themselves. The youth, who has long watched for the auspicious moment, requests to light his pipe at her stove; but as every puff closes with a sigh, the pipe of love is to be perpetually renewed. The dialogue is artless. The Dutch maid is coy, and even coquettish. The boor delicate—at a certain period of the history, he actually exhibits somewhat like a symptom of despair!

That the lucubrations of Addison had such an influence on the popular writings of foreigners, is a fact which seems to have escaped notice. Dr. Drake, does not allude to it, though he gives accounts of foreign works, which preceded Addison, with some congeniality of character. Such are the "Cortigiano," of Castilione, and the "Galateo" of De la Casa; the former, which the Italians emphatically term, "the golden book," displays the politeness which reigned among the higher ranks of society during the sixteenth century. The latter was the domestick code of civility throughout Europe, and contains the art of living in the world, addressed to all ranks of society.

The character of Steele branches, under the fertile pen of our author, into six essays, including his biography—his style—his taste and critical abilities—his invention, imagery, and pathos—his humour and delineation of character—his ethicks and morality. These are treated with considerable ingenuity, and with that nice discrimination of the characteristicks of an author, in which Dr. Drake is so expert.

The life of Steele is not that of a retired scholar; hence his moral character becomes more instructive. He was one of those whose hearts are the dupes of their imaginations, and who are hurried through life by the most despotick volition. He always preferred his caprices to his interests; or, according to his own notion, very ingenious, but not a little absurd—"he was always of the humour of preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune." The first act of his life develops the succeeding ones. His uncle could not endure a hero for his heir: but Steele had seen a marching regiment—he therefore enlisted as a private in the horse guards, and cocking his hat, and putting on a broad sword, jack boots, and shoulder belt, with the most generous feelings he forfeited a good estate! His frank temper and his wit conciliated esteem, and extorted admiration. The private was raised to an ensign, and the ensign plunged into all the dissipations of the town. But genius is often pensive amidst its orgies. It was in the height of these irregularities that he composed his "Christian Hero," a moral and religious treatise, which the contritions of every morning dictated, and to which the disorders of every evening added another penitential page. He was, at once, a man of the town and a censor; and he wrote lively essays on the follies of the day in an enormous black peruke which cost him fifty guineas! He built an elegant villa; but as he was always inculcating economy, he called it a hovel. He detected the fallacy of the South-sea scheme, while he himself invented projects, neither inferiour in magnificence nor in misery. Yet, gifted at all times with the susceptibility of genius, he exercised the finest feelings of the heart. The same generous sentiments which deluded his judgment and invigorated his passions, rendered him a tender and pathetick dramatist; a most fertile essayist; a patriot without private views; an enemy, whose resentment died away in raillery; and a friend, who could warmly press the hand that wounded him. Whether in administration, or expelled the house—whether affluent, or flying from his creditors—in the fulness of his heart he, perhaps, secured his own happiness. But such men live only for themselves; they are not links in the golden chain of society. In the waste of his splendid talents he had raised sudden enmities, and transient friendships. The world uses such men as eastern travellers do fountains; they drink their waters, and think of them no more! Steele lived to be forgotten. He opened his career with folly; he hurried through it in a tumult of existence; and he closed it by an involuntary exile, amidst the wrecks of his fortune and his mind!

His writings are often careless, and rarely graceful. His literary excellence consists in his delineation of character. He copies life with all the faithfulness of a Flemish painter; and if, contrasted with Addison, he be found without the softness of his colouring, and the delicacy of his penciling, it cannot be denied that he is more versatile and vigorous, and the most original sketcher after life of the early part of the last century. His portraits, like those of Lely, preserve the likenesses of our ancestors; but not being formed on the general and permanent principles of art, he is more a painter of fashions than of nature.

The character and writings of Addison occupy six essays, in the

manner of the preceding ones on Steele. Among these are introduced some curious dissertations One on the progress of English style, divided into three periods; the first from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the restoration; the second from the restoration to the accession of queen Anne; and the third from this last era, to the year 1714, when Addison published his best productions. In another dissertation, our author inquires into the introduction of eastern imagery amongst us, and has collected much interesting matter on the subject, with sufficient erudition for that class of readers which he addresses.

The fourth volume opens with an enumeration of periodical papers from the publication of the Tatler to the commencement of the Rambler. These consist of no less than eighty, forming an aggregate of near three hundred volumes, whose existence is scarcely suspected. Yet even this ample catalogue is incomplete. We possess more than one paper, not inserted in the list. These works, worthless as a whole, continue, however, the view of the progress of polite literature and domestick manners, to the days of Johnson. They contain many thousand essays; and if some of our literary idlers, with that kind of goodhumoured patience which they sometimes so admirably exert, would put them into their crucibles, they might extract from these mountains of sand, a few grains of gold.

The taste for periodical publications became so general that every literary adventurer considered himself entitled to lay his fugitive leaf on the breakfast table. It was also imagined that every possible subject was equally adapted to the purposes of the essayist; and consequently we find such titles as, "The Mercator," "The British Merchant," &c. Nay, the town was, for some mornings, addressed by the humble authors of, "The Weaver," and, "The Manufacturer," in consequence of a controversy between the dealers in the woollen and calico manufactures.

From the copious list of papers before us, we shall select a few, distinguished for their literary cast. The *Lay Monastery* was the united labour of sir Richard Blackmore and Hughes, the poet. Our author gives a specimen from a parallel between poetry and painting, drawn up, as he says, by sir Richard; but so elegant and ingenious that the writer of it may at least be doubted.

The *Free-Thinker*, was published by Ambrose Phillips, powerfully aided by Boulter, archbishop of Armagh; Pearce, bishop of Rochester; West, lord Chancellor of Ireland, and many of the first scholars of the age. It abounds with elegant fictions which display a happy combination of fancy and precept.

Terræ Filius was a Saturnalian effusion; a witty but intemperate satire on the manners and politicks of Oxford. The portraits have an extravagant kind of likeness, and are so false and yet so true, that they provoked their originals to expel the writer. This was Nicholas Amhurst, the political adventurer, who so long conducted "the Craftsman." The life of this man may "point a moral." Though guilty of the grossest irregularities, he affected an outrageous zeal for popular reformation. Yet this grand reformer of the age bowed to all the drudgery of a faction, who neglected the instrument of their profligate purposes, and flung him off to perish. Amhurst died brokenhearted, and owed the charity of a grave to his bookseller.

The *Plain Dealer* was written by Aaron Hill and a Mr. Bond, of whom it is recorded that "the character of the work was observed regularly to rise in Mr. Hill's papers and fall in Mr. Bond's." Literary partners are subject to mortifications.

Memoirs of the Society of Grub-street, is one of the most curious of

these works. It is a kind of minor chronicle of our literature. In a fine vein of irony it attacks the heroes of the Dunciad, and tells some secrets of their obscure quarrels. The assumed names of Bavius and Mævius concealed Dr. Richard Russel, and Dr. John Martyn, professor of botany at Cambridge, physicians eminent for their publications.

Common Sense, though chiefly a political paper, was supported by some characters in the fashionable and learned world. Chesterfield and Lyttleton contributed essays on topicks of more permanent interest than politicks.

The Champion, by Henry Fielding. —A great portion of it is employed on the follies, vices, amusements, and literature of the age; and the remainder is occupied by political wit and discussion. To every paper is annexed what is termed "an index to the times," consisting of news, miscellaneous and political, frequently charged with the most sarcastick irony. In the critical department are to be found many ingenious dissertations on literary subjects.

We close the list with Eliza Haywood's *Female Spectator*, and another paper from the same quarter, entitled *The Parrot*. The former was very popular in its day, and seems to have claims still on that class of readers to which it is addressed. From the *Parrot*, which only consists of nine papers, Dr. Drake gives some interesting extracts. This weekly publication appeared during the time of the execution of the chiefs of the rebellion, in 1746. We find in it the story of James Dawson, on which Shenstone's simple and pathetick ballad is founded. The poet has literally copied the closing and affecting circumstance, of

"The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expired!"

He could add nothing to the truth of nature and the truth of fact.

Dr. Drake, in his "Life of Johnson," has judiciously altered his arrangement. He had no novelties to reanimate his exhausted biography, and has therefore contrived to make it serve as a frame for his literary canvass. The plan is at once novel and useful. The scattered outlines of his former chronological criticisms, here drawn together, are worked up with all their light and shade into a more perfect design; and the colouring and pencil of our industrious artist have produced, on the whole, a highly finished picture of the genius of the last age.

Dr. Drake has fancifully compared our periodical writers with the great painters. Such criticism, if it does not invigorate the understanding, refreshes the imagination, and the ingenious reader may interest his taste and his feelings in discovering the analogies.

"In Addison we discern the amenity and ideal grace of Raphael; in Johnson, the strengthened energy of Michael Angelo; in Hawkesworth, the rich colouring and warmth of Titian; the legerity and frolick elegance of Albani, in the productions of Moore, Thornton, and Colman; the pathetick sweetness of Guido in the draughts of Mackenzie, and the fertility and harmonious colouring of Annibale Carracci, in the vivid sketches of Cumberland."

On the whole we have been agreeably entertained with Dr. Drake; and shall be pleased to receive the promised volume, which is to furnish us with the literary lives of Dr. Hawkesworth and his fellow-labourers; and to close with the more delicate task of criticising the periodical papers of the present period.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Latin and Italian Poems of Milton, translated into English verse; and a Fragment of a Commentary on Paradise Lost. By the Late William Cowper, Esq. With a Preface by the Editor; and Notes of Various Authors. Quarto, 355 pp. 2*l.* 2*s.* London. 1808.

WE have not often been more gratified by a publication than by this present. The union of such poets as Milton and Cowper, congenial souls, at least in genius and piety,* two of the highest claims to admiration, cannot fail to gratify those whom their separate works have often filled with the warmest sensations of delight. The Latin poems of Milton, the first fruits of his genius, the manifest and very extraordinary promise of his future eminence, have always drawn us to them by the strongest power of attraction. The rich and native abundance of poetical imagery every where adorning them, and poured forth in a language, which, though generally classical, seems to flow from the writer with such ease, that the style is truly his own, and appears to be the best and readiest expression of his thoughts; all this, proceeding, in many instances, from a youth not yet of age, must surely demand the highest admiration. But, when we add to the consideration, that, in these qualities, he neither had a model in his own country, nor has yet had a rival; that in Italian also, he was able to express himself with elegance and force; and that, instead of being drawn aside by these facilities, the same man was afterwards enabled to exalt his native language to the highest summit of poetical dignity and expression, we cannot possibly moderate our wonder in contemplating such extraordinary powers.

Yet, while we wonder at the talents of the poet, we are equally called upon to admire the qualities of the man. The generous and affectionate attachment to his friends; the tender gratitude to a worthy preceptor; the truly filial piety and attachment to a good father; and lastly, the high sentiments of honour, propriety, virtue, and religion, which every where pervade these very juvenile poems, give, altogether, so very singular a picture of native excellence, that, much as we differ from his biographer, Symonds, in many points of speculation, we are led irresistibly to his opinion; that, in every subsequent part of life, Milton's intentions, at least, were upright; though circumstances led him into efforts which we disapprove, and situations in which we grieve to see him. That the beautiful sentiments contained in these poems should be conveyed to every English reader, in the graceful and appropriate language of Cowper, is fortunate for the extension of Milton's fame. The wonderful promise of his youth could never be adequately known by other means; and the versions of Cowper have certainly, with great exactness, more grace and originality of manner, than are usual to be found in any translations. He undertook the task with an enthusiasm which never seems to have abated in his progress through it.

Having thus expressed our general sentiments upon the subject of this publication, we proceed to the pleasing task of selecting a few specimens from it. We begin with the no less elegant than affectionate epistle, written by Milton in his 18th year, to his beloved preceptor, Thomas Young, who was then chaplain to the English factory at Hamburgh. This was in 1626. We shall begin our quotations from the Latin lines:

" Ille quidem est animæ plus quam par altera nostræ,
Dimidio vitæ vivere coger ego," &c.

* We speak only of the warmth of religious feeling belonging to both, without adverting to any peculiar opinions in either.

"My friend, and favourite inmate of my heart,
That now is forced to want its better part!
What mountains now, and seas, alas! how wide!
From me this other, dearer self divide,
Dear, as the sage renowned for moral truth
To the prime spirit of the Attick youth!
Dear, as the Stagyrite to Ammon's son,
His pupil, who disdained the world, he won!
Nor so did Chiron, or so Phenix shine
In young Achilles' eyes, as he in mine.—
First led by him through sweet Aonian shade,
Each sacred haunt of Pindus I surveyed,
And favoured by the muse, whom I implored,
Thrice on my lip the hallowed stream I poured.
But thrice the sun's resplendent chariot rolled
To Aries, has new tinged his fleece with gold,
And Chloris twice has dressed the meadows gay,
And twice has summer parched their bloom away,
Since last delighted on his looks I hung,
Or my ear drank the musick of his tongue:
Fly therefore,* and surpass the tempest's speed,
Aware thyself that there is urgent need!
Him, entering, thou shalt haply seated see
Beside his spouse, his infants on his knee;
Or turning, page by page, with studious look,
Some bulky father, or God's holy book;
Or ministring (which is his weightiest care)
To Christ's assembled flock, their heavenly fare.
Give him, whatever his employment be,
Such gratulation, as he claims from me."
p. 21.

The affectionate style of this address is highly pleasing, and creditable to the feelings of the young poet, whose reference to his poetical studies is natural, and is made the more interesting by our knowledge of his subsequent eminence. In translating these lines, Cowper has taken one or two liberties, creditable, we think, to his judgment. Milton's Latin lines, in the full spirit of classical style, abound with historical and mythological allusions. Some of these, as not equally grateful to English readers, the translator has dropped or changed. Thus, in rendering

"Charior ille mihi quam tu, doctissime Graium,
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat,"

he omits the descent from Telamon; and in the two next, instead of a mere allusion to the mythological birth of Alexander, he has ventured to introduce the characteristick circumstance of his "disdaining the world he won," which is not in the original. This is a liberty which should be sparingly taken, and Cowper has not often attempted it; but here we are not inclined to object to it. As we shall have occasion to notice some of Milton's love verses, we will quote also, the opening of his seventh elegy, written at the age of 19, in which he records the first triumph of the tender passion over his heart. It is at once characteristick of the unwillingness with which his mind yielded to any dominion, and we believe the most perfect imitation of the best classical model that now exists. It begins:

"Nondum blanda tuas leges, Amathusia, nôram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit," &c.

It may be objected, indeed, that it is built too entirely upon the heathen ideas of Venus and Cupid, but what could a classical lover of nineteen do without them? Cowper has thus given it.

"As yet a stranger to the gentle fires
That Amathusia's smiling queen inspires,
Not seldom I derided Cupid's darts,
And scorned his claim to rule all human hearts:
Go, child, I said, transfix the timorous dove!
An easy conquest suits an infant love;
Enslave the sparrow, for such prize shall be
Sufficient triumph to a chief like thee!
Why aim thy idle arms at human kind?
Thy shafts prevail not 'gainst the noble mind.
The Cyprian heard, and kindling into ire,
(None kindles sooner) burned with double fire.
It was the spring, and newly risen day
Peeped o'er the hamlets, on the first of May;

* Addressed to the letter itself, as common with classical writers.

My eyes too tender for the blaze of light,
Still sought the shelter of retiring night,*
When Love approached, in painted plumes arrayed,
Th' insidious god his rattling darts betrayed;
Nor less his infant features, and the sly,
Sweet intimations of his threatening eye."
p 38.

Here the two poets again seem to contend for mastery, and it is difficult to say which obtains it. The two last lines are beautiful in Cowper, and though not quite literal, are sufficiently warranted by the original; yet Milton's lines have still beauties of their own:

"Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit."

Perhaps the use of *dulce* is not quite warranted here. It is generally adverbial; but it might easily be altered. The verses against the supposed decay of nature are magnificently fine, and well rendered by the translator. But we hasten to our last specimen from the Latin poems, which must be taken from the affectionate lines addressed to the author's father, as peculiarly honourable to his feelings. They are thus rendered in blank verse.

"Oh that Pieria's spring would thro' my heart
Pour its inspiring influence, and rush
No rill, but rather an o'erflowing flood!
That, for my venerable father's sake,
All meaner themes renounced, my muse, on wings
Of duty born, might reach a loftier strain.
For thee, my father, howsoe'er it please,
She frames this slender work, nor know I ought
That may thy gifts more suitably requite;
Though to requite them suitably would ask
Returns much nobler, and surpassing far
The meagre stores of verbal gratitude:
But, such as I possess, I send thee all.
This gage presents thee, in their full amount,
With thy son's treasures, and the sum is nought;
Nought, save the riches that from airy dream
In secret grottos, and in laurel bowers,
I have, by golden Clio's gift, acquired."
p. 59.

The youth that feels towards a father, what Milton expresses here, and throughout this pleasing poem, ought to be acquitted of all harsh suspicions against his disposition. On the poem to Manso, and the beautiful Epitaphium Damonis, we could dwell with renewed delight; but we hasten to other objects.

The Italian poems of Milton have been hitherto less known than all the rest, partly from the imperfect hold which that elegant language has generally had upon the English taste: but they are full of beauties, and of beauties worthy of Milton. They also exhibit Milton in love, but always like himself, dignified, moral, and pious; and rather surprised to find himself so caught.

"Charles, and I say it wondering, thou must know,
That I, who once assumed a scornful air,
And scoffed at love, am fallen in his snare,
Full many an upright man has fallen so."

The truth is, that like all men of active imagination, Milton was much inclined to all the virtuous effects of the tender passion; though his general loftiness of mind prevented him from owning the fact to himself His excuse for writing in Italian on this occasion, is beautifully given in this Canzone.

"They mock my toil—the nymphs and amorous swains,—
'And whence this fond attempt to write,' they cry,
'Love songs in language that thou little knowest?
How darest thou risk to sing those foreign strains?
Say truly. Findest not oft thy purpose crossed,
And that thy fairest flowers, here fade and die?'
Then, with pretence of admiration high
'Thee other shores expect, and other tides,
Rivers on whose grassy sides

* So early did the poet's eyes give symptoms of the calamity which afterwards befel him. *Rev.*

Her deathless laurel leaf, with which to bind,
Thy flowing locks, already Fame provides;
Why then this burden, better far declined?
Speak, muse! for me. The fair one said, who guides
My willing heart, and all my fancy's flights,
'This is the language in which Love delights!'"

But the following sonnet, which is surely one of the finest compositions of its kind, and is rendered by Cowper, in a manner truly worthy of Milton, and capable of delighting the great poet himself, cannot be omitted. The original begins "Giovane piano." The translation is this, and, perhaps, a more excellent translation was never made.

SONNET.

"Enamoured, artless, young, on foreign ground,
Uncertain whither from myself to fly,
To thee, dear lady, with a humble sigh,
Let me devote my heart; which I have found,
By certain proofs not few, intrepid, sound,
Good, and addicted to conceptions high.
When tempests shake the world, and fire the sky,
It rests in adamant self-wrapt around;
As safe from envy, and from outrage rude,
From hopes and fears, that vulgar minds abuse,
As fond of genius, and fixed fortitude,
Of the resounding lyre, and every muse.
Weak you will find it in one only part,
Now pierced by love's immedicable dart."
p. 100.

When we come to the notes written by Cowper, upon the three first books of Paradise Lost, we deeply regret that he was prevented, by sorrow or malady, from pursuing a task for which he was so eminently fitted. His remarks on the language and versification of his author, are of high value; but his sentiments on the inventions, the contrivance, and, above all, the religious feelings of Milton, are inestimable. Cowper justifies, most solidly, the fiction of Pandemonium, and the very unjustly censured allegory of Sin and Death; with the fine apostrophes where the poet speaks in his own person. As among materials of such value, we can only select a specimen, we cannot, perhaps, give one more striking than the following admirable note on Book i. l. 26.

"*And justify the ways of God to man.*

"Justify them by evincing, that when man, by transgression, incurred the forfeiture of his blessings, and the displeasure of God, himself only was to blame. God created him for happiness, made him completely happy, furnished him with sufficient means of security, and gave him explicit notice of his danger. What could be more, unless he had compelled his obedience? which would have been at once to reduce him from the glorious condition of a free agent to that of an animal.

"There is a solemnity of sentiment, as well as majesty of numbers, in the exordium of this noble poem, which, in the works of the ancients, has no example.

"The sublimest of all subjects was reserved for Milton, and bringing to the contemplation of that subject, not only a genius equal to the best of theirs, but a heart also, deeply impregnated with the divine truths which lay before him, it is no wonder that he has produced a composition, on the whole, superiour to any that we have received from former ages. But he who addresses himself to the perusal of this work, with a mind entirely unaccustomed to serious and spiritual contemplation, unacquainted with the word of God, or prejudiced against it, is ill qualified to appreciate the value of a poem built upon it, or to taste its beauties.—Milton is the poet of Christians. An infidel may have an ear for the harmony of his numbers; may be aware of the dignity of his expressions; and in some degree of the sublimity of his conceptions; but the unaffected and masculine piety, which was his true inspirer, and is the very soul of his poem, he will either not perceive, or it will offend him.

"We cannot read this exordium without perceiving that the author possesses more fire than he shows. There is a suppressed force in it, the effect of judgment. His judgment controls his genius, and his genius reminds us (to use his own beautiful similitude) of

——A proud steed reined
Champing his iron curb.

He addresses himself to the performance of great things, but he makes no great exertion in doing it; a sure symptom of uncommon vigour." p. 189.

Thus it is that one poet comments upon another; and we will not scru-

ple to say, that there is more of valuable observation in the few notes, which Cowper produced on the beginning of this poem, than in ten times the mass of ordinary annotations.

As to the part of Mr. Hayley in this work, it is modest and proper. Some good notes he has written, and others collected, upon the poems here translated; and we suspect, though we do not perceive it to be said, that the translation of the complimentary poems, addressed to Milton, was his work. The volume is printed for the benefit of a godchild of Cowper, as before announced, and we cannot doubt that considerable advantage will be derived from it. The outline sketches by Flaxman, though elegant, are hardly sufficient to raise the book to the price fixed upon it; but this must be excused, in consideration of the application of the profits. The typography is handsome, but very far from correct. Whether the fault is to be imputed to the Chichester printer, or to some little failure of sight in the editor, we know too well how difficult it is to avoid press errours, to speak very harshly of them. Altogether, the work is such as to give abundant gratification to the admirers of Milton, Cowper, and poetry, whether Latin, English, or Italian.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

A Cursory View of Prussia, from the Death of Frederick II. to the Peace of Tilsit. Containing an authentick Account of the Battles of Jena, Auerstadt, Eylau, and Friedland; as also, other important Events during that interesting Period. In a Series of Letters, from a Gentleman in Berlin to his Friend in London. 8vo. pp. 176. 5*s*. sewed. 1809.

THE history of Prussia, compared with that of the other states of Europe, bears some resemblance to the history of Thebes, when considered in relation to the other states of Greece. Each may be said to have risen and fallen with one man. Thebes with Epaminondas, and Prussia with Frederick II. Neither country occupied a conspicuous rank in the political commonwealth before the age of its respective hero; and neither continued long to maintain its elevation when its hero was no more. The letters before us commenced in 1786, when the death of Frederick II. took place, and his nephew, Frederick William II. ascended the throne; having at his command a well disciplined army of two hundred thousand men, and a treasury of forty millions of dollars. He proved himself, however, altogether unworthy of such a succession; since, though not destitute of capacity, he permitted the love of sensual pleasures to engross those hours which he owed to the welfare of his subjects. One delusion led the way to another; and his understanding being affected by the consequences of excess, as well as of remorse, he was so far forsaken by his reason as to become a believer in the absurd doctrine of apparitions, and to delegate unlimited authority to a hypocrite of the sect of *Illuminati*. The ministers of Frederick II. consequently declined to occupy a cabinet which they could not direct, and retired in 1792, six years after the death of their patron.

It was on this change that Austria prevailed on Prussia to enter into the treaty of Pilnitz, the object of which was to attack France, and to complete the dismemberment of Poland. The latter of these points was accomplished in 1793; and the Polish nobility were brought reluctantly to Posen, to swear allegiance to their conquerors. Nothing could be more impolitick, or less adapted to conciliate, than the subsequent conduct of the Prussian government towards

the Poles. Instead of respecting their national feelings, and endeavouring to gain their attachment by sensibly ameliorating their condition, all the measures of Prussia were abrupt and peremptory. Their taxes were increased, their publick functionaries were changed, and the German language and the Prussian discipline, with all its horrours, were forced upon them. We need not, therefore, wonder at the serious insurrection which broke out in the succeeding year; nor at the discontent which continued to lurk in the minds of the Poles, after it had become impossible to vent it in open resistance.

Though the constitution of Frederick William II was naturally of the most robust kind, it was prematurely exhausted by intemperance, and he died in 1797. He was succeeded by his son, the present king; whose education, having been entirely neglected by his father, was conducted in a manner at once too private to give him a knowledge of the world, and too remiss to convey that solid instruction which retirement well employed affords the best opportunity of acquiring. He possesses, therefore, neither depth in the cabinet nor winning manners in publick; and he is much better fitted for the quiet of domestick life than for the agitations of royalty. Mildness, diffidence, and indecision are his prominent characteristicks. At his accession, however, he filled his cabinet with respectable men, and gave his subjects an example of frugality in his establishment. Averse, also, from war, he refused to enter into the coalition of Austria and Russia, against France, in 1799, in which there can be little doubt that he acted wisely. But he erred in carrying his love of economy so far as to neglect the repair of his fortresses, since their dismantled state was the principal cause of their rapid surrender to Buonaparte.

Neutrality, it is well known, continued to be the policy of Prussia, till the invasion of Germany by Buonaparte, in 1805; when the violation of the territory of Anspach and the personal urgency of the emperour of Russia, who came to Berlin very soon afterwards, led to a change of measures. It was at this visit of Alexander that the convention of Potzdam was concluded, by which Prussia acceded to the coalition against France. But this convention was scarcely signed when the battle of Austerlitz took place, and was followed by the submission of Austria. The court of Prussia immediately endeavoured to reassume its former character of neutrality, and to conceal the convention of Potzdam. But Buonaparte had been apprized of its hostile tendency, and demanded, not only the renunciation of it by Prussia, but satisfaction for her audacity in taking measures to oppose him. This satisfaction he made to consist in the surrender of the provinces of Anspach, Cleves, and Neufchatel; and in return he pretended to make over Hanover to Prussia. But that this was mere pretence became apparent in the course of a few months, by lord Yarmouth's negotiation at Paris. The formation, at the same time, of the confederation of the Rhine, showed that Buonaparte intended himself, and not the king of Prussia, as the successour of the emperour Francis, in the control of Germany; while, moreover, the French armies continued in Germany in immense numbers, notwithstanding the reiterated applications of Prussia for their removal. These successive affronts, and the promised aid of Russia, gave an ascendency to the war-party at Berlin; and the queen, who had not hitherto interfered in politicks, now became a keen advocate for asserting the national dignity. The people at large were eager for war, and confident of success from the recollection of the exploits of a former generation under Frederick II. no person seeming conscious how

much they had degenerated since that period, and still less how much their antagonists had improved.

The sequel of this imprudent measure is universally known. But the present work communicates several circumstances which had not previously been published in this country. The most interesting of these relate to the battle of Jena, the siege of Glogau, and the retreat of prince Hohenlohe, till his surrender at Prenzlau on the Oder; the French, superiour in cavalry, and possessed of a shorter route than the Prussians, having advanced with such rapidity as to cut off the whole army.—The writer next proceeds to give an account of the battles of Pultusk, Eylau, and Friedland. But in these, as well as in his detail of the battle of Jena, the reader will be greatly at a loss for want of plans of the engagements. The subsequent extract presents an affecting picture of the calamities of war, and should be read by all those who are apt to treat such horrours with levity. Truly on this subject may it be said:

"*He jests at scars, who never felt a wound.*"

"Soon after the arrival of Bennigsen at Königsberg, I received a letter from a friend there, of which I send you an extract, to give you, who, in your happy island, know nothing of the horrours of war, some little idea of the miseries attending these dreadful scenes.

"As soon as the roads were safe, my curiosity prompted me to visit the memorable scene of action at Eylau. Most terribly, indeed, had the iron hand of war stamped its baneful traces upon these unfortunate districts. Here the peaceful peasant, who reads no newspapers, nor knows even the name of Buonaparte, is scared from his quiet abode. Both friend and foe seem to have united to make him feel, to its full extent, his woful lot.—The Russians, who were encamped to the extent of five or six miles about Königsberg, had, to make them fires in this cold weather, unroofed and broken up the huts of all the neighbouring villages. Every kind of provision was swept away; and what made its loss more mortifying was, that five times as much was wasted as was made proper use of. This naturally enraged all the peasants against the Russians, not considering that these poor soldiers themselves were half dying with hunger. Nor were those peasants near the French quarters more fortunate; for they also, without considering the wretched situation of those miserable people, took whatever they could find; and in passing Jessau, the rector of which place had fled to Königsberg, they employed his whole pious library to boil their kettles. The rector's sister, confined by the rheumatism, could not escape. She lay in a little garret. Some oatmeal mixed with melted snow, was before her, and this, for eight days, had been her only sustenance. We gave her a small portion of our travelling stock, and joy and gratitude beamed through her tears. The nearer we came to Eylau, the fewer marks of devastation we found; and though there were no provisions to be had any where, yet we saw at least human faces; for the other villages we passed through were all deserted; nor had the houses here been so much damaged, which gave us some relief, after the various scenes of misery we had gone through. In the totally desolated village of Kleinsausgarten we once more found the terrifick picture of war; but misery, indigence, and distress, I first saw in their extreme at Eylau itself. Parents were there already so far reduced as to be forced to bury their literally starved babes in their gardens. Bread, meat, wine, brandy, salt, or tobacco, were no where to be found. Poor, emaciated, hollow-eyed spectres were crawling about the streets, covered with rags like the most pitiable beggars. To enter their houses, on account of the stench of dead bodies, was scarcely possible; and even my essence of vinegar was not sufficient to defend me in their church.—I never should have believed without seeing it myself, that human nature could have born such an excessive degree of misery. Buonaparte had cruelly given up the place to plunder. In short, every thing was ruined, destroyed, and laid waste. Not a door, nor a window, nor a cupboard was remaining. This is, indeed, the less extraordinary, when we consider that the town had been twice in the possession both of the French and the Russians, and thus, twice were the streets streaming with blood. The combatants even followed each other into the very houses. From the highest to the lowest of the inhabitants they were all robbed of every thing they possessed, and simple water, with a scanty pittance of mouldy bread, was all they now had to keep life together. To form an idea of the situation of these miserable beings, one must have seen them; for words are not sufficient to describe their excess of wretchedness. Many died through fear,

many from ill treatment, and many were yet sick from the painful recollection of the past.

"Overpowered by such dreadful scenes of calamity, I deemed it even a relief to go and contemplate the horrours of the field. Howsoever mangled I there found many of my fellow-creatures, yet these lifeless bodies had at least surmounted their sufferings; but the unfortunate inhabitants of Eylau were yet languishing on towards the more excruciating death of hunger. This certainly would have been their dismal lot, as the whole surrounding district was equally bereft of every mean of sustenance, had they not soon received from Königsberg the most desirable relief and refreshment, besides clothing, linen, and every necessary article to repair and make their dwellings tolerably comfortable. Had I first visited the field of battle, this hideous, unusual sight, which I hope never to see again, would have undoubtedly shocked me more than it now did: for after having my mind so deeply harrowed up with the late dreadful scenes, I must repeat that the sight of the field, frightful as it was, with from twelve to fifteen thousand slaughtered victims strowed before me, was yet a relief.—A slight snow had just fallen. My foot slipped, and, in sinking, my hand caught a ghastly human face! Here were fragments of drums, carts, horses, saddles, cloaks, hats, harness, broken muskets, pistols, and other arms innumerable, all in confusion, scattered about. Russians, French, and Prussians, here all lay together. It was in truth a woful sight."

We have remarked a few German idioms in this epistolary publication. The word "apparently" is used with reference to the future, in the sense of "probably;" and in page 48 the author talks of "irritating the feelings of the whole woman," a phrase which sounds rather awkwardly to English ears. The book, however, is entertaining, and fully satisfies that degree of expectation which the title of a "Cursory View" is calculated to raise. Although without pretensions to the character of a finished performance, on the score either of richness of description or profundity of thought, it has a claim to attention, both on account of the novelty of several of the circumstances mentioned in it, and for the unprejudiced manner in which the whole narrative is conducted.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Tales of Fashionable Life. By Miss Edgeworth, Author of "Practical Education—Belinda—Castle Rackrent," &c. 12mo. 3 vol. London. 1809. Announced for republication by J. Milligan, Georgetown, and by Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia.

IF it were possible for reviewers to *envy* the authors who are brought before them for judgment, we rather think we should be tempted to envy Miss Edgeworth; not, however, so much for her matchless powers of probable invention—her never-failing good sense and cheerfulness—nor her fine discrimination of characters—as for the delightful consciousness of having done more good than any other writer, male or female, of her generation. Other arts and sciences have their use, no doubt; and, Heaven knows, they have their reward and their fame. But the great art is the art of living; and the chief science, the science of being happy. Where there is an absolute deficiency of good sense, these cannot, indeed, be taught; and, with an extraordinary share of it, they are acquired without an instructer: but the most common case is, to be capable of learning, and yet to require teaching; and a far greater part of the misery which exists in society, arises from ignorance, than either from vice or from incapacity.

Miss Edgeworth is the great modern mistress in this school of true philosophy; and has eclipsed, we think, the fame of all her predecessors. By her many excellent tracts on education, she has conferred a benefit on the whole mass of the population; and discharged, with exemplary patience as well as extraordinary judg-

ment, a task which superficial spirits may, perhaps, mistake for a humble and easy one. By her Popular Tales, she has rendered an invaluable service to the middling and lower orders of the people; and by her novels, and by the volumes before us, has made a great and meritorious effort to promote the happiness and respectability of the higher classes. On a former occasion we believe we hinted to her, that these would probably be the least successful of all her labours; and that it was doubtful whether she would be justified for bestowing so much of her time on the case of a few persons who scarcely deserved to be cured, and were scarcely capable of being corrected. The foolish and unhappy part of the fashionable world, for the most part, "is not fit to bear itself convinced." It is too vain, too busy, and too dissipated, to listen to, or remember any thing that is said to it. Every thing serious it repels, by "its dear wit and gay rhetorick;" and against every thing poignant, it seeks shelter in the impenetrable armour of bold stupidity.

"Laughed at, it laughs again;—and, stricken hard,
Turns to the stroke its adamantine scales,
That fear no discipline of human hands."

A book, on the other hand, and especially a witty and popular book, is still a thing of consequence to such of the middling classes of society as are in the habit of reading. They dispute about it, and think of it; and as they occasionally make themselves ridiculous by copying the manners it displays, so they are apt to be impressed with the great lessons it may be calculated to teach; and, on the whole, receive it into considerable authority among the regulators of their lives and opinions. But a fashionable person has scarcely any leisure to read, and none to think of what he has been reading. It would be a derogation from his dignity to speak of a book in any terms but those of frivolous derision; and a strange desertion of his own superiority, to allow himself to receive, from its perusal, any impressions which could at all affect his conduct or opinions.

But though, for these reasons, we continue to think that Miss Edgeworth's fashionable patients will do less credit to her prescriptions than the more numerous classes to whom they might have been directed, we admit that her plan of treatment is in the highest degree judicious, and her conception of the disorder most luminous and precise.

There are two great sources of unhappiness to those whom fortune and nature seem to have placed above the reach of ordinary misery. The one is *ennui*—that stagnation of life and feeling which results from the absence of all motives to exertion; and by which the justice of Providence has so fully compensated the partiality of fortune, that it may be fairly doubted whether, upon the whole, the race of beggars is not happier than the race of lords; and whether those vulgar wants that are sometimes so importunate, are not, in this world, the chief ministers of enjoyment. This is a plague that infests all indolent persons who can live on in the rank in which they were born, without the necessity of working. But, in a free country, it rarely occurs in any great degree of virulence, except among those who are already at the summit of human felicity. Below this there is room for ambition, and envy, and emulation, and all the feverish movements of aspiring vanity and unresting selfishness, which act as prophylacticks against this more dark and deadly distemper. It is the canker which corrodes the full-blown flower of human felicity—the pestilence which smites at the bright hour of noon.

The other curse of the happy, has a range more wide and indiscriminate. It, too, tortures only the rich and fortunate; but is most active among the least distinguished; and abates in malignity as we ascend to

the lofty regions of pure *ennui*. This is the desire of being fashionable—the restless and insatiable passion to pass for creatures more distinguished than we really are—with the mortification of frequent failure, and the humiliating consciousness of being perpetually exposed to it. Among those who are secure of "meat, clothes and fire," and are thus above the chief physical evils of existence, we do believe that this is a more prolifick source of unhappiness, than guilt, disease, or affection; and that more positive misery is created, and more true enjoyment excluded, by the eternal fretting and straining of this pitiful ambition, than by all the ravages of passion, the desolations of war, or the accidents of mortality. The wretchedness which it produces may not be so intense; but it is of much longer duration, and spreads over a far wider circle. It is quite dreadful, indeed, to think what a sweep this pest has taken among the comforts of our prosperous population. To be thought fashionable—that is, to be thought more opulent and tasteful, and on a footing of intimacy with a greater number of distinguished persons than they really are, is the great and laborious pursuit of four families out of five, the members of which are exempted from the necessity of daily industry. In this pursuit, their time, spirits and talents, are wasted; their tempers soured; their affections palsied; and their natural manners and dispositions altogether sophisticated and lost.

These are the giant curses of fashionable life; and Miss Edgeworth has accordingly dedicated her two best tales to the delineation of their symptoms. The history of "Lord Glenthorn" is a fine picture of *ennui*—that of "Almeria" an instructive representation of the miseries of fashion. We do not know whether it was a part of the fair writer's design to represent these maladies as absolutely incurable, without a change of condition; but the fact is, that in spite of the best dispositions and capacities, and the most powerful inducements to action, the hero of *ennui* makes no advances towards amendment till he is deprived of his title and estate; and the victim of fashion is left, at the end of the tale, pursuing her weary career with fading hopes and wasted spirits, but with increased anxiety and perseverance. The moral use of these narratives, therefore, must consist in warning us against the first approaches of evils which can never afterwards be resisted.

These are the great twin scourges of the prosperous; but there are other maladies, of no despicable malignity, to which they are peculiarly liable. One of these, arising mainly from want of more worthy occupation, is that perpetual use of stratagem and contrivance—that little, artful diplomacy of private life, by which the simplest and most natural transactions are rendered complicated and difficult, and the common business of existence made to depend on the success of plots and counterplots. By the incessant practice of this petty policy, a habit of duplicity and anxiety is infallibly generated, which is equally fatal to integrity and enjoyment. We gradually come to look on others with the distrust which we are conscious of deserving; and are insensibly formed to sentiments of the most unamiable selfishness and suspicion. It is needless to say, that all these elaborate edifices are worse than useless to the person who employs them; and that the ingenious plotter is almost always baffled and exposed by the downright honesty of some undesigning competitor. Miss Edgeworth, in her tale of "Manœuvring," has given a very complete and most entertaining representation of "the by-ways and indirect, crooked paths" by which these artful and inefficient people generally make their way to disappointment. In the tale, entitled "Madame de Fleury," she has given some useful examples of the ways in which the rich may most

effectually do good to the poor, an operation which, we really believe, fails more frequently from want of skill than of inclination. In "the Dun," she has drawn a touching and most impressive picture of the wretchedness which the poor so frequently suffer from the unfeeling thoughtlessness which withholds from them the scanty earnings of their labour.

Of these tales, "Ennui" perhaps is the best and most entertaining, though the leading character is somewhat caricatured, and the denouement is brought about by a discovery which shocks by its needless improbability. Lord Glenthorn is bred up, by a false and indulgent guardian, as the heir to an immense English and Irish estate; and, long before he is of age, exhausts almost all the resources by which life can be made tolerable to those who have nothing to wish for. Born on the very pinnacle of human fortune, "he had nothing to do but to sit still and enjoy the barrenness of the prospect." He tries travelling, gaming, gluttony, hunting, pugilism, and coach-driving; but is so pressed down with the load of life, as to be repeatedly on the eve of suicide. He passes over to Ireland, where he receives a temporary relief from the rebellion, and from falling in love with a lady of high character and accomplishments; but the effect of these stimulants is speedily expended, and he is in danger of falling into a confirmed lethargy, when it is fortunately discovered that he has been changed at nurse; and that, instead of being a peer of boundless fortune, he is the son of a cottager who lives on potatoes. With great magnanimity, he instantly gives up the fortune to the rightful owner, who has been bred a blacksmith, and takes to the study of the law. At the commencement of this arduous career, he fortunately falls in love, for the second time, with the lady entitled, after the death of the blacksmith, to succeed to his former estate. Poverty and love now supply him with irresistible motives for exertion. He rises in his profession; marries the lady of his heart; and in due time returns, an altered man, to the possession of his former affluence.

Such is the naked outline of a story, more rich in character, incident and reflection, than any English narrative with which we are acquainted. As rapid and various as the best tales of Voltaire, and as full of practical good sense and moral pathetick as any of the other tales of Miss Edgeworth. The Irish characters are inimitable; not the coarse caricatures of modern playwrights—but drawn with a spirit, a delicacy, and a precision, to which we do not know if there be any parallel among national delineations. As these are tales of fashionable life, we shall present our readers, in the first place, with some traits of an Irish lady of rank. Lady Geraldine—the enchantress whose powerful magick almost raised the hero of ennui from his leaden slumbers, is represented with such exquisite liveliness and completeness of effect, that the reader can scarcely help imagining that he has formerly been acquainted with the original. Every one at least, we conceive, must have known somebody, the recollection of whom must convince him, that the following description is as true to nature as it is creditable to art.

"As lady Geraldine entered, I gave one involuntary glance of curiosity. I saw a tall, finely shaped woman, with the commanding air of a person of rank. She moved well; not with feminine timidity, yet with ease, promptitude, and decision. She had find eyes and a fine complexion, yet no regularity of feature. The only thing that struck me as really extraordinary, was her indifference when I was introduced to her. Every body had seemed extremely desirous that I should see her ladyship, and that her ladyship should see me; and I was rather surprised by her unconcerned air. This piqued me, and fixed my attention. She turned from me, and began to converse with others. Her

voice was agreeable, though rather loud. She did not speak with the Irish accent; but, when I listened maliciously, I detected certain Hibernian inflexions—nothing of the vulgar Irish idiom, but something that was more interrogative, more exclamatory, and perhaps more rhetorical, than the common language of English ladies, accompanied with infinitely more animation of countenance and demonstrative gesture. This appeared to me peculiar and unusual, but not affected. She was uncommonly eloquent; and yet, without action. Her words were not sufficiently rapid to express her ideas. Her manner appeared foreign, yet it was not quite French. If I had been obliged to decide, I should, however, have pronounced it rather more French than English. To determine which it was, or whether I had ever seen any thing similar, I stood considering her ladyship with more attention than I had ever bestowed on any other woman. The words *striking—fascinating—bewitching*, occurred to me as I looked at her and heard her speak. I resolved to turn my eyes away, and shut my ears; for I was positively determined not to like her; I dreaded so much the idea of a second Hymen. I retreated to the furthest window, and looked out very soberly upon a dirty fish-pond.

"If she had treated me with tolerable civility at first, I never should have thought about her. High-born and high-bred, she seemed to consider more what she thought of others, than what others thought of her. Frank, candid, and affable, yet opinionated, insolent, and an egotist, her candour and affability appeared the effect of a naturally good temper; her insolence and egotism only those of a spoiled child. She seemed to talk of herself purely to oblige others, as the most interesting possible topick of conversation; for such it had always been to her fond mother, who idolized her ladyship as an only daughter, and the representative of an ancient house. Confident of her talents, conscious of her charms, and secure of her station, lady Geraldine gave free scope to her high spirits, her fancy, and her turn for ridicule. She looked, spoke, and acted, like a person privileged to think, say, and do, what she pleased. Her raillery, like the raillery of princes, was without fear of retort. She was not ill-natured, yet careless to whom she gave offence, provided she produced amusement; and in this she seldom failed: for, in her conversation, there was much of the raciness of Irish wit, and the oddity of Irish humour. The singularity that struck me most about her ladyship, was her indifference to flattery. She certainly preferred frolick. Miss Bland was her humble companion; Miss Tracey her *butt*. It was one of lady Geraldine's delights, to humour Miss Tracey's rage for imitating the fashions of fine people. 'Now you shall see Miss Tracey appear at the ball to morrow, in every thing that I have sworn to her is fashionable. Nor have I cheated her in a single article. But the *tout ensemble* I leave to her better judgment; and you shall see her, I trust, a perfect monster, formed of every creature's best. Lady Kilrush's feathers; Mrs. Moore's wig; Mrs. O'Connor's gown, Mrs. Lighton's sleeves, and all the necklaces of all the Miss Ormsbys. She has no taste, no judgment; none at all, poor thing; but she can imitate as well as those Chinese painters, who, in their drawings, give you the flower of one plant stuck on the stalk of another, and garnished with the leaves of a third." I. 130—139.

This favourite character is afterwards exhibited in a great variety of dramatick contrasts. For example:

"Lord Craiglethorpe was, as Miss Tracey had described him, very stiff, cold, and *high*. His manners were in the extreme of English reserve; and his ill-bred show of contempt for the Irish, was sufficient provocation and justification of lady Geraldine's ridicule. He was much in awe of his fair and witty cousin. She could easily put him out of countenance, for he was extremely bashful. His lordship had that sort of bashfulness, which makes a man surly and obstinate in his taciturnity; which makes him turn upon all who approach him, as if they were going to assault him; which makes him answer a question as if it were an injury, and repel a compliment as if it were an insult. Once, when he was out of the room, lady Geraldine exclaimed: 'That cousin Craiglethorpe of mine is scarcely an agreeable man. The awkwardness of *mauvaise honte* might be pitied and pardoned, even in a nobleman,' continued her ladyship, 'if it really proceeded from humility; but here, when I know it is connected with secret and inordinate arrogance, 'tis past all endurance. Even his ways of sitting and standing provoke me, they are so self-sufficient. Have you observed how he stands at the fire? Oh, the caricature of '*the English fireside*' outdone! Then, if he sits, we hope that change of posture may afford our eyes transient relief; but worse again. Bolstered up, with his back against his chair, his hands in his pockets, and his legs thrown out, in defiance of all passen-

gers and all decorum, there he sits, in magisterial silence, throwing a gloom upon all conversation. As the Frenchman said of the Englishman, for whom even his politeness could not find another compliment: 'Il faut avouer que ce monsieur a un grand talent pour le silence;'—he holds his tongue, till people actually believe that he has something to say—a mistake they could never fall into if he would but speak. It is not timidity; it is all pride. I would pardon his dulness, and even his ignorance; for one, as you say, might be the fault of his nature, and the other of his education. But his self-sufficiency is his own fault; and that I will not, and cannot pardon. Somebody says, that nature may make a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making. Now, my cousin —(as he is my cousin, I may say what I please of him)—my cousin Craiglethorpe is a solemn coxcomb, who thinks, because his vanity is not talkative and sociable, that it's not vanity. What a mistake!" I. 146—148.

These other traits of her character are given, on different occasions, by lord Glenthorn.

"At first I had thought her merely superficial, and intent solely upon her own amusement; but I soon found that she had a taste for literature, beyond what could have been expected, in one who lived so dissipated a life; a depth of reflection that seemed inconsistent with the rapidity with which she thought; and, above all, a degree of generous indignation against meanness and vice, which seemed incompatible with the selfish character of a fine lady, and which appeared quite incomprehensible to the imitating tribe of her fashionable companions." I. 174.

"Lady Geraldine was superiour to manœuvring little arts, and petty stratagems, to attract attention. She would not stoop even to conquer. From gentlemen she seemed to expect attention, as her right, as the right of her sex; not to beg or accept of it as a favour. If it were not paid, she deemed the gentleman degraded, not herself. Far from being mortified by any preference shown to other ladies, her countenance betrayed only a sarcastick sort of pity for the bad taste of the men, or an absolute indifference and look of haughty absence. I saw that she beheld with disdain the paltry competitions of the young ladies, her companions. As her companions, indeed, she hardly seemed to consider them; she tolerated their foibles, forgave their envy, and never exerted any superiority, except to show her contempt of vice and meanness." I. 198, 199.

Her whole conduct and conversation are kept in admirable unison with this half wild, half masculine, lofty, and delicate character. It would be endless to extract her repartees and strokes of *naiveté*. We give only her simple account of her mother.

"Every body says," whispered she, "that mamma is the most artful woman in the world; and I should believe it, only that every body says it. Now, if it were true, nobody would know it." I. 154.

This may suffice as a specimen of the high life of the piece; which is more original and characteristick than that of Belinda—and altogether as lively and natural. For the low life, we do not know if we could extract a more felicitous specimen than the following description of the equipage in which lord Glenthorn's English and French servant were compelled to follow their master in Ireland.

"From the inn yard came a hackney chaise, in a most deplorably crazy state; the body mounted up to a prodigious height, on unbending springs, nodding forwards, one door swinging open, three blinds up, because they could not be let down; the perch tied in two places; the iron of the wheels half off, half loose; wooden pegs for linch-pins, and ropes for harness. The horses were worthy of the harness; wretched little dog-tired creatures, that looked as if they had been driven to the last gasp, and as if they had never been rubbed down in their lives; their bones starting through their skin; one lame, the other blind; one with a raw back, the other with a galled breast; one with his neck poking down over his collar, and the other with his head dragged forward by a bit of a broken bridle, held at arms' length by a man dressed like a mad beggar, in half a hat and half a wig, both awry in opposite directions; a long tattered coat, tied round his waist by a hay rope; the jagged rents in the skirts of this coat showing his bare legs, marbled of many colours; while something like stockings hung loose about his ankles. The noises he made, by way of threatening or encouraging his steeds, I pretend not to describe. In an indignant voice I called to the landlord—'I hope these are not the horses—I hope this is not the chaise, intended for my servants.' The innkeeper, and the pauper who was preparing to officiate as postilion, both in the same instant exclaimed—'*Sorrow* better chaise

in the county!' 'Sorrow!' said I—'what do you mean by sorrow?' 'That there's no better, plase your honour, can be seen. We have two more to be sure—but one has no top, and the other no bottom. Any way there's no better can be seen than this same.' 'And these horses,' cried I—'why this horse is so lame he can hardly stand.' 'Oh, plase your honour, tho' he can't stand, he'll go fast enough. He has a great deal of the rogue in him, plase your honour. He's always that way at first setting out.' 'And that wretched animal with the galled breast!' 'He's all the better for it, when once he warms; it's he that will go with the speed of light, plase your honour. Sure, is not he Knockecroghery? and didn't I give fifteen guineas for him, barring the luckpenny, at the fair of Knockecroghery, and he rising four year old at the same time?' I. 61—63.

"Then seizing his whip and reins in one hand, he clawed up his stockings with the other; so with one easy step he got into his place, and seated himself, coachman-like, upon a well-worn bar of wood, that served as a coach-box. 'Throw me the loan of a trusty, Bartly, for a cushion,' said he. A frieze coat was thrown up over the horses' heads. Paddy caught it. 'Where are you, Hosey?' cried he. 'Sure I'm only rowling a wisp of straw on my leg,' replied Hosey. 'Throw me up,' added this paragon of postilions, turning to one of the crowd of idle bystanders. 'Arrah, push me up, can't ye?'—A man took hold of his knee, and threw him upon the horse. He was in his seat in a trice. Then clinging by the mane of his horse, he scrambled for the bridle which was under the other horse's feet, reached it, and, well satisfied with himself, looked round at Paddy, who looked back to the chaise-door at my angry servants, 'secure in the last event of things.' In vain the Englishman, in monotonous anger, and the Frenchman in every note of the gamut, abused Paddy. Necessity and wit were on Paddy's side. He parried all that was said against his chaise, his horses, himself, and his country, with invincible, comick dexterity; till at last both his adversaries, dumb-foundered, clambered into the vehicle, where they were instantly shut up in straw and darkness. Paddy, in a triumphant tone, called to my postillions, bidding them 'get on, and not be stopping the way any longer." I. 64, 65.

By and by the wheelhorse stopped short, and began to kick furiously.

"'Never fear,' reiterated Paddy. 'I'll engage I'll be up wid him. Now for it, Knockecroghery! Oh the rogue, he thinks he has me at a *nonplush;* but I'll show him the *differ.*'

"After this brag of war, Paddy whipped; Knockecroghery kicked; and Paddy, seemingly unconscious of danger, sat within reach of the kicking horse, twitching up first one of his legs, then the other, and shifting as the animal aimed his hoofs, escaping every time as it were by miracle. With a mixture of temerity and presence of mind, which made us alternately look upon him as a madman and a hero, he gloried in the danger, secure of success, and of the sympathy of the spectators.

"Ah! didn't I *compass* him cleverly then? Oh the villain, to be browbating me! I'm too cute for him yet. See, there, now, he's come to; and I'll be his bail he'll go *asy* enough wid me. Ogh! he has a fine spirit of his own; but it's I that can match him. 'Twould be a poor case if a man like me couldn't match a horse any way, let alone a mare, which this is, or it never would be so vitious." I. 68, 69.

The most delectable personage, however, in the whole tale, is the ancient Irish nurse Ellinor. The devoted affection, infantine simplicity, and strange pathetick eloquence of this half-savage, kind hearted creature, afford Miss Edgeworth occasion for many most original and characteristick representations. We shall scarcely prepossess our English readers in her favour, by giving the description of her cottage.

"It was a wretched looking, low, mud-walled cabin. At one end it was propped by a buttress of loose stones, upon which stood a goat reared on his hind legs, to browze on the grass that grew on the housetop. A dunghill was before the only window, at the other end of the house, and close to the door was a puddle of the dirtiest of dirty water, in which ducks were dabbling. At my approach, there came out of the cabin a pig, a calf, a lamb, a kid, and two geese, all with their legs tied; followed by cocks, hens, chickens, a dog, a cat, a kitten, a beggar-man, a beggar-woman, with a pipe in her mouth; children innumerable, and a stout girl, with a pitchfork in her hand; altogether more than I, looking down upon the roof as I sat on horseback, and measuring the superficies with my eye, could have possibly supposed the mansion capable of containing. I asked if Ellinor O'Donoghoe was at home; but the dog

barked, the geese cackled, the turkeys gobbled, and the beggars begged with one accord, so loudly, that there was no chance of my being heard. When the *girl* had at last succeeded in appeasing them all with her pitchfork, she answered, that Ellinor O'Donoghoe was at home, but that she was out with the potatoes; and she ran to fetch her, after calling to *the boys, who were within in the room smoking*, to come out to his honour. As soon as they had crouched under the door, and were able to stand upright, they welcomed me with a very good grace, and were proud to see me in *the kingdom*. I asked if they were all Ellinor's sons. 'All entirely,' was the first answer. 'Not one but one,' was the second answer. The third made the other two intelligible. 'Plase your honour, we are all her sons-in-law, except myself, who am her lawful son.' 'Then you are my foster-brother?' 'No, plase your honour, it's not me, but my brother, and he's *not in it*.' '*Not in it?*' 'No, plase your honour; becaase he's in the forge up *above*. Sure he's the blacksmith, my lard.' 'And what are you?' 'I'm Ody, plase your honour;' the short for Owen," &c. I. 94—96.

It is impossible, however, for us to select any thing that could give our readers even a vague idea of the interest, both serious and comick, that is produced by this original character, without quoting more of the story than we can now make room for. We cannot leave it, however, without making our acknowledgments to Miss Edgeworth, for the handsome way in which she has treated our country, and for the judgment as well as liberality she has shown in the character of Mr. Macleod, the proud, sagacious, friendly and reserved agent of her hero. There is infinite merit and power of observation even in her short sketch of his exteriour.

"He was a hard featured, strong built, perpendicular man, with a remarkable quietness of deportment. He spoke with deliberate distinctness, in an accent slightly Scotch; and, in speaking, he made use of no gesticulation, but held himself surprisingly still. No part of him, but his eyes, moved; and they had an expression of slow, but determined good sense. He was sparing of his words; but the few that he used said much, and went directly to the point." I. 82.

After having said so much of "Ennui," we can afford but a very slight account of the Victim of Fashion.—This is the daughter of a rich Yorkshire grazier, who, with a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds, is smitten with the desire of being fine and fashionable; and first throws off the society of her earliest and most respectable friends, to copy the purse-proud airs of a rich banking baronet's lady; then abjures the banker, in order to be occasionally insulted in the house of a lady of high birth; next deserts her, to purchase the favour of another who has influence at court; and finally settles down into the society of a few hired and domestick flatterers, who bear with her peevishness and discontent, for the sake of sharing in her melancholy splendour. The progress of this despicable infatuation, and the havock it makes among all her original claims to respect and enjoyment, are very finely and artfully delineated. The greatest piece of management, however, in the story, is the character of Miss Elmour, the early friend of our unfortunate heroine. Instead of being brought out in broad contrast, it is softened and kept under with such admirable judgment, that the reader feels half angry at her long-suffering kindness and affection for so ungrateful an object—and at the slowness with which her innate superiority is ultimately made triumphant. The dramatick part of this story, and indeed the whole dialogue of the publication, is excellent; but we can only make room for the comparative view of the fashion of the banker's lady, and the fashion of the lady of family. Upon her removal to the family of the latter,

"Almeria found the style of dress, manners, and conversation, different from what she had seen at lady Stock's—she had easily imitated the affectation of lady Stock, but there was an ease in the decided tone of lady Bradstone, which could not be so easily acquired. Having lived from her infancy in the best company, there were no heterogeneous mixtures in her manners; and the consciousness of

this gave an habitual air of security to her words, looks, and motions. Lady Stock seemed forced to beg, or buy—Lady Bradstone, accustomed to command, or levy, admiration as her rightful tribute. The pride of lady Bradstone was uniformly resolute, and successful; the insolence of lady Stock, if it were opposed, became cowardly and ridiculous. Lady Bradstone seemed to have, on all occasions, an instinctive sense of what a person of fashion ought to do; lady Stock, notwithstanding her bravadoing air, was frequently perplexed, and anxious, and therefore awkward—she had always recourse to precedents. 'Lady P——— said so—or lady Q——— did so—lady G——— wore this, or lady H——— was there, and therefore I am sure it was proper.' On the contrary, lady Bradstone never quoted authorities, but presumed that she was a precedent for others. The one was eager to follow—the other determined to lead, the fashion. Our heroine, who was by no means deficient in penetration, and whose whole attention was now given to the study of externals, quickly perceived these shades of difference between her late and her present friend. She remarked, in particular, that she found herself much more at ease in lady Bradstone's society. Her ladyship's pride was not so offensive as lady Stock's vanity. Secure of her own superiority, lady Bradstone did not want to measure herself every instant with inferiours. She treated Almeria as her equal in every respect; and in setting her right in points of fashion, never seemed to triumph, but to consider her own knowledge as a necessary consequence of the life she had led from her infancy. With a sort of proud generosity, she always considered those whom she honoured with her friendship, as thenceforward entitled to all the advantage of her own situation, and to all the respect due to a part of herself. She now always used the word we, with peculiar emphasis, in speaking of Miss Turnbull and herself. This was a signal perfectly well understood by her acquaintance. Almeria was received every where with the most distinguished attention; and she was delighted, and absolutely intoxicated, with her sudden rise in the world of fashion. She found that her former acquaintance at lady Stock's were extremely ambitious of claiming an intimacy; but this could not be done. Miss Turnbull had now acquired, by practice, the power of looking at people, without seeming to see them; and of forgetting those with whom she was perfectly well acquainted. Her opinion of her own consequence was much raised by the court that was paid to her by several young men of fashion, who thought it expedient to marry two hundred thousand pounds." II. 55—58.

We wish we could make some extracts from "Manœuvring;" but we have left ourselves no room—and for the story, as it contains the history of the making, and the failure of three several connected plots, it is obvious that we could give no intelligible account of it within any moderate limits. It is written with admirable skill and correctness of imitation; and is likely, we think, to be the most fashionable, though by no means the most useful or instructive of the collection. There is a painful and humble pathos in some parts of "the Dun," upon which we have not spirits to enter. We earnestly entreat all good-natured youths of fashion to read it through, and not to be too impatient to get rid of the impressions which it must excite in them.

We must now take an abrupt and reluctant leave of Miss Edgeworth. Thinking as we do, that her writings are, beyond all comparison, the most useful of any that have come before us since the commencement of our critical career, it would be a point of conscience with us to give them all the notoriety that they can derive from our recommendation, even if their execution were in some measure liable to objection. In our opinion, however, they are as entertaining as they are instructive; and the genius and wit, and imagination they display, are at least as remarkable as the justness of the sentiments they so powerfully inculcate. To some readers they may seem to want the fairy colouring of high fancy and romantick tenderness; and it is very true, that they are not poetical love tales any more than they are anecdotes of scandal. We have great respect for the admirers of Rousseau and Petrarca; and we have no doubt that Miss Edgeworth has great respect for them—but *the world*, both

high and low, which she is labouring to mend, have no sympathy with this respect. They laugh at these things, and do not understand them; and therefore, the solid sense which she presses, perhaps, rather too closely upon them, though it admits of relief from wit and direct pathos, really could not be combined with the more luxuriant ornaments of an ardent and tender imagination. We say this merely to obviate the only objection which we think can be made to the execution of these stories; and to justify our decided opinion, that they are actually as *perfect* as it was possible to make them with safety to the great object of the author.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Camilla De Florian, and other Poems. By an Officer's Wife. 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*. 1809.

IF this elegant little volume had not, as it really has, the claim of great tenderness and sensibility, of many ingenious ideas, happily and harmoniously expressed, the following impressive address would disarm criticism and excite a friendly sympathy.

"TO THE REVIEWERS.

"Ah! say, who blames the wintry bird,
When storms have chilled its frozen, trembling wing,
If then its notes are feebler heard,
Than those in gilded palaces who sing?
E'en taste will urge, as generous bounty pours,
That sweeter notes may rise in happier hours:

"So 'mid the winter of my days,
My humble lays affection bids me try;
Not now to meet soft friendship's praise,
But the stern glance of judgment's keener eye.
E'en in the hour when Fate her dart has thrown
To wound a heart far dearer than my own.

"No vain presumption hither brings,
No conscious merit does a hope impart;
I seek to bear to healing springs
The faded, wounded husband of my heart,
O spare the verse my trembling hand unveils
Respect the motive, tho' the effort fails."

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

The Husband and the Lover. A Historical and Moral Romance, in Three Volumes. 8vo. 18*s*. 1809.

WE learn from a modest note at the end of these volumes, and we can assure the author that we perused the work from its commencement to its conclusion, that it is a first attempt, and by a lady. But it may safely be asserted, that it would do no discredit to any writer of great experience in either sex. The story is founded on the well known life and character of the great Sobieski, king of Poland; and from his residence in France, before he entered on the great career of his glory, a story is formed romantick indeed, as it is acknowledged to be; but full of ingenious contrivance, interesting events, remarkably well drawn characters, noble sentiments, and elegant language. If a crowd of publications did not press upon us, all of which, agreeably to our plan of giving our readers a consistent history of the literature of our country, must in turn be noticed, we would willingly have discussed the merits of this work in a more extended article. It has amused us exceedingly; and is so very far superiour to any thing which we have lately perused of the kind, that it bids

fair to preserve a place in the portion of a miscellaneous library assigned to the works of Burney, Ratcliffe, West, &c. Throughout, historical facts are very ingeniously blended with fictitious characters and events. The main incident, namely, that of Sobieski's exerting his influence with Louis XIV. to make a son of his, by the marchioness de Briscacier, a duke, is a well known fact. The behaviour of the marquis after discovering his wife's infidelity, is perhaps among the greatest improbabilities of the book; but the defects are neither many nor important, considering its claims of blending most satisfactorily much instruction with great amusement.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Le Souterrain, &c. *i. e.* The Cavern, or The Two Sisters. By Madame F. Herbster. 12mo. pp. 152. London, 1809.

WHEN we are informed that the groundwork of this novel is true, we know not how far the assertion is meant to extend. But a perusal of the tale convinces us that a considerable portion of fiction is blended with the matters of fact. Various travellers have given accounts of the perforated rocks in the vicinity of Tours, the scene of the principal adventures here recorded; and it is not improbable that, during the horrours of the French revolution, so fatal to the nobility, some persecuted individuals might have meditated and actually found an asylum in the caverns or grottos of these rocks. But, it is not easy to believe that so comfortable a subterranean habitation, as is here described, could have been found, and have been furnished as the hiding place of a noble family. While it is even much less credible that two orphan females, the eldest being but twelve and the youngest only six years old, could have made their way from Paris to this retreat, and have maintained themselves, without servants, and without being discovered. It is sufficiently probable, however, that a count and countess, in the bloody reign of the monster *Robespierre*, might have been violently torn from their children; and that all parties, under the protection of Divine Providence, might have been preserved through a thousand dangers, and happily restored to each other, after a lapse of years. We should suppose, indeed, that this is the *fond* of the little novel before us; which is interesting, and calculated to make pious and amiable impressions on the minds of feeling and well disposed readers. Every line is favourable to virtue; and, as no school is equal to that of misfortune for training the heart to the duties of humanity, the picture here delineated may be regarded as not less natural than instructive. The author remarks, that few French novels are fit to be put into the hands of young persons. Madame Herbster might have added, "or of old people." And it is at least a negative recommendation of *Le Souterrain*, that it is free from those faults with which French compositions of the lighter kind, too much abound. The story is interlarded with no insidious and dangerous principles; but the whole breathes sentiments of devotion, and trust in Providence; of parental tenderness, and filial affection; of gratitude to benefactors, and, of kindness to our fellow creatures. As the story is affecting, an abstract of it will not, perhaps, be unacceptable.

In the rich and fertile valley of Tours, which may not improperly be called, the garden of France, on the banks of the Loire, is a small chain of rocks, which looks to the southeast, and is protected from the

northern winds by the ancient forest of Roseville. Many of these rocks are inhabited by peasants, whose toil is recompensed by the vines which cover them.

As the count de Roseville, who owned a great part of this beautiful country, was one day hunting, he was suddenly overtaken by a violent storm, and forced to seek refuge in a place which had formerly been a lime-kiln. Walking up and down, waiting the abatement of the tempest, his dog conducted him through several turnings, to a vast cavity, which seemed to extend under the whole chain of the rocks. This incident occurred on the 30th of June, 1792, when the noblesse were pursued and imprisoned, and when the terrible 10th of August, and first days of September, were preparing; and, as the count lived in the constant apprehension of being arrested, a thought naturally suggested itself, that this cavern, so providentially, as it were, pointed out to him, might, during the bloody convulsions of the revolution, serve for the retreat of himself, his wife, and his children. On his return to the castle, he communicated the scheme which he had formed, to his lady, and also to a faithful domestick, of whose service he availed himself in carrying it into execution. On the following day, they visited the spot, accompanied by their two children. By the help of torches, they discovered a dark passage, which the count had not previously observed, conducting to a subterranean grotto, supported by four pillars of rock; and in the middle rose a fountain, which, falling in a cascade into a basin, subterraneously passed away. A pleasant light entered through the fissures of the rock. Further on, they discovered several other grottos, which could easily be made habitable; and in one of them was an opening between two huge stones, so placed as to admit light and exclude rain. A long corridor ended in a kind of lofty rotunda, inaccessible to the day; behind which was a winding passage, that led to a part of the rock different from that at which the count had entered. The faithful domestick, Richard, then contrived, by cases filled with clay, serving as doors, so to obscure the entrances as to prevent all suspicion of the cavities within. Six weeks after the discovery, the count and his servant had managed, by the clay-doors, by matting, by old tapestry on the sides of the grottos, and by the furniture which they had secretly conveyed, to make this *souterrain* habitable. The great cave was prepared for the chamber of the countess, and one on each side for her two daughters. These were enclosed by doors covered with sheep's skins, to exclude the cold. A kitchen was at no great distance, with closets, containing necessaries of all kinds, particularly oil and charcoal. Lamps, disposed at proper intervals, gave light in the dark parts of the rock; and the rotunda was made a study, illuminated by a lamp, suspended from the roof, and furnished with a piano, a harp, a library of excellent books, port-folios of drawings, &c.

Well might the countess survey all these preparations with approbation: but it is wonderful that two persons should have executed them in so short a time. Scarcely, however, were they finished, and the count had returned to his castle, when, a few days after the horribly memorable 10th of August, he was arrested, *in the name of the law*, and dragged to Paris, leaving his wife and children in the greatest agony and consternation. The countess and her two daughters, Gabrielle and Augustine, were conveyed by Richard, the faithful valet, to the subterranean retreat, together with the valuable property which they could remove; and when he had secured his charge, he proposed to go to Paris, in the hope of being serviceable to his master, or at least, of conveying him some money. Moved by this proposition, the countess herself resolved to fly to her

husband, and either to succour him, or to share his fate. They then *all* left the cave; and having disguised themselves in the dress of peasants, they proceeded by the ordinary conveyance to Paris. Here Richard disappeared; and the count was discovered through the grating of a miserable prison. Almost distracted, the countess left her lodging, and, having first sewed money in the corsets of her children, and instructed them how to pass the barriers, she counselled them, if she should not return to them in two days, to travel back, as poor children, to the retreat in the rock. Having effected her purpose of forcing her way into the prison, in which her husband was confined, the children were left orphans; and no mother returning to protect them, they obeyed her injunctions, and, by the charitable aid of innkeepers, masters of *voitures*, &c. these two infantine sisters made their way from Paris to Tours; took possession of the grotto; and supported themselves in this retreat for the long term of six years. At last they were traced to the rock; and a fine muslin handkerchief, marked G. R. was picked up. Curiosity, in conjunction with the admiration of female beauty, operating on a young man, he discovered the clay doors, and the mode of opening them; and, entering with his uncle, they surprised the recluses, when Gabrielle was singing the following air:

" Sous ces sombres rochers, impénétrable asile,
J'élève, en gémissant mes accens vers les cieux;
Sans crainte et sans remords, on y vivroit tranquille;
Mais loin de ses parens, pourroit on vivre heureux?

" Orpheline, et sans guide, au printemps de ma vie,
Jamais je n'ai vu luire un rayon de bonheur,
La fleur de mes beaux jours sera bientôt flétrie.
Les soupirs et l'attente ont desséché mon cœur.

" O mes parens chéris! ô ma sensible mère!
Languirai-je tonjours loin du monde et de vous?
Le ciel ouroit-il donc borné votre carrière?
Et la terre déjà nous contient-elle tous?

" O toi de qui les soins ont guidé notre enfance,
Toi qui nous as donné de si tendres parens;
Toi que touchent toujours les pleurs de l'innocence.
Grand Dieu! sauve mon père, et rends-lui ses enfans.

" Et toi, ma sœur, ma fille et mon unique amie,
En partageant mes maux, tu sais les adoucir;
T'aimer est le seul bien qui m'attache à la vie;
Augustine, sans toi, je n'aurois qu' à mourir."

The sisters fainted at the sight of strangers; but, when they recovered from their affright, a pleasing explanation took place. Gabrielle and Augustine found an uncle and a cousin in the obtruding visitants; who, being now in possession of Roseville castle, removed them from the *souterrain* to their original residence. They then accompanied their uncle to Paris, in search of their parents; and on the road, they rewarded those who were their benefactors, when, as poor children, they required the aid of the keepers of inns and coach-drivers. On their return to Roseville, love began to exercise its power, and marriages were meditated. The anniversary of their being found was honoured with a most splendid fête; when the count and countess, who had been sentenced to exile in Cayenne, had been shipwrecked, and having passed through St. Domingo, Jamaica, and England, returned to their own castle. Thus the misfortunes which the revolution had occasioned, were terminated in a joyful interview of all the parties; for even the missing Richard is added to the groupe.

The dramatick conclusion of this piece induces us to believe, that fic-

tion has lent her aid, with no sparing hand, to complete the effect. All the characters are amiable, and all have reason to be satisfied with their conduct. Virtue, under the aid of divine Providence, not only combating with misfortune, but, at last, triumphing over it; and the power of religion, in bracing the mind to meet, with fortitude, the severest trials, and aiding us to perform our duty under them, are pictures which are always useful to man, and are of peculiar importance to the rising generation. The seeds of those moral qualities which form the character, are sown much more early in life than we generally suppose.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Memoirs of William Paley, D. D. By G. H. Meadley. pp. 216. To which is added an Appendix. pp. 168. 1809.

THIS biographer appears to be a plain sort of a person, not mightily gifted, indeed, with the talent of writing; but sufficiently so to tell a common story, and make common remarks. He comes forward with no great pretensions, telling us that he knows his work is very imperfect, and that his motive for undertaking it was the desire of doing justice to the memory of Paley. We can believe that this motive may have been a principal one; but we suspect that one or two others have been accessory. We surmise that he was partly swayed by a certain desire of making a book; which same desire has further impelled him to spin out his memoirs, by introducing needless repetitions, and dwelling too much on trivial circumstances—also, to fill up half of a goodly octavo, by cramming in analyses of Paley's sermons, tracts formerly published, &c. In fact, a memoir of Paley's life might have been properly attached to some edition of his works; but is far too scanty of matter for a separate publication. We surmise, moreover, that another motive, operating on our biographer, was a desire of professing, before the publick, the sanction of Dr. Paley's name, for what he is pleased to call, the cause of civil and religious liberty. Certain it is, that he takes no common pains to impress upon us, what is undoubtedly true:—That this excellent man was always the warm friend of religious toleration; and also to make us believe that he wished to abolish, or to relax, subscription to the articles of our established church. However, we are by no means disposed to quarrel with Mr. Meadley, and are glad to glean from him some little account of Dr. Paley's life.

It is pleasing to trace the progress of a distinguished character to eminence, by the natural buoyancy of merit, without any underhand arts, or mean attachments to party, or servile cringings to great people. Paley, born in 1743, was the son of a country clergyman, schoolmaster at Giggleswich, in Yorkshire. Educated under his father, he gave promise rather of fair abilities, than of distinguished excellence. His mind was, from the first, remarkably active and inquiring. In bodily movements he was always singularly clumsy.

"I was never a good horseman," he used to say of himself, "and when I followed my father on a poney of my own, on my first journey to Cambridge, I fell off seven times. I was lighter then than I am now, and my falls were not likely to be serious. My father, on hearing a thump, would turn his head half aside, and say: 'Take care of thy money, lad."—p. 5.

His father, at this time, perceived the germ of his future distinction.

"My son," he said, "is now gone to college—He will turn out a great man—very great indeed—I am certain of it; for he has, by far, the clearest head I ever met with in my life."—p. 7.

He appeared at the University as a raw, uncouth, unformed sizar, singular in dress and manner, not remarkable for regular, studious habits, but recommending himself by his good humour, social talent, and general ability. He obtained the publick distinction of senior wrangler, on taking his degree, and had afterwards a bachelor's prize adjudged to him for a latin dissertation.

For a short time subsequent to his first degree, he underwent the drudgery of acting as usher, at a private school, at Greenwich. Fortunately, he soon quarrelled with the schoolmaster, and, having been elected fellow of the college to which he belonged, fixed his residence in the university. He spent about ten years of his life engaged in the business of academical tuition. His reputation in this situation rose extremely high. He was remarkable for the happy talent of adapting his lectures singularly well to the apprehensions of his pupils. He was considered as belonging to what was called the liberal party in the university, in politicks and religion. In 1772, he was invited to sign the petition for relief in the matter of subscription to the articles, then presented to parliament. His refusal was conveyed in the jocular terms, that "he could not afford to keep a conscience." His biographer acts, we think, no very friendly part, when he attributes this refusal to prudential motives, acting in opposition to his real sentiments. Paley was a man of the most unvarnished honesty. We are convinced, that his refusal must have been founded on a real disapprobation of the measure itself; of the means adopted in furthering it; or of the persons engaged in promoting it.

In 1776, he married, and retired to a small living in Westmoreland; but was soon advanced, successively, by his friend Dr. Law, then bishop of Carlisle, to a prebendal stall, the archdeaconry, and chancellorship of the diocese. In this retirement, he digested and prepared his great work, the Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy, which appeared in 1785. His Horæ Paulinæ followed in 1790, and his Evidence of Christianity in 1794. After the latter publication, preferment, the well earned fruit of his services and talents, poured fast upon him. In the space of one year, he was presented by different patrons to a prebendal stall in St. Paul's; the subdeanery of Lincoln; and the valuable rectory of bishop Wearmouth. The latter place was the scene of his declining years. His Natural Theology, which appeared in 1802, was the only literary work in which he afterwards engaged. He made himself practically useful, by carefully performing the offices of a parish priest; discharging the more active duties of a magistrate; and guarding the moral conduct of his neighbours. A painful disorder, which visited the close of his useful life, marked him to be, in the hard task of suffering, as well as in acting, a firm, sincere Christian. In 1804, the respect, and the regret of all good men, followed him to the grave.

Paley was, in private life, a cheerful, social, unassuming character; of an equable temper, satisfied with his present lot, devoid of restless, craving ambition. He entered with great zest into the common enjoyments of life. He never assumed an austere character of sanctity and stiffness, but was anxious to promote good humour and harmless mirth on all occasions. His conversation was free and unreserved, wholly untainted with that pedantick gravity and cold superciliousness, in which superiour talent is too apt to clothe itself. He was remarkable for an extensive acquaintance with men and manners. He had a strong relish of wit; a copious fund of anecdote; and told a story with peculiar archness and naiveté. He was a particular admirer of theatrical performances. Even in his latest years, he would place himself in a conspicuous part of a provincial theatre,

when any celebrated performer arrived in his neighbourhood.

He appears to have been, at no time, a regular, profound student. He was able to chain his attention closely to any particular subject which he had in hand. But his general habit was, to engage in desultory reading, to pursue any train of casual investigation, and to enlarge his store of knowledge from every quarter. His mind, in fact, was never idle, always searching for matter of observation, and laying up food for reflection. He was peculiarly happy in the talent of gleaning information from persons of different habits and professions with whom he conversed.

Such was Paley in the private walks of life. Of his mental talents and acquirements, of his publick principles and opinions, the estimate must be drawn from his writings.

One very prominent and very amiable feature of character displayed in his works, is a candid allowance of the errours, prejudices, and partialities of others. A spirit of liberality, fairness, and moderation, tempers all his opinions. He is never so blindly bigoted to what he himself approves, as not to be aware that an opposing bias, or a different cast of thought, may cause others to draw conclusions directly the reverse. He is every where the friend to enlightened policy and free discussion. In some of his opinions on publick questions, it has been his fate to be censured by opposite parties. He has gone too far for some, and not far enough for others. All, we believe, with few exceptions, have agreed, that he has spoken honestly, opinions weighed maturely; that as he has sought his results coolly, so he has expressed them dispassionately; that he has always aimed at advancing the great cause of truth, and of lending the best support to good government and social order.

On his qualifications and talents as a writer, we have touched already. He did not possess a comprehensive and grasping genius, nor was he endowed with a rich and sparkling imagination. His mind was well informed, but not furnished with deep, extensive, ponderous erudition. We do not find him, like a Hoadley, or a Warburton, opening a vast battery of learning, and bringing forward a copious store of illustrating matter on the point which he is discussing. His distinguishing characteristick is a penetrating understanding, and a clear, logical head. What he himself comprehends fully, that he details luminously. He never builds a conclusion on unsound or insufficient premises. He takes a subject to pieces with the nice skill of a master, presents to us distinctly its several parts, and explains them with accuracy and truth. He illustrates his meaning with apposite remarks, and much various allusion. He makes great amends for the want of abstruse erudition, by a large fund of various, common-place knowledge, and a thorough acquaintance with men and manners. He has been taxed with a want of originality. If it is merely meant that he has chiefly taken in hand, subjects in which others have preceded him, the charge is obviously true. But still, in the line of discussion which he takes, he strikes generally out of the beaten track; he pursues new trains of investigation; places matters in a new light; lays down new principles, and illustrates by new arguments. In fact, he has the peculiar merit of being often truly original, where a common writer could only have been a tame and servile imitator. "He is thought less original than he really is," says an ingenious writer,* "merely because his taste and modesty, have led him to disdain the ostentation of novelty; and therefore, he generally employs more art to blend his own arguments with the body of received opinions, so that they are scarce to be distinguished, than other men, in the pursuit of a transient popularity,

* Mackintosh.

have exerted to disguise the most miserable common-places in the shape of a paradox."

But he has left us one work, much less generally known and read than it deserves to be, which is truly original in its subject, in its construction, and in its details. We allude to his Horæ Paulinæ. In this, he traces a new species of internal evidence for the authenticity of St. Paul's epistles, by observing the undesigned and less obvious coincidence of allusions and expressions, with the narrative in the acts of the apostle. In his statement of the value of this species of argument he is clear and judicious. In pointing out the several passages which furnish the proof, he shows a most intimate acquaintance with St. Paul's writings, the fruit of patient investigation, and most close attention. He is singularly ingenious in hitting on a casual agreement, where a common mind would have overlooked it. He appreciates with judgment, the true value of every head of evidence which he brings. He makes his deduction, just as far as that instance bears him out, and no farther; and, on proper occasions, he presses his reasonings with convincing force. Thus, he has furnished a mass of most valuable evidence, which is peculiarly his own, and which no one else could have invented so well, or traced so clearly. He has given, too, an admirable model for similar investigations on other subjects. Had he produced no other work, his fame would have stood on no weak or narrow basis.

Amongst the tracts and papers, with which Mr. Meadley has contrived to swell his volume, is a tract on the question of subscription to the articles published in 1774, in defence of a pamphlet of bishop Law's. In bringing this to notice as an undoubted work of Dr. Paley's, we think that he suffers his zeal against the church, by law established, to outstrip his regard for his friend's reputation. He is by no means warranted in decidedly ascribing it to Dr. Paley. He produces no direct evidence; does not pretend that it was ever, in any circumstances, avowed; and merely pleads general report. We must be allowed to suspend, at least, our judgment on the subject. Internal evidence, we think, is strong against the fact. An acrimonious spirit of controversy pervades the tract, foreign to Paley's general manner. At times, there is a puerile flippancy of remark. The argument is, in some parts, directed against all means of securing a conformity of faith in the ministers of any established church, an opinion which Paley never maintained, and the bare supposition of his holding which is an impeachment of his understanding. We must contend, that a discreet friend to his memory, *who had no prejudices of his own to gratify*, would not have been thus forward to give, on very disputable grounds, the sanction of his name to this production.

On the whole, Paley was an amiable, and a respectable character, in all the departments of life; one who taught well, and defended ably, truths which he firmly believed, and duties which he admirably practised. Superiours he has undoubtedly had in those high talents and vast acquirements which dazzle and astonish; but still a place must be allowed him in the very foremost rank of eminence, if the consideration of his actual abilities be combined with that of their useful application; if his claim on the applauses of mankind, be united with that on their gratitude.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Amelie Mansfield. Par Madame Cottin. 3 tom. 12mo. Londres. 1809.

NOVELS are read so generally, and with such avidity, by the young of both sexes, that they cannot fail to have a considerable influence on the virtue and happiness of society. Yet their authors do not always appear to be sensible of the serious responsibility attached to their voluntary task. In several novels which we frequently observe in the parlours of respectable families, there cannot be a doubt, that the warmth of colouring, in certain passages, produces, in the imaginations of many of their readers, disorders which are far from being sufficiently corrected by the moral maxims, the good examples, or the warning events. Of such grievous misdemeanors Fielding is notoriously guilty. Other writers also, from whom better things might have been expected, have stained their pages with indelicate details. But the practice is a shameful violation of good manners, and admits of no excuse; for either the details are superfluous, which is most frequently the case; or else the story should be suppressed altogether, as one which will do more harm than good to far the greater number of those who will certainly peruse it.

But there is another way in which it may be apprehended that novels are frequently hurtful. The *epic* poem and the *romance of chivalry* transport us to a world of wonders, where supernatural agents are mixed with the human characters; where the human characters themselves are prodigies, and where events are produced by causes widely and manifestly different from those which regulate the course of human affairs. With such a world we do not think of comparing our actual situation; to such characters we do not presume to assimilate ourselves or our neighbours; from such a concatenation of marvels we draw no conclusions with regard to our own expectations in real life. But real life is the very thing which *novels* affect to imitate; and the young and inexperienced will sometimes be too ready to conceive that the picture is true, in those respects at least in which they wish it to be so. Hence both their temper, conduct, and happiness may be materially injured. For novels are often *romantick;* not, indeed, by the relation of what is obviously miraculous or impossible; but by deviating, though perhaps insensibly, beyond the bounds of probability or consistency. And the girl who dreams of the brilliant accomplishments and enchanting manners which distinguish the favourite characters in those fictitious histories, will be apt to look with contempt on the most respectable and amiable of her acquaintance; while in the showy person and flattering address of some contemptible, and perhaps profligate coxcomb, she may figure to herself the prototype of her imaginary heroes, the only man upon earth with whom it is possible to be happy. Nay, if she should venture to indulge her lover with a private assignation, she knows from those authentick records that her conduct is sanctioned by the example of ladies of the most inflexible virtue. She may still plead the same authority for her justification, if, for the sake of this fascinating youth, she render herself an outcast from her station and her family. Whatever she may give up, she has learned from her oracles that no sacrifice can be too great for real love; that real love, such as subsists, and ever will subsist, between herself and the best of men, is adequate to fill every hour of her existence, and to supply the want of every other gratification, and every other employment. And although she may be prevented by fortunate circumstances, or by the prevalence

of better principles from exhibiting, in her own fate, the catastrophe of a melancholy novel; yet, tinctured with such notions, she must, even in prosperity, be lamentably disappointed in her fondest hopes, and look with a joyless heart to the society of ordinary mortals, to the ordinary duties and ordinary comforts of life; those duties which the sober minded discharge with cheerfulness, and those comforts in which they acquiesce with contentment and delight.

But whatever may be the case with other novels, we were led to anticipate great satisfaction from the perusal of Amelia Mansfield; for the title page informs us that it is the work of Madame Cottin, the author of Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia, one of the most beautiful, interesting, and edifying narratives with which we are acquainted. It exhibits human nature in a most engaging and instructive view; conjugal and parental love brightening the winter of adversity; and filial piety inspiring an amiable girl with a fortitude which no hardships or dangers could subdue. Nor are these the visions of imagination only. The author assures us, in her preface, that the subject of her history was true, and that both the virtues and the sufferings of the real heroine were beyond the description. In fact, what in a novel might be considered as romantick fictions are not superiour to the noble examples which real life has exhibited of a wife, a daughter, or a mother's love. Such examples have a powerful tendency both to purify and exalt the character. And from the evidence which Elizabeth afforded of a sound judgment and well regulated mind, as well as of uncommon talents, we should have conceived that any work which was sanctioned by the name of Madame Cottin, might, from that circumstance alone, be recommended with confidence for a young lady's library.

With these prepossessions we began the novel before us. It is certainly a work of genius; but we regretted to find it in many respects very unlike what we had promised ourselves from the author of Elizabeth; and we now proceed to mention so much of the story and of the manner in which it is told, as may point out on what grounds our opinion is founded.

The count of Woldemar had one son and two daughters. By his son, the baron of Woldemar, he had a grandson Ernest. He had grandchildren also by each of his daughters; for one of them was married to the count of Lunebourg, father of the heroine Amelia, and of her brother Albert; and the other was married to the baron of Geysa, and had a daughter Blanche. Now the old count of Woldemar was exceedingly proud of his family, which we are told, had given electors to Saxony, and kings to Poland; and having seen his children married suitably to their dignity, he thought proper to extend the same care to his grandchildren, that after his death the blood of the Woldemars might not be polluted, at least to the third generation. So he made a will, by which he appointed his grandson Ernest heir of his fortune and title on the condition of marrying Amelia. In case of refusal on her part he deprived her of her share in his fortune, and the young gentleman's hand was next to be offered to Blance of Geysa on the same terms. If the young man himself should be refractory, he lost his claim to his grandfather's inheritance which, in that case, devolved upon Albert, with the obligation of marrying Blanche.

Having made this judicious settlement, which he might as well have let alone, the old count died when Ernest was ten years old, Amelia scarcely nine, and her brother Albert fourteen. While he was yet living, all his grandchildren had been educated together at his own house, an arrangement which he conceived would facilitate his favourite plan. But here he was mistaken. The

young people quarrelled at their romps; and Amelia could not bear the haughty spirit of Ernest, who appears to have been a spoiled child. One day in particular, he endeavoured to make her swear obedience to him as her future husband; for with the same prudence which seems to have directed all the measures of this far sighted old gentleman, they had, even when children, been informed of their grandfather's will. Amelia stoutly refused, and struggled to get free. Her brother came to rescue her. Ernest knocked him down with a large book, and then made her own pretty mouth bleed by his endeavours to stop her cries of murder. What was still worse, he refused, even at his mother's entreaty, to ask Amelia's pardon, pleading his right to insist on his wife's obedience. His mother, who seems to have had more sense than her father-in-law, though she had as much pride as if she had been of his own blood, very wisely sent her son to the university of Leipsick, without insisting on an interview between the young couple in their present temper; and Amelia, enraged at his want of submission, as soon as it was reported to her, swore an oath of her own, that he never should be hers, the direct counterpart of the oath which Ernest had dictated.

In these dispositions Ernest and Amelia parted, and saw each other no more for many years afterwards. In the mean time, his preceptors at the university, though they acknowledged the superiority of his genius and his progress in his studies, complained of his haughty and inflexible spirit, and threatened, on that account, to send him back to his family. Provoked at the threat, he quitted the university by his own authority, and returned home. Here he did not find Amelia, who was living with her parents. His mother, who was now a widow, intrusted him to the care of a steady young man, who, though but six years older than himself, and accustomed to reprove him with freedom, had alone acquired an ascendant over him. With this companion she sent him to travel, and had the satisfaction of hearing that the most favourable changes were taking place in his character and conduct.

But Amelia, steady to the aversion produced by their childish quarrels, lent a deaf ear to his mother's representations, and listened only to the accounts of his former misdemeanors. There was, however, another cause, which contributed still more to her alienation from Ernest. She had fallen in love with Mansfield, a young poet, who, on account of his talents, was received by her parents with distinction and kindness, not as one who could ever think of aspiring to their daughter's hand, but as a man of genins, whom they admired and protected. We shall not follow all the progress of this courtship, which is very prettily detailed in a narrative of Amelia's. Only we beg leave to observe, that a well educated girl, who had any thing like a proper regard for her reputation, or a proper sense of her dignity, should have resented, as an insult, the proposal which her lover presumed to make, of meeting him privately in the evening, "under the great yew trees of the little park;" a proposal the more improper, as the only pretence which he alleged, was, that she might bid him farewell. In short, although her father, on his deathbed had insisted, and her brother had solemnly assured her, that her marriage with Ernest should be left to her own free choice, yet, without condescending to wait a year or two, till she might have an opportunity to judge for herself, if her cousin was, indeed, as amiable as he was now represented, she forsook all for love, and eloped with the poet.

For this rash step she suffered severely; and here, we presume, the history is intended for a warning to those young ladies who marry in haste. That her family should renounce her, was only what she must have expected. Her brother, however,

though provoked at her indiscretion, remained firmly attached to her; but Mansfield, for whom she had made such a sacrifice, and who had sworn that his love should end only with his life, Mansfield grew unfaithful and profligate, forsook her at last, and was killed by a Russian officer in a quarrel about an opera girl. From that period she lived at Dresden for three years in the most profound obscurity, having no comfort but her brother's tenderness, being permitted to see Blanche once only during all that time, and entirely disowned by every other relation.

But after this long season of distress, happier days arose again on poor Amelia. Her husband's uncle, Mr. Grandson, a plain but respectable old man, had retired to a delightful residence in Switzerland, where he lived in splendour on the fortune which he had made by commerce, and invited Amelia to be the mistress of his house, and to inherit his wealth. Warned as she had been of the miseries arising from imprudence, we may now expect that it can only be some external calamity which is to disturb her repose. We have no suspicion that she will ever forget the good resolutions which she expresses so beautifully in a letter to her brother.

In a dark and tempestuous night of February, Henry Semler and his attendants were saved by the exertions of Mr. Grandson's domesticks from perishing in the snow, and welcomed with the utmost humanity and kindness to a safe shelter in the abode of wealth and beauty. Of this hospitality, Semler was unworthy. He came under a fictitious name for a most unmanly purpose. He was no other than our old acquaintance Ernest, the young count of Woldemar. Indignant that a man so low as Mansfield should have been preferred to him, he had stolen away from his companion, with the hope of finding some means to introduce himself to Amelia as a stranger; and his intention was to gain her affections, and then to abandon her with contempt. This was certainly a design which no one who deserved the name of a gentleman, could entertain for a moment; yet with unpardonable inconsistency, the author evidently intends that Ernest should be regarded as a man of a high and generous spirit.

But as the wicked are often caught in their own snare, so our promising youth became desperately enamoured with Amelia, though he could not endure the thought of marrying Mansfield's widow, or of wounding, by such a union, his mother's happiness, to whom he was tenderly attached. And now the author puts forth all her strength in describing the struggles between love, pride, and filial affection, and the gradual, but fatal triumph of love. Although Ernest never condescended to give any account of his situation, and, for some time at least, declared, that to their marriage, there were obstacles which he knew not how to surmount, yet Amelia permits his tender assiduities. The good uncle, however, who never dreamed of any thing but an honourable courtship, but who thought it long in coming to a proper conclusion, hastened the catastrophe which he meant to prevent. Upon his remonstrances, Ernest declared that he would soon be free, and happy to marry Amelia, but declined an immediate union. He was ordered by Mr. Grandson to quit the house instantly; but Amelia was moved to compassion by his rueful countenance, and with inexcusable rashness, granted him a private interview at midnight. Here he swore to be her husband, and she, as might be expected, forfeited her title to a station among virtuous women. But after all his oaths, the fickle youth was persuaded by his mother to renounce his mistress; and we have now a tale of sorrows, in many places admirably told, and deeply interesting. Amelia, worn out with anguish, died at the moment when the countess of Wol-

demar consented to their union, and Ernest could not survive the woman whom he had forsaken.

In this novel we certainly find much to admire, and much even to approve; but there are some things so improper as to disgrace and discredit the whole work.

For the reasons suggested in the beginning of this article, every person of good morals will concur in reprobating the indelicacy of certain passages. But independently of this circumstance, it is extremely improper that such characters as Ernest and Amelia should be held up, as they evidently are, to our love and esteem.

In the character of Ernest we have already taken notice of one particular, which is decidedly inconsistent with a high or generous mind. But we find him still more reprehensible as we advance in the history. With a profligacy incompatible both with honour and humanity he forsakes Amelia, after he had repeatedly bound himself to her by engagements which every honest man would regard as indissoluble, and which became, if possible, of still stronger obligation when he had reduced her to a situation where his infidelity must be the source of irretrievable misery. The author endeavours to screen him from reproach, by ascribing this painful sacrifice to his apprehensions for his mother's life. But unless these apprehensions could have excused him for abandoning his wife, who had never injured him, they could not excuse him for abandoning Amelia. In fact, his mother had no right to demand the sacrifice, and was both unjust and cruel in demanding it. And without troubling our readers with detailing the mean artifices to which he stooped, in order to conceal from Amelia his real name and situation, or with suggesting the deliberate baseness of concealing what she had so unquestionable an interest and right to know, enough has been said to point out the gross impropriety into which the author has fallen, in the formation of her hero's character. We do not insist that the hero of a fictitious history should be faultless. The history may be both interesting and instructive, by representing the gradual perversion of a character originally good, or by the awful warning which is exhibited when a man of real worth is driven by the frenzy of passion, to the perpetration of a deed which the next moment tortures him with remorse, and ends in his ruin. But the author must never forget, that while the victim of passion continues enslaved to passion, while the character originally good continues perverted, so long they must be represented as objects of abhorrence. Besides, there are designs which the worthless only can deliberately form, or even entertain for a moment; and our author has conceived and brought forth a hero, who, to high pretensions of honour and an exquisite sensibility of virtue, unites feelings and practices which can belong only to a profligate scoundrel. Yet this monstrous production is to be the object of our love and esteem, for he is esteemed and beloved by persons of the most exemplary virtue, who are perfectly apprized of the whole of his conduct.

When again we turn to the heroine, we cannot say that the author has furnished our young ladies with a very edifying speculation. We pass over her conduct before her arrival in Switzerland; but we must observe, that from the beginning of her attachment to Ernest, she falls into a series of deliberate improprieties which can hardly be supposed in a young woman of good sense and good principles. It was folly and meanness, to permit the assiduities of a man who had never condescended to give an account of himself. It was worse to permit the continuance of those assiduities, and even of indiscreet familiarities, after he had presumed to declare, that, although he was unmarried, he could only be her friend. But when under those most question-

able circumstances, she consented to a private and midnight interview, it is plain that if it had ended innocently, the lady would have been indebted, not to her own virtue, but to her lover's forbearance. Nor is there any real penitence to restore her to esteem: for even when she has every reason to believe that the man who injured her so deeply had basely forsaken her, she continues still the slave of a disgraceful passion. When she is forsaking her child to go in quest of her faithless lover, we find in her journal the following words among others still more disgusting. "Dis, homme cruel! es-tu satisfait de la passion qui me devore? son empire est-il assez terrible? et la puissance que tu exerces sur mon lâche cœur te laisse-t-elle quelque chose à desirer?"

We may be told, indeed, that, doomed as she is to sufferings so severe, her errours whatever they may be, will be considered as a warning, not as a model. This might be the case if her sufferings arose from her errours. But her sufferings arise from quite different causes. Her lover does not forsake her because she ceased to be respectable, but because he could not resist his mother's solicitations. Her imprudent attachment to Mansfield is, indeed, attended with the punishments which were its natural consequences; but her worse than imprudent conduct with Ernest, does not at all alienate her friends; she is still beloved as the most amiable and revered, as the most respectable of women; and, but for the most improbable concurrence of two most improbable circumstances, the silliness of Ernest and the unnatural barbarity of his mother, her crime would have conducted her at once to dignity and splendour. Now, we are apprehensive that many readers may be more encouraged by the happiness which might be expected to crown her guilt than warned by the melancholy catastrophe which is produced entirely and obviously by accidental causes. And although it is true that in the midst of her desolation she is stung with the pangs of remorse, it is an obvious reflection that these pangs would soon subside if she were united to her lover. Indeed, this reflection is forced upon us, because, in the deepest remorse and deepest misery, she still glories in her shame; she adores him whom she must have considered as completely worthless, and dwells on the happiness of her love with all the exaggerations of the wildest fancy, and with an eloquence which cannot but be fatally impressive on a youthful mind.

Upon the whole, we cannot recommend the book. We object to the indelicacy in some places. We object to those representations which encourage the vitious to hope for success. We object to those romantick visions which throw into a dead gloom the brightest scenes of real life. We object to those incompatible assemblages of virtues and vices, which must either shock us by their incongruity, or pervert our sentiments of right and wrong. We lament that such a work should have proceeded from the author of Elizabeth; and still more, that there should be a wish in Britain for importing, from the schools of France and Germany, those novels and dramas which tend at once to corrupt the taste and deprave the national character.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The Minstrel; or the Progress of Genius. In continuation of the Poem left unfinished by Dr. Beattie. Book the Third. 4to. 4*s*. boards. 1808.

WE trembled for this adventurous muse, who has dared to attempt a continuation of a work which is replete with the most exquisite gems of true poesy; and we entered on the perusal of this *third* book full of ap-

prehension that our disappointment would surpass our pleasure. As, however, we do not suffer our prepossessions to blind our judgment, the merit of the author has sustained no injury; and our examination has convinced us that his presumption was not so great as we were inclined to suppose. If he has not actually caught Dr. Beattie's mantle, he has found a lyre which is much in that writer's fashion, and shows himself capable of sweeping its strings in the style of true minstrelsy. Though not equal to the original bard, he follows at no great distance; and as Dr. B. left his work unfinished, this farther development of the Progress of Genius may be read with interest by all those who were charmed by the former stanzas. The author apologizes for not having pursued the outline of the plan faintly sketched in one of the doctor's letters, lately published by his biographer, sir William Forbes; observing that the verses before us were composed long ago, and would not now have been published if the result of his inquiries had not led him to believe that no materials for the continuation of The Minstrel had been found among Dr. B's papers.

The character of Edwin is well sustained; and the stanzas swell with that tide of verse, flow with that ease, and abound with that richness of imagery, which manifest a soul finely touched and endowed. We need only transcribe that part of the present poem which depicts the blessings of the muse.

"Oh, could I aught of that celestial flame
Acquire, which glowed in SPENSER'S holy breast,
How small would be on fortune's gifts my claim,
Of nature's stores and nature's love possest!
He whom the muse has favoured is most blessed:
For him the forest spreads a broader shield;
The shades of summer give securer rest;
The beauteous vales a livelier verdure yield;
And purer flows the stream, and fairer smiles the field.

"He envies not the rich imperial board,
Or downy couch for pampered luxury spread,
The simple feast that woods and fields afford,
The canopy of trees, the natural bed
Of moss by murmuring streams perennial fed,
In him more genuine heart's content excite:
The dazzling rays by brightest diamonds shed
Yield to the fairer glories of the night
That circle round his head in order infinite.

"Such were thy joys, sweet bard, when stretched along
By Mulla's fountain head thy limbs reclined,
Where fancy, parent of enchanted song,
Poured the full tide of poesy, refined
From stain of earthly dross, upon thy mind.
Thine was the holy dream, when, pure and free,
Imagination left the world behind
'In that delightful land of Faerie'
Alone to wander, rapt in heavenly minstrelsy.

"Oh who, so dull of sense, in heart so lost
To Nature's charms and every pure delight,
Would rather lie, on the wild billows tost
Of vain ambition, with eternal night
Surrounded, and obscured his mental sight
By mists of avarice, passion, and deceit?
Not he whose spirit clear, whose genius bright,
The muse has ever led, in converse sweet,
Within the hallowed glades of her divine retreat.

"Not EDWIN—in whose infant breast, I ween,
From childish cares and little passions free,
Tho' long in shades retired, unmarked, unseen,
Had blown the fairest flower of poesy.
That lovely promise of a vigorous tree

Instructed genius found: each straggling shoot
He wisely pruned of its wild liberty,
Turned the rich streams of science round the root,
And viewed with warm delight the fair and grateful fruit."

Can a doubt be entertained that the author of such stanzas will obtain from the publick, to whose taste he makes his appeal, any other than such a reception as will induce him to resume his lyre?

The following relates to a duel between Mr. Jeffrey, one of the chief writers in the Edinburgh Review, and Thomas Moore, author of Little's Poems, and translater of Anacreon.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS: A SATIRE. 12mo. 4s. 1808.

SINCE the time of the Baviad, we have not met with a production combining so much severity with so much genuine wit, humour, and real talent. If we, however, had possessed the opportunity, we should certainly have pleaded very powerfully in behalf of one or two, who are lashed with more bitterness than justice; but, on the whole, it must be confessed, that truth is on the side of the author. Nothing can be more certain, than that genuine taste was once more in danger: and high commendation, and great popularity, have attended certain poetical productions, which would hardly endure the test of sound and honest criticism.

We shall enter into no detail of this poem, because it will be universally read; but we think it necessary to subjoin a specimen, in justification of what we have said above. There is exaggeration in the following passage; but its poetical merit is singular.

"Health to great *Jeffrey!** Heaven preserve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
And guard it sacred in his future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars;
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When *Little's*† leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bowstreet myrmidons stood laughing by?

Oh! day disastrous! on her firm set rock,
Dunedin's castle felt a sacred shock;
Dark rolled the sympathetick waves of Forth,
Low groaned the startled whirlwinds of the north;
Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
The other half pursued its calm career;
Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place;
The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man—
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
If Jeffrey died, except within her arms:
Nay, last, not least, on that portentous morn,
The sixteenth story, where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret fell to ground,
And pale Edina shuddered at the sound;
Strowed were the streets around with milk-white reams,
Flowed all the Canongate with inky streams;
This of his candour seemed the sable dew,
That of his valour showed the bloodless hue;
And all with justice deemed the two combined
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
But Caledonia's goddess hovered o'er
The field, and saved him from the wrath of Moore;
From either pistol snatched the vengeful lead,
And strait restored it to her favourite's head.
That head, with greater than magnetick power,
Caught it, as Danaë caught the golden shower,
And though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
Augments its ore, and is itself a mine."
p. 25.

* Jeffrey—one of the writers in the Edinburgh Review.

† Little—Thomas Moore, translator of Anacreon.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Nubilia in Search of a Husband; including Sketches of modern Society, and interesting moral and literary Disquisitions. Crown 8vo. pp. 456. 9*s*. Boards. 1809.

IF one writer sends a gentleman in pursuit of a wife, another is sure to take the hint, and to exhibit a lady in search of a husband. Modern book-makers avail themselves of every opportunity of putting their pens in motion, and the success which *Cælebs* has obtained presented a temptation not to be resisted. Accordingly, we find that on the 10th of May, 1809, the author of the present work began his undertaking; and so intent was he on bringing it out in time while *Cælebs* was in course of reading, that by the 3d of June following, he had completed it. We should have pleasure in complimenting him with not having made "more haste than good speed," to use the vulgar proverb; but, strange as it may appear, when we talk of *haste*, it must be confessed, that the composition is throughout laboured; that the reader, instead of being pleasantly *carried*, is *dragged* along; and that the book disappoints because it does not answer its title. "Nubilia in search of a husband?" No such thing. *Nubilia* is no forward miss, all whose thoughts by day, and dreams by night, are fixed on marriage. In fact, she seems to think as little of a husband as any woman who ever wore a petticoat She is as cold as a cloud of snow [*cor inter* nubilia *condit**] and is more like a philosophick member of the *blue-stocking* club than a young woman commencing the impassioned career of life. Nubilia is a thousand times more out of nature than the Lucilla Stanley of *Cælebs*; and, instead of being in search of a husband, she is fond of funerals, and "loves to hold some mouldering bone within her hands." [p. 164.] At one time, she discusses moral questions with the gravity of a college-tutor, and at another, she is inflated with bombast. Now she is represented as an Epictetus, endeavouring to give tone and vigour to the mind, and then as "longing for dissolution," because she heard the sounds of an Eolian harp. She, indeed, marries at last; but it is after a great deal of *talking* rather than *searching*. She sees little of the world; and to the first man who is at all estimable in her view, to whom she is introduced after a little Philandering about German literature, she gives her hand. Altogether, the story is very meagre; the transition from one dissertation to another is not very natural, and, as the picture of a young woman "in search of a husband," it is to the last degree disappointing.

It is true that the volume presents matured reflections on morals, society, and literature; but we cannot think that they are with any propriety put into the mouth of a young female. The remarks on education, which are the result of much observation and meditation, are with judgment assigned to Nubilia's father; but, when the parent is removed from the stage, and the author throws the weight of all his disquisitions on the shoulders of the young daughter, we protest against such an *imposition*, to use a university phrase. To these remarks on education, however, some attention is due, especially to such of them as respect the importance of commencing the moral education very early in life; of keeping our word with children; and of securing them from having the first impressions made on their tender minds by our servants, instead of by ourselves. On the first point, we quote the following passage:

"A child who is capable of feeling pleasure or pain at any given event, is ca-

* We introduce this parenthesis to suggest the impropriety of the name. It should have been *Nubilis* instead of *Nubilia*.

pable, to a certain degree, of volition, and of the simplest operations of intellect. He is able to distinguish between two objects, and in distinguishing, to determine their respective worth, relatively to himself; accordingly, if one be presented to him he is pleased; if the other, he is displeased. The moment reason has advanced thus far, that moment, I say, the moral education should commence; and in nine cases out of ten, I have seen this progress of reason take place before the eighth month. Then begins our work; it is for us to determine what shall be granted and what denied, and to erect a barrier against the influence of caprice; to wrestle with the first contentions for mastery which betray themselves in every peevish tear that follows a refusal. Mothers and nurses, I know, will exclaim against the cruelty of denying the poor little dear infant; pronounce you hardhearted, unfeeling. Mind it not. Let the storm rage, but proceed steadily in your path, and be assured, that every tear your infant sheds waters a bed of roses, which will bloom with captivating beauty; while every smile that succeeds the completion of capricious desire, is a hot and fecund sun which ripens into maturity the nettle and the weed."

In the superintendence and management of their offspring, parents should make a point of having their *yea*, to be indeed *yea*, and their *nay* to be unalterably *nay*. Here we approve what the author before us has written.

"Let your word be to your child as a wall of brass, impregnable to all assaults. What you have once asserted or commanded, let no entreaties, no tears, no prayers move you to retract. It is thus only that you can do justice to your offspring and yourself. If a child once succeed in making you go from your word, or alter your opinion, farewell to all future obedience from that child! He will always cherish the idea, that by imploring, he can induce you to retract; this idea will make him careless as to what you say, and in time generate even a contempt for your will. But remember, if you lift your hand in wrath against that child, you violate the rights of justice and humanity; for the disobedience you would chastise, you have fostered by your own inconsistency."

From the disquisition on education, we pass to one in which, under the idea of removing the shackles of the married state, wives are encouraged in cherishing a friendship for others besides their husbands. This cause is advocated by Nubilia's father, who, in reply to a letter from a friend, expostulating with him on his intimacy with Julia (a married woman) exclaims:

"Does the human heart undergo a metamorphosis after the ritual ceremony of the church? Is the ring a magick circle, whose properties are potent enough to confound all feeling, to hoodwink the mind, to corrupt the natural sentiments of the bosom? Is there, in the words wife and husband, some invisible spirit that pierces through our nature, and curdles the genial current of human affection? Is the wide extended love, the sweet play of the heart, the general delight we take in our species, the natural emotions of the soul; are all these to vanish before the magical incantations of the altar? Are we to turn away from the world, and the world's concerns; are we to crush the kindling warmth, to forego the most endearing intercourse of life, to tear from our hearts the sweet band of union that linked us to our kind, to choak up the living stream of rich delight that gives unfading verdure to the path of life; must we shrink back with fear and horrour, and well disciplined disgust, from the mutual intercourse of the sexes, without which this world were but a barren desert, and its highest pleasures only sullen cares? Must all this be done the moment two beings consent to strengthen the intimacy of a partial connexion? It is a vulgar and debasing idea, and it is degrading to the heart of man."

Of such rant we are not enamoured, nor can we perceive the utility that is likely to spring from its publication. Nubilia, who is wiser than her parent, confesses that he assumes as a principle a greater moral purity than is usually found in mankind; and she calls the picture of married liberty, for which her father contends, a *sublime* one.—When Nubilia is meditating on her entrance into the holy state, and on the character of a wife, she admits that "in her breast there is no room for effective friendship; that it would draw her from the more important duties of her state; that nature providentially foresaw this, and ordained that she should fix her whole soul on the man and their mutual

offspring."—Though, however, the young lady, in this respect, appears to have more prudence than her father, and unites herself to a virtuous young man, the sentiments of whose mind and the qualities of whose heart, were excellent, yet, at times, she is represented as very romantick; especially when contemplating the beauties of nature. One extract will suffice:

"At other times softer and more ethereal images arise. When I have beheld distant clouds strongly tinged with the sun's rays, and floating, as it were, in the whiteness of surrounding ether, steadily I have fixed my eyes upon them, and imagined, that resting on their fluid borders, or rolled within their fleecy folds, angels sit hymning to the Great Creator; and, with heavenly voices, joined to the dulcet melody of harps, sing their vesper chorus. I fancy that the aerial strains reach my ears; and for a moment I am transported among them. Then heaven opens on my eyes! I see transparent forms, whose milk-white wings fold, like a cincture, round their dazzling loins; they lean on golden harps; the blazing floor, spangled with stars innumerable, beams like a furnace; pendent, from vaulted roofs, hang starry lamps, burning sweet incense, whose odours, wafted through the balmy air, fill the delighted sense with gladness. Angelick shapes glide through Dorick columns inwreathed with many a spiral fold of flaming cressets, which, circling in magick dance around, reach a nameless height supporting roofs of fretted gold; these, as they move along, hold mutual discourse sweet, and look such dewy mildness from their eyes, as heavenly spirits wont when they, of old, descended to converse with man, swift messengers of God's eternal word; still, as my fancy works, methinks I'm led, to softly breathing measures from viewless harps by airy minstrels played, along the space of heaven; odorous perfumes from ten thousand fanning wings are wafted round me: trembling I stand, even at the throne of God himself, whence angels turn, with softened gaze, away, so bright the effulgent glory which irradiates from the clouds that dwell, for ever, round the Omnipotent! The lost soul is lapped in ecstacy and big with unutterable feelings: mysterious visions sweep before my sight; and, in an ocean plunged of pleasures tempered to its state by the creative mind that formed them, it dies, dissolves away, and conscious only of amazing bliss. The shadows of approaching night recall its wandering thoughts, and I awake to life, to misery and the world!"

If this be a specimen of that "elevated English prose," which we are promised in the preface, we shall only say, that it is much too elevated for us.

In *Cælebs*. little in the shape of courtship occurs; and here also the parties show their predilection for each other by none of those little attentions which usually discriminate lovers. No frivolity marks Mr. Vaughan's character, and he becomes the object of Nubilia's preference in consequence of "dignity of mind."

"Mr. Vaughan," says the lady in search of a husband, "had the latter, and was wholly exempt from the former.

"Towards my own sex, his manners were far removed from that exuberant devotion, which is a compound of deception, meanness and imbecility. If a lady dropped her glove, he exhibited no agonies till it was restored to her, nor did he rush, with impetuosity, to the spot, that he might be the *happy* individual who was to perform that *duty*. He believed a lady to be gifted with powers adequate to the task. If he walked out with a female, he avoided carrying her parasol for her, either over her head, or under his own arm; to this labour also, he thought her equal. He always declined the distinction of attending them to a mercer's, a milliner's, or a linen draper's; and for all these offences (great ones they undoubtedly are in the eyes of many) I have heard him severely censured. For my own part, I considered them as evidences of a mind and character compounded of something more dignified than what is essential to the composition of a *lady's man*, as such animals are emphatically called. When, however, I behold the one sex offer, and the other receive, such unmeaning attentions, such vapid courtesies, I know not on which my contempt should fall most heavily. It is difficult to decide which is the most abject, the fool who pleases, or she who is pleased."

After all, it is fair to ask, whether dignity of mind be inconsistent with attention to little things? "Man," as lord Bacon says, "is a trifle, and his life is a trifle." And, in the interchange of social duties, especially between the sexes, a number of trifles must attract our notice. Civility and politeness are made up of trifles; and

we cannot perceive that a gentleman is degraded by carrying a lady's parasol, because she can carry it herself. On this principle, he ought not to cut up a chicken for her at table, "for to this labour she is equal."

The author speaks of his having constructed his language with a greater latitude of rhetorical embellishment than is usually thought to be consistent with English prose; and we have given a sample of these his flights into airy regions. Besides which, we have detected occasional incorrectness, and an affectation of employing terms which are not in common use. At p. 19, he exclaims: "How few are the authors whose works can be read through *without receiving* contamination." According to the construction of this sentence, works receive contamination in consequence of being read; a meaning which the author does not intend to convey. He talks also of "a *niggard* hand"—of "an *anteĕast* of heaven"—of "throwing custom *to* his feet"—of "Nature's *kindly* law,"—of "the *tinet* native to their sphere"—of "*impregning* every emotion"—of "*congenerous* superstructure"—of "a *short while*," &c.

In our judgment, this work, though far from being a flimsy, and inferiour production, will not afford much satisfaction to either sex. It is barren of character; and the heroine sustains an unnatural part, when, instead of being shown the world before she makes her choice, she is presented to us as the sage moralist and the learned critick. *Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic*, &c.

Like most moderns, the author misquotes the couplet of Hudibras, which should be:

"He that *assents* against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Memoir on Fiorin Grass, by W. Richardson, D. D. late Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. *From Select Papers of the Belfast Literary Society.* Fasciculus 1.

IN laying before our readers an account of this remarkable grass, and if it possessed but half the valuable properties described by Dr. Richardson, it would still deserve the most serious attention, not only of individuals, but, even of the legislature, we shall make an indiscriminate use of the present and of a former memoir on the same subject, contained in the sixth volume of the Communications of the Board of Agriculture, and written by the same author. The former memoir was communicated to the Agricultural Society at the request of Mr. Davy, who witnessed the remarkable characters of this grass on its native spot; and, we are persuaded that this circumstance will excite additional interest respecting its history.

The term Fiorin, by which the native Irish distinguish this grass, Dr. Richardson is, somewhat fancifully perhaps, inclined to derive from the words *fave* [grass] and *reem* [butter] observing, with respect to this etymology, that to his knowledge the term "butter grass" is most deservedly applied to the Fiorin. But lest our readers should be carried away by the idea that this grass possesses the properties of the Phulwarah, or "butter tree" of India, it is right to inform them, that the butyraceous quality of the Fiorin does not show itself till the juice of the grass has passed through the lacteals and mamillary glands of the cow; and then not without the aid of a churn. The butter, however, that is thus ultimately produced from it, is remarkably excellent. The Fiorin is supposed to be the Agrostis stolonifera, of Linneus. But, as this point does not seem to have been accurately ascertained, and as Curtis, in his Practical Observations, says, that he has experienced

more difficulty in ascertaining the several species of the Agrostis, than of all the others put together; we subjoin the following description of it.

Each plant consists of numerous strings [*stolones*] which are immediately connected with the root; and these strings are knotted or jointed at intervals, of from three to five inches. From each joint a thin, grassy envelope issues in the direction of the string; within which, lateral sprouts shoot forth, nearly at right angles, to the joint. These sprouts, together with the extreme point of the strings, are of a most lively green colour. The strings themselves are much paler at all times, and in March, are nearly white. The envelope withers as soon as it has discharged its obvious office, of protecting the advancing sprout from the effects of the weather, and gives the whole a more decayed appearance than might be expected from its quantity, being itself a very thin membrane. The strings, which are the essential part, and constitute nine tenths of the crop, vary in length from three to seven feet; but are usually between four and five feet long. Their number is sometimes very great; and in one instance Dr. Richardson found one hundred and forty issuing from one spontaneous root, each of which had six buds. If the joints touch the ground, or even the damp mat formed by the intertexture of the strings, a sprout shoots upwards, and fibres strike downwards and form a root. Each joint is, therefore, a set, from which the plant may be propagated. So that the spontaneous root abovementioned, produced eight hundred and forty sets.*

The foregoing description corresponds in many points, with the Dúrvá, or, as it is commonly called, the Dúb of India. And Dr. Richardson says, that his friend, colonel Macan, who commanded the British cavalry in the late campaigns in the north of India, as soon as he saw the Fiorin, was struck with its exact resemblance to the Indian grass, and was satisfied they were of the same species. The characteristick mark of the Dúb, according to colonel Macan, is this, that from each joint a root strikes downwards, and a sprout shoots upwards. It is propagated in India, not by seed, but by scattering its strings on the surface, and dibbling them in. In the rainy season it creeps along the ground, and runs to a considerable length, rooting at every joint; in the dry season it is much covered by the dust and flying sand, whence it derives its name, which, in the Persian language, signifies "hidden." Colonel Macan adds, that it is most industriously sought for, and preferred to all other grasses in India, on account of its superiorly nutritive quality, as food for cattle.

In sir W. Jones's catalogue of Indian plants, the Dúb is classed as a species of Agrostis; and the engraving of it, which is copied from Dr. Roxburgh, represents it as a knotted or jointed grass, with fibres issuing from the lower, and sprouts from the upper side of each joint; but the panicle, or flowering part, is very different from that of the Fiorin, and resembles that of the Panicum dactylon, or creeping Panick grass; excepting that the spikes, which are there four in number, spread horizontally from the stalk.—We shall take the liberty of extracting from sir W. Jones's Botanical Observations on select Indian Plants, contained in the second volume of his works, the following account of the Dúrvá or Dúb. "Nothing essential can be added to the mere botanical description of this most beautiful grass, which Van Rheede has exhibited in a coarse delineation of its leaves only. Its flowers, in their perfect state, are among the loveliest objects in the vegetable world; and appear, through a lens, like minute rubies and emeralds in

* The panicle, or flowering part of the Fiorin, judging from a drawing of it which accompanies Dr. Richardson's first memoir, resembles that of the festuca pratensis or meadow fescue grass.

constant motion from the least breath of air. It is the sweetest and most nutritious pasture for cattle; and its usefulness, added to its beauty, induced the Hindoos, in their earliest ages, to believe that it was the mansion of a benevolent nymph." Even the Véda celebrates it; as in the following text of the A'tharvana: "May Dúrvá, which rose from the water of life, which has a hundred roots and a hundred stems, efface a hundred of my sins, and prolong my existence on earth a hundred years!"

But the excellence of the Fiorin, supposing it to be the Agrostis stolonifera, is neither unknown nor uncelebrated in the annals of English agriculture; although, from particular circumstances, its history has been hitherto involved in much obscurity. It constitutes a considerable portion of the produce of a meadow in Wiltshire, the uncommon fertility of which was noticed by herbarists more than one hundred and fifty years since. This meadow, which is situated near Orcheston, about twelve miles to the north of Salisbury, is spoken of in Howe's Phytologia Britannica, which was published in the year 1650; and in Merret's Pinax, published in 1667. And references are made to these authors respecting it, in bishop Gibson's additions to Camden. It is again mentioned in Stillingfleet's Miscellaneous Tracts. But no publick inquiry took place respecting it, till some years ago: the Bath Agricultural Society, struck by the accounts of its remarkable fertility, employed agents for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of its produce. Since that time it has been visited by several botanists, from whose accounts we have collected those circumstances of its history, which are most applicable to the present occasion. The meadow is situated in the lowest part of a very narrow, winding valley, sheltered on each side by gradual, but by no means lofty, acclivities of chalk. It is subject to frequent and continued inundations during the winter, and is rarely otherwise than swampy throughout the year, being often submerged by the water of a spring, which rises at about the distance of half a mile. It has been constantly observed, that the earlier the spring swells, the more plentiful is the crop. The immediate soil of the meadow consists of a bed of small, loose pebbles, which are all of a silicious nature, with a scanty covering of mould; and though the herbage of the adjoining meadows is altogether very exuberant, yet this exuberance may be traced, increasing or declining, according as the soil varies, more or less, from that of the principal meadow. The produce of the meadow consists of several grasses; the chief of which are varieties of the Poa trivialis, the Alopecurus pratensis, and the Agrostis stolonifera. It is mowed twice in summer, and, after a favourable season for watering, the first crop is nearly five tons from each acre; the second, about half as much. The first crop consists principally of the Poa trivialis; the last, of the Agrostis stolonifera. With respect to the grass of this celebrated meadow, it is observed, that all cattle eat it eagerly, and that horses will eat the hay made from it in preference to corn, mixed with chaff.

We have carried the foregoing observations, on the Indian and the Orcheston grass, further than to many may seem necessary; hoping they may help to elucidate the subject of the present memoir, of which we shall now give as short and connected an epitome as we are able.

The testimonies in favour of the excellent pasturage of Ireland are numerous, from Giraldus Cambrensis down to the present day. That which is most to our purpose we found in a letter, dated 1693, contained in a Natural History of Ireland; which was published at Dublin in 1726. This letter, in giving an account of the Giants' Causeway, and describing the neighbouring coast as elevated very far above the sea, but rising gradually on the land side, to the edge of the precipice, says, "that it is all covered

with excellent sweet grass." It was in this very neighbourhood that Dr. Richardson first became acquainted with the Fiorin, in consequence of having purchased a small farm on the little peninsula of Portrush; which is situated a few miles to the southwest of the Giants' Causeway, and projects in the form of a cliff about half a mile into the Northern ocean. This farm, Dr. R. says, has long been famous for the verdure, abundance, and excellence of its pasture; and it has been repeatedly observed, that the tallow, and the butter made from the milk of the cattle fed there, surpassed, both in quantity and quality, those of any other farm in the country. The grass of this pasture consists almost entirely of Fiorin. During three and twenty years, Dr. R. made comparative experiments on the excellence of the Portrush pasturage, and that of some glebe which he possesses in the county of Tyrone; and though he had always good grass on the latter, and the glebe itself was in a very rich country, yet he invariably observed, that the same cow gave above a third more milk, and of a far superiour quality, when fed on the Portrush, than on the Tyrone pasturage. This, he says, is the more remarkable, because the greater part of the Portrush meadow is composed of a very shallow soil, rarely three inches deep, covering a solid basaltick rock; and much burnt up in summer. In like manner, the Fiorin is distinguished by its high verdure on the cliffs and steeps facing the Northern ocean, particularly about the Giants' Causeway; occasionally forcing its roots into the crevices of the rock, and even into the diminutive intervals between the pillars of the causeway.

The present occasion does not require a minute statement of the observations and experiments made on this grass by Dr. Richardson. And, indeed, since he himself is "almost afraid of entering into a detail of its extraordinary qualities, entertaining faint hopes of obtaining credit or even attention, our readers will not be surprised if we make our selection with great caution; nor must he be offended with us if we doubt the reasonableness of those expectations, in which, too incautiously perhaps, for his future fame, he indulges. Thus, when he describes the Fiorin, not only as superiour to most, if not all other grasses, and better fitted to every separate use to which grass can be applied; thriving almost equally in soils of the most contrary descriptions; the richest, the poorest, the deepest, and the shallowest, the tops of mountains, and the bottoms of valleys; bearing greater extremes of wet and of drought than any other grass, or, perhaps, vegetable; growing with full vigour under the shade of trees, and equally grateful to cattle when mowed from this situation, as from the open field; and, lastly, as being perfectly insensible to the highest degree of cold, since he saw the vegetation of its tenderest shoots uninterrupted by one of the bitterest frosts he remembers, and their lively green preserved equally, whether they were above the surface or buried under the snow; when, we say, he describes all these extraordinary and opposite qualities as existing in his favourite grass, who can choose but smile at his fond partiality? On the report of his experiments, we are fully disposed to rely with confidence; though even here we dare not anticipate the same degree of success, from the general cultivation of this grass which he met with in the particular instances mentioned by him. The extent of that success may be judged of, by the following statement.

In November, 1806, Dr. Richardson planted a piece of ground with Fiorin; of which, having obtained a number of distinct plants, he commenced by laying one down, and slightly covering the root with earth: he then stretched its string in a line, laying a little loose earth upon it here

and there, merely for the purpose of holding it down. Where the string ended, another root was laid down, and its string was stretched in continuation of the former line, and so on to the end of the piece of ground. At two feet distance he made a similar row, parallel to the former; and thus continued till the whole piece of ground was planted. The strings soon showed symptoms of vegetation; and in the following July, the intermediate spaces were so completely occupied by new strings, that it was difficult to find out the original drills. The succeeding autumn was wet and severe, and the grass was, in consequence, flattened down; but, though matted like a crop of vetches, the under part was very thick, and exclusively composed of long strings, every one of which was in high vegetation, from the root to the extreme point.

A portion of this meadow was mowed, on December 7, 1807, and, contrary to Dr. Richardson's expectations, after so wet and severe a season, the sward, instead of sinking, was so raised up by the length and coarseness of the strings, that in half an hour it was dry. It was then made up in small heaps, which were afterwards turned over every other day, in order to expose the damp side to the wind. At the end of eight days these heaps were opened for half an hour; and then made into larger heaps, four feet high each, these were opened three or four times during a fortnight, and were housed at the end of three weeks; reckoning from the time when the grass was cut, during which the weather was singularly unfavourable, attended with great deluges of rain, succeeded by an extraordinary heavy fall of snow, which was followed by close damps.

Another portion of the same meadow was mowed on Dec. 26; and the process of making the hay was conducted in the same manner as in the preceding instance: but, instead of being housed at the end of three weeks, it was suffered to remain under the open air for more than two months; and, on the 4th of March, it was still fresh and fragrant, and retained the healthy green in its strings: and through the whole of the winter, there was not a single string that showed the least tendency to rot or decay.

Of the first crop, which was housed on Dec. 28, several strings were set in a hot house on the same day: these soon began to put forth fresh sprouts. Other strings, taken from the same hay, were planted on the 18th of January, and the 5th of February following. These also, soon began to vegetate from every point. The same experiment was repeated on Feb. 27, March 18, and April 8, on strings taken both from the hay that was housed, and from that which remained in the field; and the success was the same in every instance.

This retentive faculty of the principle of vegetable life, so conspicuous in the Fiorin, Dr. Richardson thinks may be explained by its peculiar nature in not producing panicles till the second year; for, he argues, that as all vegetables appear to advance in a state of progressive improvement, until they arrive at the period of flowering and producing their seed, after which the powers of vegetation seem to abate; and as most grasses put forth their seed in the same year in which they were sown, it hence happens, that grasses in general will not support the inclemency of the succeeding winter: but the Fiorin not putting forth its panicles till the second year, and consequently, not having attained its point of perfection till that time, the strings improve progressively through the whole of the first year; whence it follows, that it is even advantageous to defer the mowing of Fiorin till winter.

Another great advantage attending the cultivation of Fiorin is this, that whereas grass seed cannot be sown with prudence earlier than the mid-

dle of March, or later than the middle of September, at which seasons the farmer is necessarily very much engaged in other employments, the Fiorin strings may be planted at any time: and, according to Dr. Richardson, a crop may be obtained from this grass more cheaply and more expeditiously than from any other.

But it is unnecessary to dwell longer on the excellencies of this grass. Enough has been said, we conceive, to direct the attention of the agricultural reader to a subject, which, unless the author of the present memoir has greatly deceived himself, must be considered of the highest importance.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Compendium of the Laws and Constitution of England. By William Enfield, M. A. 12mo. pp. 374. 4*s.* 6*d.* 1809.

THIS compendium may be properly characterized as a clear and well digested abridgment of Blackstone's Commentaries, and may be a very convenient manual to those who have not sufficient leisure to peruse the original. We have not observed that any material point of law is omitted, or misrepresented. By leaving out the declamatory and discursive passages, which, though entertaining and instructive, are not necessary to a right understanding of the subject, the compiler has brought the whole system of English law into a narrow compass, and has given us the substance of an expensive work, at a very inconsiderable price. We do not hesitate to recommend this publication as one of the most useful of the kind, which have come under our notice.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Tales of Instruction and Amusement. Written for the Use of young Persons. By Miss Mitchell, Author of Rational Amusement, Faithful Contract, and Moral Tales. Octavo pp. 252. 1807.

INDEED these are, in a high degree, "Tales of Instruction and Amusement;" and we strongly recommend them to the use of young persons. It appears, from an affectionate dedication to Miss and Miss M. A. Harrison, that the author was employed in conducting their education, during the early part of it; and we find, with great satisfaction, this lesson continually inculcated, that religion and virtue, must ever be the basis of solid happiness We cannot afford room for one of these tales, though they are far from being long or tedious; but a few lines, from the dedication, will sufficiently recommend the whole book.

"You are now entering on a more extensive plan of education: you are mixing with a larger society: but do not in the publick seminary, forget the private friend. Let those precepts it has always been my ardent desire to inculcate, still live in your remembrance. Let them warn you, that however desirable musick, drawing, and those elegant accomplishments, befitting your rank, may be, they are still but secondary considerations; which, though they may render you agreeable, can never, without higher acquirements, make you beloved. They may impart pleasure, but can never bestow happiness." p. 6.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF THE LATE MARSHAL SOUWOROW.

THE following are extracts from a historical account of the celebrated field marshal count Souworow Rymniski, prince Italiski, lately published in the French language, by M. Guillaumanches-Duboscage, lieutenant colonel of Kinbourne dragoons, and staff officer in the army of field marshal Souworow, in the years 1794, 1795, and 1796.

Souworow was born at Moscow, in 1730, of a family originally Swedish, enjoying but a very small property. He entered the army in 1742, as a private soldier; and was forced to remain undistinguished during many years, in inferiour situations. In the course of this time, feeling the superiority of his own mental powers, and the insufficiency of those of his chiefs, whose faults he could see and point out, he resolved, in order to raise himself above their command, to affect that singularity of character, which afterwards, through habit, became in him a second nature; and stamped both his mind and his person, with characteristicks exclusively his own. In this he succeeded completely. In a short time he attracted notice, and the dawn of his talents pierced through the obscurity of the lower stations, to which he had been confined for the first five years. After the year 1749, his rise was sufficiently rapid, and ten years afterwards, being then twenty nine years of age, he was made lieutenant colonel. However, in pursuance of his adopted system, the more he advanced in rank, the more he affected to be whimsical This line of conduct obtained, at length, such a preponderance over his mind, that he found obedience of every description became absolutely impossible; and that, in the end, he would even have refused to command the armies of his sovereign, had she attempted to trace a plan for his campaign, or to bind him to such or such operations, in preference to any other. "When my sovereign does me the honour to intrust me with the command of her armies," would he say, "she believes me capable of leading them to victory; and how can she judge better than an old soldier, like me, who is on the spot, of the best course to that object? In consequence, when she sends me orders contrary to her true interest, I suppose that they have been suggested to her by courtiers, her enemies; and I act in the manner which appears to me to be most conducive to her glory."

In many circumstances, the genius of Souworow, overstepping the narrow limits of the orders he had received, led him boldly on to certain victory. Of this the following are instances:

In the campaign of 1771, in which he served as major general, he received information that the marshal of Lithuania was forming an army of Poles, at Stalowitz. He immediately gave notice of it to Boutourlin, commander in chief of the Russian army, a very cautious and indolent man; requesting at the same time an order for attacking them. Boutourlin, knowing that Souworow had only a few hun-

dred men under him, expressly forbad him to undertake any thing. But Souworow, who, that very instant, had learned that the Polish confederates had defeated the Petersburgh regiment, that their numbers were daily increasing, and already exceeded five thousand, judged that he could not delay for one moment, the destruction of a nucleus, already too considerable. He hastily collected his little army, amounting to *one thousand* men only, and marched in quest of the enemy. In four days he marched upwards of fifty leagues, fell unexpectedly upon the Poles, in the middle of the night, defeated and dispersed them, and took Stalowitz, with twelve pieces of cannon. The day after he followed up his victory, and destroyed whatever had escaped from the first battle. He then hastened to transmit to Boutourlin the details of this daring expedition, by writing to him: "As a soldier I have disobeyed; I must be punished; and I send you my sword—But, as a Russian, I have done my duty, in destroying the confederate forces, which we could not have withstood had they been allowed sufficient time in which to collect." Boutourlin was wonder-struck. Not knowing in what manner to act towards Souworow, he determined to write to the empress for orders. On the receipt of his letter, Catherine wrote to the victorious general: "Marshal Boutourlin, as your chief, must put you under an arrest, to punish the want of subordination in the soldier; as your sovereign, I reserve to myself the pleasure of recompensing the zeal of the faithful subject, who, by a splendid action, has so well served his country." She sent him the order of St. Alexander.

In 1790, the empress had given express orders to take Ismaïloff; the siege of that place having been twice raised. Potemkin, who commanded the Russian army, fearing to disobey Catherine for the third time, communicated his orders to Souworow, proposing to him, at the same time, to renew the siege, and to take the command of it. Notwithstanding the dangers attending an expedition which had already miscarried twice, Souworow, always relying with confidence on his own resources, accepted the proposal by saying simply: "*It is the empress's wish: she must be obeyed.*" He immediately assembled his troops, and after four days of forced marches, arrived under the walls of Ismaïloff; several days were spent in preparing fascines, ladders, and all the instruments necessary for an assault. In the meantime, he got a fort constructed in a remote place, to exercise his soldiers in scaling walls; and, the better to deceive the enemy, he caused a trench to be opened within thirty or forty fathoms of the place; as if he meant to proceed by a regular siege. "Every thing was prepared for the assault," says the author, "the orders were given, the columns were beginning their march, in the middle of the night, when an officer arrived with despatches from prince Potemkin. Souworow guessed that those despatches contained an order to retreat, or some secret snare. The fact was, that Potemkin could not but shudder at the uncertainty of such an enterprise; when, considering the inclemency of the season, the fortifications of Ismaïloff, mounting 232 guns, and defended by 43,000 men; his anxiety was considerably increased by the knowledge he had, that one half of that army was composed of Janissaries, commanded by seven Pacha's; while Souworow, to overcome so great difficulties, had only 28,000 men, the half of whom were cossacks. Wishing, therefore, to throw the whole blame and the whole shame of the miscarriage on that general, he had written to him, not to risk the assault, unless he was certain of taking the place.

"Souworow guessing the contents of the letter, ordered his aide-de-camp to get a horse ready for him, at his tent door, in such a situation as to bar the entrance. He recommended

at the same time, to keep the messenger waiting, as he intended to take his despatches himself on going out. He soon after made his appearance, pretended not to perceive the messenger, vaulted on his horse, and set forward at full gallop, to join the columns of his army.

"The Russians scaled the intrenchments with intrepidity. The Turks opposed to them a vigorous resistance; but the fortifications were carried. A dreadful conflict immediately began in the town. In short, after ten hours of the most sanguinary, and almost unparalleled assault, victory declared for the Russians.

"Souworow, now victorious, surrounded by his general officers, who were congratulating him, perceives Potemkin's messenger: '*Who art thou, brother?*' says he, addressing him. 'It is I,' answered the officer, 'who yesterday evening brought despatches from prince Potemkin.' Souworow then pretended to be in a great passion. 'Thou bringest me,' said he, 'orders from my sovereign; thou art here since yesterday; and thou hast not delivered them to me!' He immediately took the letter, and threatening the messenger with the severest chastisement, handed it to one of his generals, to read it aloud.

"When that communication had been made, Souworow turned towards his officers, smiling and crossing himself: '*Thanks be to God*' said he, '*Ismaïloff is taken; but for that I had been a lost man.*'—The answer he immediately returned to prince Potemkin deserves to be known, from its heroick conciseness:

"*The Russian standard floats on the walls of Ismaïloff.*—SOUWOROW."

He gave that letter to the messenger; and sent him off that very instant.

The exteriour appearance of marshal Souworow agreed perfectly with the oddity of his temper. His stature was short, about five feet one inch [French] his mouth was large; and the whole of his features was far from agreeable; but his look was full of fire, quick, and above all, it was penetrating. It was impossible to see more wrinkles, or more expressive, than those on his forehead. At the age of sixty four, his head, whitened by age, and by the fatigues of war, retained but few of its hairs.

Though, to all appearance, of a weak and delicate frame, he was blessed with a very robust and vigorous constitution; which he had constantly strengthened by a sober, hardy, and active life. Being seldom or never sick, he supported fatigue better, perhaps, than men of a stronger make. Yet such was his want of bodily strength, at the age already mentioned, that even the bare weight of his sabre made him stoop.

Souworow, in his temper, was hasty and vehement. When he was deeply affected, his countenance became stern, commanding, and even terrible; it portrayed the sensations of his heart. But this seldom happened; and never without powerful motives.

On one point, this old warriour showed a weakness. It respected his age. He could not bear to be put in mind of it, and carefully avoided whatever might recall it to his memory. For this reason, looking-glasses were taken away, or covered, in his apartments, or wherever he went on a visit. Nothing was more comical than to see him pass before a looking-glass. When, by mischance, he perceived one, he would run, shutting his eyes, and making all kind of wry faces, till he was out of the room.

"It would be a great mistake, however," observes the author, "to consider this oddity, as produced by superannuated pretensions to beauty. The marshal himself often made merry with his own countenance; and as to his singular aversion for looking glasses, I have heard him repeat, frequently, that he never looked at himself, in order to avoid being made sensible of the havock of time; and that he might continue to

believe himself still able to execute the same military enterprises as in his youth; for the same reason whenever he found a chair in his way, he would leap over it, to show that he retained his activity. It was also for the same cause that he seldom walked, but always ran; particularly when coming into, or going out of, his apartment. Nor was he deterred from so doing by the most numerous company. He would even redouble his capers, and his anticks of every kind, before strangers of high rank; to convince them, that he was able, notwithstanding his age, to bear the fatigues of war, fully as well as when a young man."

Marshal Souworow was in the habit of rising, the whole year round, at four o'clock in the morning; but sometimes at twelve at night. On rising, he went out of his tent, and had several pails of cold water thrown on his naked body. Neither his advanced age, nor the inclemency of seasons, ever made him relax from this singular practice. He usually dined at eight o'clock in the morning in winter; and at seven in summer. Dinner was his principal meal. It was his only time for recreation; and he accordingly, indulged often in long sittings at table, where he sometimes forgot himself, for a longer time than he could have wished. He never sat down to table, or rose from it, without saying a previous grace, or returning thanks, to which he sometimes added a short blessing for his guests. If they didnot answer *amen*, he would say, jokingly, "those who have not said *amen* shall have no brandy." Although he was very fond of wine, and of liquors, yet he never was seen intoxicated. He ate and drank a great deal, because he had naturally a great appetite; and, besides, dinner was his only meal. The rest of the day, he would take only some cups of tea or of coffee. He was in the habit of sleeping an hour or two after his dinner, according to the ordinary practice in Russia. His table was in general, far from delicate; the entertainment was composed of cossack-ragouts, excessively bad; but which nobody presumed to notice as such. Each dish went round, and contained a separate mess for each guest.

As Souworow was like no one, his mode of dress must of course, be utterly unlike that of every body else. Jockey boots, half cleaned, ill made, and slouching, with knee pieces coming up very high; breeches of white dimity; a jacket of the same, with a cape and facings of green linen; a white waistcoat underneath, and a small woollen helmet, with green fringes. Such was his dress when with the army, in all seasons of the year. What made this apparel still more whimsical, was the circumstance of his having two old wounds, one in the knee, and the other in the leg, which often incommoded him, and compelled him, now and then, to wear his boot on one leg only; having the knee band loosened, and the stocking down, on the other. Add to this, a huge sabre hanging down to the ground. He was so thin and slender, that this light dress seemed hardly to hang on his person. When, however, the cold was excessively intense, he would exchange the dimity dress, for one of white cloth, exactly of the same fashion; but this was but seldom. In this singular costume, Souworow commanded, inspected, addressed, and encamped his soldiers on the frozen plains of Russia. He had obtained a great quantity of decorations and diamonds, in recompense of his numerous victories. On occasions of important ceremony, he was covered with them, and on those occasions only, would he display his splendid uniform of field-marshal, but, in private, or at the head of his troops, of all his orders, he only wore the riband of the third class, of that of St. Andrew.

Although this extreme external simplicity had all the appearance of avarice, those would be egregiously mistaken who could suspect Souworow of that mean vice. He always mani-

fested a stoical contempt for money. When he spoke about it, which was rarely, it was always in a way which induced the belief, that he had almost completely forgot its value. He never carried any about him; was unacquainted with the price of every article; and never paid for any thing himself. An old soldier, named Tichinka, who had saved his life, and whom he had attached to his person, by making him his private aide-de-camp, was at the same time, his major-domo, his steward, his caterer, and had exclusively the care of all his expenditure. He never carried about him watch or jewels, except in grand ceremonies, when he would deck himself with all the diamonds he had received from the generosity of several sovereigns, on account of his victories. Even then he considered them as monuments of his glory, and not as trappings of vanity. The finest diamonds could have no value in his eyes, unless they were the recompense of some brilliant military achievement. Accordingly, if, when glittering with all those riches, he chanced to be near a stranger, he would take delight in showing him every decoration, one after the other, telling him: "At such an action, I obtained this order; at such another, this, &c." This enumeration, doubtless very excusable, was the only gratification of which his mind was susceptible, at the sight of all these treasures.

The author quotes many instances of Souworow's disinterestedness, highly creditable to his principles, and to his loyalty. We shall notice only the following:

"An officer of his staff lost, by gambling, sixty thousand roubles, belonging to the military chest [about ten thousand guineas] Souworow immediately sent for the officer, punished him, and wrote to the empress: "An officer has taken sixty thousand roubles from the treasury of the army; but before your majesty shall receive this letter, the money will have been refunded into the military chest, out of my own property. It is but fair that I should be answerable for the officers which I employ."

Souworow always delighted in retaining soldier-like manners. When saluting any one, he would stop, turn his toes out, stand erect, put back his shoulders, as on parade, and carry his right hand opened to the right side of his little helmet, as soldiers do, when saluting one of their commanders. When he wanted to show a higher degree of consideration, he would stoop very low, with a tolerably ill grace, without altering the position of his arms, or feet.

His simplicity was not remarkable in his dress only; it was equally conspicuous in his food, in his lodgings, and generally, in all his habits.

"The simplest apartment," says the author, "was always the one he preferred. Care was taken, consequently, to remove every costly article of furniture from the place he was to inhabit. He rarely slept in a house, when his army was encamped. His tent was dressed at head-quarters, in a corner of the garden. There he would stay the whole night, and the greater part of the day; and hardly ever did he enter the house where his staff was, but at the hour of dinner. His tent was that of a subaltern officer. Never, during the whole of his military career, did he spend a whole night in a bed. A few bundles of hay, neatly spread on the ground, was his most sumptuous couch. Such was his usual bed, wherever he was lodged, even in the empress's palace.

"He had neither equipage nor horses, either for draught or saddle; in short, he had no retinue. A single servant was employed on his personal attendance; for the momentary service of his house, he used to engage as many soldiers, or cossacks, as were wanting. His coach, which was a plain *kibitk*, was drawn by post (or impressed) horses. When going to command his troops, either in manœuvres, or in battle, he would ride

the first horse he could find; sometimes that of a cossack, but, generally, Tichinka, his aide-de-camp, would lend him one."

Among marshal Souworow's qualities, none was oftener conspicuous than his uniform and real good nature. He never met with children without kissing them, and giving them his blessing. He was, all his life, an affectionate relative; a true friend; and a good father. He, however, considered it as the duty of a warriour, to indulge the affections of the soul, only in those moments, which could not be employed in pursuit of glory. These principles were the invariable rule of his conduct; the following anecdote proves it:

"He was going to join the army, not knowing when he should return; but he ardently wished to embrace his children. To satisfy at once his love of glory and the affections of his heart, he went out of his road, and without stopping, day or night, he arrived post haste at the door of his residence in Moscow. The whole household was in bed. He precipitately alighted from his carriage, gave a gentle rap; was admitted, and made his way, without noise, to his children's chamber. With a light in his hand, he gently opened their curtains; contemplated with emotion those objects of his affections; bestowed on them his blessings, and his kisses; then closed again the curtains, went down, vaulted into his coach, and departed without having disturbed their repose."

Souworow remained always proof against the seductions of love. He considered connexions with the sex as highly prejudicial to military men; and as impairing their courage, their morals, and their health. When in some companies he was placed, in spite of himself, near ladies, he avoided, in a very comical way, casting his eyes on them, and, above all, touching them. When married, he felt only friendship for his wife. His notions of modesty, which he considered as one of the first of virtues, bore, above all other things, the stamp of his oddity of mind. After passing part of the night with his wife, which, by the by, happened but seldom, he would suddenly withdraw, to receive the usual affusion of sundry pails of water on his naked body, as already related.

The marshal was remarkable, above all other things, by his unreserved frankness of speech. From his feelings on this subject, he could not, without being shocked, listen to those equivocal phrases, those ambiguous answers dictated by flattery, fear, or baseness. Accordingly, any officer who unluckily answered him in that manner, was for ever lost in his opinion. He called those kinds of people *Niesnaiou*, a Russian word, meaning *I don't know; possibly; perhaps.*

When he wanted to discover whether any individual possessed firmness of mind, he would take a delight in often putting to him, suddenly, and before every one, the most out of the way questions. He thought but little of those, who, through reserve or timidity, could not answer him; and, on the contrary, he conceived a high esteem for those whose repartees were sprightly, concise, and witty. "He," would he say, "who is put out of countenance by mere words, is likely to be much more perplexed by an unexpected attack from the enemy." Frequently, too, he would intrust to his officers the duty of writing his official accounts. His esteem and his friendship were the rewards of the sagacity and activity manifested in the execution of that task. These two qualities he imparted to all around him: all felt the electrical shock. The words *I don't know; I cannot; impossible;* were blotted out of his dictionary. They were replaced by these: *Learn; do; try.*

After perusing the foregoing, no one will be surprised to learn, that Souworow had a great antipathy to courtiers. He not only called them all

niemaiou, but he besides chose them as the constant butts of his sarcasms, which were the more bitter, as he stopped at nothing, named every one, and had a very satirical turn of mind, and of expression. He was often heard to speak openly, truths, which neither the presence of the sovereign, nor that of the parties interested, nor, in short, any consideration, could induce him to repress. This conduct, as might be expected, made him a great number of enemies at court, where he was detested. Intrigue and cabal followed him into the very midst of camps, struggling to deface his fame.

Souworow always showed himself very strict on the score of subordination. The most trifling fault of disobedience, was punished by a severe chastisement; marked with the usual oddity of his temper. He had conceited the idea of setting himself up as a pattern of subordination to his army, and he thus proceeded to effect it.

"He told Tichinka, to order him to leave the table, whenever he should perceive that through absence of mind, he continued eating beyond his usual appetite. He would then turn towards him with a grave, and, at the same time, a comical look, and ask him: '*By what authority?*'— 'By order from marshal Souworow.' '*He must be obeyed,*' would he say, laughing; and instantly leave the table. The same farce was acted, when his occupations kept him too long confined. Tichinka then ordered him to go out. He made the same question: his aide-de-camp made the same answer: and the marshal went immediately to take a walk."

This old warriour was very pious. His first care after rising, either at night or at daybreak, was to say his prayers. He also prayed for a long time in the evening, before going to bed. In common with all Russians, he had a great reliance on St. Nicholas. He attended divine service with much composure; singing the office along with the priest, and accompanying his singing with many jerks and contortions. During his exile at Novorogod, in his 70th year, Souworow, by a superstitious oddity, would wreak the indefatigable activity of his temper on the bells of his village, of which he got himself elected parish clerk. He alone, night and day, rang the peals for the different offices; which he afterwards sang with the priest amidst the peasants. Every minister of worship, he deemed to be entitled to his respects. Often he would stop before a simple priest, or a pope, and always before a bishop, to ask their blessing. After having received that of the officiating priests, he would, in general, turn towards his officers, and impart it to them. Notwithstanding his regard for clergymen, he very well knew, however, when necessary, how to make a distinction between the priest and the individual. In one of his campaigns, arriving at a village, he perceived the clergyman of the place. He immediately alighted from his horse, to ask his blessing; and a few moments afterwards, on complaints made to him against that ecclesiastick, he ordered for him a bastinado of fifty stripes.

Souworow was deeply learned in ancient and modern history; and knew intimately the details of the private life of the celebrated generals who had preceded him. He spoke eight languages; and expressed himself in French with as much facility as if he had been born in France. He was an utter stranger to all refinement in style. His mode of writing and of speaking, was short, concise, energetick, original, and unconnected. Every one of his phrases of three or four words formed a complete sense and sentence. But, this laconicism was above the comprehension of many, and especially of foreigners, who saw in it nothing but enigmas. He seldom wrote himself; and avoided, above all things, negotiations which were to be carried on in writing. *A pen*, would he say, *looks awkward in the hand of a soldier*. There are, accordingly, but

few letters extant, entirely in his own hand-writing. He wrote the following on the head of a drum, amid the smoking ruins of Tourtoukaya; to the field-marshal Romanzoff, to announce to him the taking of that place:

Slawo Bogou, slawo bowan!
Glory to God! Glory to thee!
Tourtaukaya woiala, ia tam.
Tourtoukaya taken is, by me.

Whatever came from his pen had the same characteristick energy and conciseness. Usually, he gave the subject of his letters to one of his staff officers; who, from his instructions, wrote them, and brought them to him for his signature.

He was in the habit of frequently haranguing his troops; but he had not, on those occasions, the same merit of conciseness. His orations lasted an hour, sometimes two; even in the middle of winter "I recollect," says the author, "that one day, in the month of January, on the parade in the grand square of Warsaw, it was eleven o'clock, a body of ten thousand men, formed in a hollow square, filled that place. The cold was intense, a penetrating sleet fell from the icy heavens In the middle of that square battalion, the Marshal, clad only in his white *dimity* jacket, began his usual harangue. He soon perceived that the inclemency of the season made his speech appear much too long; and hereupon he determined to make it last two hours. Every hearer returned to quarters benumbed with cold; and almost every soul, generals, officers, soldiers, and all, took cold. The marshal escaped the disorder, notwithstanding his dimity jacket. I seldom saw him so gay. Perpetual coughings echoed through his apartments. This pleased him highly. He enjoyed himself in the idea, that he had given his army the example of bidding defiance to fatigues, to winter and all its horrours."

Though we do not profess to have been in the habit of epistolary correspondence with marshal Souworow, yet having an impression of his seal in our possession, we shall attempt to convey some idea of the composition comprised in it to our readers: in an English nobleman it would be deemed a singularity.

The shield is square, divided into five principal compartments: in the upper of which is the imperial eagle, over its head a crown; in its right claw a sceptre, in its left a globe; the field is *or*. In the compartment to the right, a plume of three feathers, with a kind of broach marked K. The field *purpure:* a very broad bend, on which is a heart, separates this from three cannon mounted, on a field *vert*. In the compartment to the left, out of a cloud issue three forked lightnings and strike a *falling* crescent: the field *azure;* a band, inscribed RHYMNKI, separates this from two swords crossed, tied together by a wreath, on a field *gules:* the centre is charged with a smaller shield, also square; in the right compartment of which is a coat of mail, and round it, the word BERHOCTI: the left compartment contains a sword crossed by an arrow, motto BABERVN. The main shield rests on two kettle drums (below) and two marshal's staffs (above). The supporters are two lions rampant, standing on a bracket, from which depend the ribands and stars of *all the orders obtained by this warriour;* in number *ten:* the imperial eagle with two marshal's staffs crossed on its breast, forming a center. The whole of this is on a spreading mantle, *gules*, furred ermine; surmounted with a large coronet. The height of this seal is *two inches and a quarter:* the breadth is *one inch and seven eighths*.

It is not in our power to identify the different orders pendent from the front of this bracket; neither do we know whether they are arranged in any order of precedence; or in the order of donation.

The following character of the celebrated Whitfield is extracted from Jay's Memoirs of Cornelius Winter, a work lately published.

HE used too much severity to young people, and required too much from them. He connected circumstances too humiliating with publick services, in a young man with whom he could take liberty; urging that it was necessary as a curb to the vanity of human nature, and referred to the young Roman orators, who after being exalted by applauses, were sent upon the most trifling errands. His maxim was, if you love me you will serve me disinterestedly. Hence he settled no certain income, or a very slender one upon his dependants, many of whom were sycophants, and while they professed to serve him, underhandedly served themselves effectually. Under this defect his charity in Georgia was materially injured; owing to the wrong conduct of some who insinuated themselves into his favour by humouring his weakness, and letting him act and speak without contradiction. He was impatient of contradiction: but this is a fault to be charged upon almost all great people. I could mention some. He was not happy in his wife; but I fear some who had not all the religion they professed, contributed to his infelicity. He did not intentionally make his wife unhappy. He always preserved great decency and decorum in his conduct towards her. Her death set his mind much at liberty. She certainly did not behave in all respects as she ought. She could be under no temptation from his conduct towards the sex; for he was a very pure man, a strict example of the chastity he inculcated upon others. No time was to be wasted; and his expectations generally went before the ability of his servants to perform his commands. He was very exact to the time appointed for his stated meals; a few minutes delay would be considered a great fault. He was irritable, but soon appeased. Not patient enough one day to receive a reason for his being disappointed under a particular occurrence, he hurt the mind of one who was studious to please. He discovered it by the tears it occasioned, and on reflection, he himself burst into tears, saying, "I shall live to be a poor, peevish old man, and every body will be tired of me." He frequently broke the force of his passion by saying: "How could you do so, I would not have served you so." He never commanded haughtily and always took care to applaud when a person did right. He never indulged parties at his table. A select few might now and then breakfast with him, dine with him on a Sunday, or sup with him on a Wednesday night. In the latter indulgence he was scrupulously exact to break up in time. In the height of a conversation I have known him abruptly say: "But we forget ourselves," and rising from his seat, and advancing to the door, add: "Come, gentlemen, it is time for all good folks to be at home." Whether only by himself, or having but a second, his table must have been spread elegantly, though it produced but a loaf and a cheese. He was unjustly charged with being given to appetite. His table was never spread with variety. A cow heel was his favourite dish and I have known him cheerfully say: "How surprised would the world be, if they were to peep upon doctor Squintum, and see a cow heel only upon his table." He was neat to the extreme in his person and every thing about him. Not a paper must have been out of place, or put up irregularly. Each part of the furniture must have been likewise in its place before we retreated to rest. He said he did not think he should die easy, if he thought his gloves were out of their place. There was no rest after four in the morning, nor sitting up after ten in the evening. He never

made a purchase but he paid the money immediately; for small articles the money was taken in the hand. He was truly generous, and seldom denied relief. More was expected from him than was meet. He was tenacious in his friendship, and when the transition of Providence moved from prosperity to adversity, he moved with it to abide by his friend. He felt sensibly when he was deserted, and would remark: "The world and the church ring changes." Disappointed by many, he had not sufficient confidence in mankind; and hence I believe it was, he dreaded the thought of outliving his usefulness. He often dined among his friends, usually connected a comprehensive prayer with his thanksgiving when the table was dismissed, in which he noticed particular cases relative to the family and never protracted his visit long after dinner. He appeared often tired of popularity; and said, he almost envied the man who could take his choice of food at an eating house, and pass unnoticed. He apprehended he should not glorify God in his death by any remarkable testimony, and was desirous to die suddenly.

The following is an extract of a letter from the Rev. David Scurlocke, to Mr. John Nichols, who has lately published a work, entitled, The Epistolary Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele, &c. The letter is dated Lovehill Farm, Langley, December 24, 1784.

STEELE and Addison wrote the Spectators, &c. &c. chiefly in the room where I now write. They rented the house of my father for occasional retirement, and kept a housekeeper between them. It happened that this housekeeper proved to be in a situation that could not escape the prying eye of slanderous observation; when Steele asked Addison, very gravely, what they should do in such a dreadful predicament? "Why," says Addison, "since it is now past remedy, there is nothing to be done but this: if it proves to be a black child, you shall take it; if a fair one, the care of it shall fall to my lot."

Though I have lately built a new house here, I have religiously reserved this old part, which is attached to it, and have made it my *Sanctum Sanctorum*. Oh! that it would inspire me with the genius that once inhabited it!

FROM THE PHILOSOPHICAL MAGAZINE.

Some circumstances relative to Merino Sheep, chiefly collected from the Spanish Shepherds, who attended those of the Flock of Paular, lately presented to His Majesty by the Government of Spain; with Particulars respecting that great National Acquisition; and also respecting the Sheep of the Flock of Negrete, imported from Spain by His Majesty in the Year 1791.* By Sir JOSEPH BANKS.

Soho Square, February 18, 1809.

SIR JOHN,

AT a time like the present, when Spanish wools, though at a price unheard-of in the annals of traffick, still continue to find a market; thus clearly proving, that their value, in the estimation of the consumer, is far above any price that has been hitherto offered for them by the manufacturer; and when we must all agree, that the interruption of our trade with Spain may still continue for some time longer, I trust that a paper written with a view to facilitate the production of this valuable article in the United Kingdom, and to communicate some information relative to the important present of Merino sheep lately received by our most gracious Sovereign from the government of Spain, will be interesting to you, sir. I beg the favour of

* From Communications to the Board of Agriculture.

you, in case you shall approve it, to do me the honour of placing it at the disposal of the very useful institution over which you preside with so much advantage to the agricultural interests of this country.

I have the honour to be, sir,
Your obedient and faithful
humble servant,
JOSEPH BANKS.

Sir John Sinclair, Bart. President of the Board of Agriculture.

A considerable part of Estremadura, Leon, and the neighbouring provinces of Spain, is appropriated to the maintenance of the Merino flocks, called by the Spaniards trashumantes, as are also broad green roads, leading from one province to the other, and extensive resting-places, where the sheep are baited on the road. So careful is the police of the country to preserve them during their journeys from all hazard of disturbance or interruption, that no person, not even a foot passenger, is suffered to travel upon these roads while the sheep are in motion, unless he belongs to the flocks.

The country on which the sheep are depastured, both in the southern and the northern parts, is set out into divisions, separated from each other by land marks only, without any kind of fences. Each of these is called a dehesa, and is of a size capable of maintaining a flock of about a thousand sheep; a greater number of course, in the south country, where the lambs are reared, and fewer in the north country, where the sheep arrive after the flock has been culled.

Every proprietor must possess as many of these in each province as will maintain his flock. In the temperate season of winter and spring, the flocks remain in Estremadura, and there the ewes bring forth their lambs in December. As soon as the increasing heats of April and May have scorched up the grass, and rendered the pasturage scanty, they commence their march towards the mountains of Leon; and, after having been shorn on the road, at vast establishments called esquileos, erected for that purpose, pass their summer in the elevated country, which supplies them with abundance of rich grass; and they do not leave the mountains till the frost of September begins to damage the herbage.

A flock in the aggregate is called a cavana. This is divided into as many subdivisions, as there are thousands of sheep belonging to it; each sheep, besides being sear-marked in the face with a hot iron when young, is branded after every shearing with a broad pitch brand, generally of the first letter of the name of the proprietor, and each subdivision is distinguished from the rest by the part of the sheep's body on which this mark is placed.

By the laws of the mesta, each cavana must be governed by an officer called mayoral; for each subdivision of a thousand sheep, five shepherds and four dogs are appointed. Some of these inferiour shepherds obtain the office of rabadon, the duty of which is to give a general superintendance under the control of the mayoral, also to prescribe and administer medicines to the sick sheep. At the time of travelling, and when the ewes are yeaning, one or two extra shepherds are allowed for each thousand sheep.

The number of Merino sheep in Spain is estimated by Burgoyne at 6,000,000; these of course must be attended by 30,000 shepherds, and 24,000 dogs at ordinary times, and they find occasional employment for 5 or 10,000 additional persons in the seasons of lambing and of travelling.

In their journey, each subdivision is attended by its own shepherds and dogs, and kept separate, as far as may be, from all others. The duty of the dogs is to chase the wolves, who are always upon the watch when the sheep are on the road, and are more wily than our foxes. They are taught also, when a sick sheep lags behind, unobserved by the shepherds, to stay with and defend it, till some one returns back in search of it. There are, besides, in each subdivision about six

tame wethers, called mansos. These wear bells, and are obedient to the voices of the shepherds, who frequently give them small pieces of bread. Some of the shepherds lead; the mansos are always near them, and this disposes the flock to follow.

Every sheep is well acquainted with the situation of the dehesa to which its subdivision belongs, and will at the end of the journey go straight to it, without the guidance of the shepherds. Here the flock grazes all the day under the eyes of the attendants. When the evening comes on, the sheep are collected together, and they soon lie down to rest. The shepherds and their dogs then lie down on the ground round the flock, and sleep, as they term it, under the stars, or in huts that afford little shelter from inclement weather; and this is their custom all the year, except that each is allowed, in his turn, an absence of about a month, which he spends with his family; and it is remarkable, that the families of these shepherds reside entirely in Leon.

The shepherds who came with his majesty's flock were questioned on the subject of giving salt to their sheep. They declared that this is only done in the hottest season of the year, when the sheep are on the mountains; that in September it is left off; and that they dare not give salt to ewes forward with lambs, being of opinion that it causes abortion.

It is scarcely credible, though it appears on the best authority to be true, that under the operation of the laws of the nesta, which confide the care of the sheep to the management of their shepherds, without admitting any interference on the part of the proprietor, no profit of the flock comes to the hands of the owner, except what is derived from the wool. The carcases of the culled sheep are consumed by the shepherds,* and it does not appear that any account is rendered by them to their employers, of the value of the skins, the tallow, &c. The profit derived by a proprietor from a flock, is estimated on an average at about one shilling a head, and the produce of a capital vested in a flock is said to fluctuate between five and ten per cent.

The sheep are always low kept. It is the business of each mayoral to increase his flock to as large a number as the land allotted to it can possibly maintain. When it has arrived at that pitch, all further increase is useless, as there is no sale for these sheep, unless some neighbouring flock has been reduced by mortality below its proper number. The most of the lambs are, therefore, every year killed as soon as they are yeaned, and each of those preserved is made to suck two or three ewes; the shepherds say, that the wool of a ewe that brings up her lamb without assistance is reduced in its value.

At shearing time the shepherds, shearers, washers, and a multitude of unnecessary attendants, are fed upon the flesh of the culled sheep; and it seems that the consumption occasioned by this season of feasting is sufficient to devour the whole of the sheep that are draughted from the flock. Mutton in Spain is not a favourite food; in truth, it is not in that country prepared for the palate as it is in this. We have our lamb-fairs, our hog-fairs, our shearling-fairs, our fairs for culls, and our markets for fat sheep; where the mutton, having passed through these different stages of preparation, each under the care of men whose soil and whose skill are best suited to the part they have been taught by their interest to assign to themselves, is offered for sale; and if fat and good, it seldom fails to command a price by the pound, from five to ten per cent. dearer than that of

* The shepherds, on discovering the drift of the questions put to them on this head, said that in settling the wages of the shearers and washers, at the esquileos, allowance is made for the mutton with which they are fed.

beef. In Spain they have no such sheep-fairs calculated to subdivide the education of each animal, by making it pass through many hands, as works of art do in a manufacturing concern; and they have not any fat sheep markets that at all resemble ours. The low state of grazing in Spain ought not therefore to be wondered at, nor the poverty of the Spanish farmers. They till a soil sufficiently productive by nature; but are robbed of the reward due to the occupier, by the want of an advantageous market for their produce, and the benefit of an extensive consumption. Till the manufacturing and mercantile parts of a community become opulent enough to pay liberal prices, the agricultural part of it cannot grow rich by selling.

That the sole purpose of the journeys taken annually by these sheep is to seek food in places where it can be found; and that these migrations would not be undertaken, if either in the northern or the southern provinces a sufficiency of good pasture could be obtained during the whole year, appears a matter of certainty. That change of pasture has no effect upon their wool, is clear, from all the experiments tried in other countries, and in Spain also; for Burgoyne tells us, that there are stationary flocks, both in Leon and in Estremadura, which produce wool quite as fine as that of the trashumantes.

The sheep lately presented to his majesty are of the cavana of Paular, one of the very finest in point of pile, and esteemed also above all others for the beauty of carcase. In both these opinions, M. Lasteyrie, a French writer on sheep, who lived many years in Spain, and paid diligent attention to the Merino sheep, entirely agrees. He also tells us, that the cavana of Negrete, from whence the sheep imported by his majesty in the year 1791 were selected, is not only one of the finest piles, but produces also the largest carcased sheep of all the Merinos. Mr. Burgoyne agrees with him in asserting, that the piles of Paular, Negrete, and Escurial, have been withheld from exportation, and retained for the royal manufactory of Gaudalaxara, ever since it was first established.

The cavana of Paular consists of 36,000 sheep. It originally belonged to the rich Carthusian monastery of that name, near Segovia. Soon after the prince of the peace rose into power, he purchased the flock from the monks, with the land belonging to it, both in Estremadura and in Leon, at a price equal to twenty French franks a head, 16*s*. 8*d*. English. All the sheep lately arrived are marked with a large M. the mark of don Manuel.

The number sent from Spain to the king was 2000, equal to two subdivisions of the original cavana. To make the present the more valuable, these were selected by the shepherds from eight subdivisions, in order to choose young, well shaped, and fine woolled animals. This fact is evident, from the marks which are placed on eight different parts of the bodies of the sheep now at Kew.

The whole number embarked was 2,214. Of these, 214 were presented by the Spaniards to some of his majesty's ministers, and 427 died on the journey, either at sea or on their way from Portsmouth to Kew. His majesty was graciously pleased to take upon himself the whole of the loss, which reduced the royal flock to 1573. Several more have since died. As the time of giving the ram in Spain is July, the ewes were full of lamb when they embarked. Several of them cast their lambs when the weather was bad at sea, and are rendered so weak and infirm by abortion, that it is much to be feared more will die, notwithstanding the great care taken of them by his majesty's shepherds. A few have died of the rot. This disease must have been contracted by halting on some swampy district, in their journey from the mountains to the sea at Gijon, where they were embarked, as one sheep died rotton at Portsmouth. There is every reason,

however, to hope, that the disease will not spread, as the land on which they are now kept has never been subject to its ravages, being of a very light and sandy texture.

It is well worthy of observation, that although the Swedes, the Saxons, the Danes, the Prussians, the Austrians, and of late the French, have, either by the foresight of their governments, or the patriotick exertions of individuals, imported Merino sheep, no nation has hitherto ventured to assert, that they possess the complete and unmixed race of any one cavana. This circumstance does not appear to have been attended to any where but in England; though, in fact, each cavana is a separate and distinct breed of sheep, not suffered by the Spaniards to mingle with others. The difference in value of the wool of different Spanish flocks is very great. At this time, when Spanish wool is unusually dear, the prima piles are worth more than 7*s.* a pound, and yet the inferiour ones scarce reach 5*s.** Even the French, attentive as that nation is to all things that concern the interest of individuals, appear to have overlooked this circumstance, and to have contented themselves with making up the numbers of their importations, without paying any regard to it. They have not, at least, stated in any of their publications, that attention was paid to the securing sheep of a prima pile, and keeping the breed of that pile pure and unmixed, after they had obtained it.

Our merchants in Spanish wool range the prima piles in the following order of value, as appears by a statement in the year 1792.

Paular,
Negrete,
Muro, Patrimonio, and
Fifteen more, not necessary to be enumerated. M. Lasteyrie, the French writer on sheep, ranges them not very differently. He states them as follows. But both English and French agree, that all the prima piles are nearly equal in fineness of fibre, and consequently in value to the manufacturer.

Escurial, called by us Patrimonio,
Guadalupe,
Paular,
Infantado,
Montareo,
Negrete, &c.

The Danes, he tells us, procured their sheep from the best piles. But there is no appearance of their having, since they obtained them, kept the flocks separate, nor are they at present, so remarkable for fine wool, as the Saxons, whose wool is now at least, as fine as that of Spain is, upon an average of prima and second rate piles.

The Swedes were the first people who imported the Spanish breed. This good work was undertaken and completed by the patriotick exertions of a merchant of the name of Alstroemer, in the year 1723. The next who obtained an importation of Merino sheep were the Saxons, who are indebted for the benefits they enjoy from the improvement of their wools to the prince Xavier, administrator of the electorate, during the minority of the elector, and brother-in-law to the king of Spain. The prince obtained a flock of these valuable animals in 1766, and in 1778, an addition to it of 100 rams, and 200 ewes. The Danes followed his useful example, as also did both Prussia and Austria. Every one of these countries continue at this moment, to profit largely by the improvement these sheep have occasioned in their agricultural concerns. So far from truth is the too common assertion, that their wool will not continue fine in any country but Spain, that in the year 1806, when the ports of Spain were closed against us, a very large

* Since this was written, Spanish wools have risen to an exorbitant price. Prima Leonesa is this week rated in the Farmers' Journal at 20*s.* a pound, and Seville at 13*s.* 6*d.*

quantity of fine wool, the produce of German Merino sheep, was imported into this country from Hamburgh, and used by our manufacturers as a substitute for Spanish wool. In truth, some of this wool was so fine that it carried, in the British market, as high a price as the best Spanish piles were sold for, in times of peace and amity.

In the year 1787, the king, guided by those patriotick motives which are ever active in his majesty's mind, gave orders for the importation of Merino sheep for his own use, and for the improvement of British wool. As it was doubtful at that time whether the king of Spain's license, without which these sheep cannot be embarked at a Spanish port, could be obtained, it was deemed advisable to make the first purchases in the parts of Estremadura, adjoining to Portugal, and to ship the sheep for England at Lisbon. The first importation of these valuable animals arrived in March, 1788, and a little flock of them was soon after completed; but as these were of various qualities, having been drafted from different cavanas, his majesty was pleased to order an application to be made to the king of Spain by lord Auckland, then his majesty's minister at that court, for permission to import some sheep drafted from one of the prima piles. This was obtained; and a little flock, consisting of 36 ewes, 4 rams, and 1 manso, arrived safe and well at Dover, in 1791. These sheep had made a part of the cavana called Negrete, one of the three piles restricted from exportation, and which is likewise remarkable for producing the largest carcased sheep that are to be found among the Merino flocks, as has been before stated.

On the receipt of this treasure (for such it has since proved itself to be) the king, with his usual prudence and foresight, ordered the whole of the sheep that had been procured by the way of Portugal to be disposed of, (which was immediately done) and directed the Negrete breed to be increased as much as possible, and maintained in its utmost purity.

From that time to the present the opinion of the publick, sometimes perhaps too unwary, and at others too cautious, in appreciating the value and adopting the use of novel kinds of sheep, has gradually inclined to give that preference to the Merinos which is so justly their due. At first, it was impossible to find a purchaser willing to give even a moderate price either for the sheep or for their wool. The shape of the sheep did not please the graziers, and the wool-staplers were utterly unable to judge of the merit of the wool, it being an article so many times finer and more valuable than any thing of the kind that had ever before passed through their hands. The butchers, however, were less timorous. They readily offered for the sheep, when fat, a fair mutton price; and there are two instances in which, when the fat stock agreed for was exhausted, the butcher who had bought them anxiously inquired for more, because he said the mutton was so very much approved of by his best customers.

It was not, however, till the year 1804, thirteen years after their first introduction, that it was deemed practicable to sell them by auction, the only certain means of placing animals in the hands of those persons who set the highest value upon them, and are, consequently, the most likely to take proper care of them. The attempt, however, succeeded; and the prices given demonstrated, that some at least, of his majesty's subjects, had, at that time, learned to put a due value, on the benefit his royal patriotism offered to them. One of the rams sold at the first sale, for 42 guineas, and two of the ewes for 11 guineas each; the average price at which the rams sold, was 19*l.* 4*s.* and that of the ewes 8*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* each.

This most useful mode of distribution, has, since that time, been annually continued, and the sales have taken place in the beginning of Au-

gust. The last sale was held on the 17th of August, 1808, when the highest price given for a ram was 74*l.* 11*s.* for a ewe 38*l.* 17*s.* The average price of rams was 33*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.* of ewes, 23*l.* 12*s.* 5*d.* a most decisive proof, not only, that the flock had risen very materially in publick estimation, but also, that the sheep have not, in any way, degenerated from their original excellence.

The wool, was at first, found to be quite as difficult of sale, as the sheep themselves. Manufacturers were therefore employed to make a considerable quantity of it into cloth, which, when finished, was allowed by both woollen-drapers and tailors, to be quite as good as cloth made of wool imported from Spain. But even this proof would not satisfy the scruples of the wool buyers, or induce them to offer a price at all adequate to the real value of the article. It was found necessary, therefore, to have the wool scoured, and to sell it in that state as Spanish wool, which, though grown in England, it really was. Thus managed, the sales were easily effected for some years, at a price equal to that demanded for the prima piles of imported Spanish wool, at the times when the bargains were made.

Time and patience, have, at last, superseded all difficulties; and his majesty's wool has now, for some years, been sold as clipped from the sheep's backs, the sheep having been washed, and the whole management of them carried on exactly in the English manner, at a price not lower than 4*s.* 6*d.* a pound, which, allowing for the loss of weight in the scouring, costs the buyer at least 5*s.* 6*d.* a pound, a tolerable price for Spanish wool, when plenty of it could be produced, though not possibly so high a one as ought to have been given, or as will be obtained for the Anglo-Negrete pile, when the value of the article is fully understood.

The race of another capital cavana has now been added to the riches of this country, the Paular, and the draught from it is larger than on any other occasion, has been suffered to leave Spain. The animals have been selected with skill and attention. The pile they belong to stands at the very top of our English list, and the sheep have been most fortunately placed at the disposal of our most gracious king, whose shepherds have demonstrated to the publick, in an experience of seventeen years of their management of these interesting animals, that they can not only continue the breed in its original purity, but can also preclude all danger of degeneration in the article of wool. What more can be wished for on this head?

That spirit of patriotism, which induced our sovereign to declare himself the protector of the purity of the Negrete race, will also, it is most earnestly to be hoped, induce his majesty to extend the same protection to the newly arrived Paulars. By this measure, and by this alone, the publick will be effectually guarded against all danger of the admission of impure blood, which the avarice of ill judging individuals, seeking after a premature improvement of the carcase, has too often, it is feared, introduced into our English flocks. Thus protected, the twofold treasure obtained for the advantage of his subjects by his majesty's wisdom and foresight, will become a perennial fountain of true Merino blood, to which those agriculturists who are wise enough to adopt the breed, may, from time to time, resort, to correct their errours, if they fall into bad practices, to carry on their crosses, if any such are found to be advantageous, to the highest degree of perfection, and to restore the originality of their stock, if, in consequence of any unsuccessful experiment, it should have suffered deterioration.

Fashionable form of invitation to a Bidding Wedding in Wales.

WHAT is called a *bidding wedding* is well known in many parts of our island; but in very few, if any, is it maintained in so much simplicity and publicity as in Wales.—A very correct register is kept of the presents made on such occasions; and, as appears from a copy of an invitation of this nature, which we have been favoured with, and inserted below. The fulfilment of the obligations contracted on former occasions, is seriously and firmly demanded.—The following is copied correctly from the form printed and circulated on the occasion described in it. We are too late to add our "Donation;" and, therefore, can only offer to *David Jenkins* and *Mary Evans*, our best wishes for their mutual happiness.

N. B. The difference between this publick preliminary to the contracting of matrimony, and the marriage manufactory of Gretna Green, described *Select Reviews, &c.* vol. I. p. 116. Yet both are *institutions!* in the same island.

FEBRUARY 4th, 1809.

"As we intend to enter the Matrimonial State, on *Friday* the 3d Day of *March* next, we are encouraged by our Friends to make a BIDDING on the Occasion, the same day, at our Dwelling house, called *Ty'n-y-ffynnon*, in the Parish of *Llanddewi-aberarth*, when and where the Favour of your good Company is humbly solicited, and whatever Donation you will be pleased to bestow on either of us that Day, will be cheerfully received, warmly acknowledged, and readily repaid, whenever applied for, on a similar Occasion, by

Your very humble servants,
DAVID JENKINS,
MARY EVANS.

☞ *The young Man desires that all Gifts of the above Nature, due to his late Father, may be returned to him on the said Day, and will be thankful with his Mother and Brothers for all Gifts conferred on him.—Also, the young Woman's Father and Mother desire that all Gifts of the above Nature due to them, may be returned to the young Woman on the above Day, and will be thankful for all Favours conferred on the young Woman.*"

THE DUKE OF BOURBON.

THIS illustrious personage, who was taken prisoner at the glorious battle of Agincourt, suffered eighteen years confinement, and died in London, on the very day of his enlargement, after eighteen thousand pounds had been paid for his ransom.

CORNARO.

This celebrated Venetian, who wrote on the utility of an *abstemious regimen*, was, till his fortieth year, tormented with maladies that embittered his existence. He, at length, resolved to change his mode of living; and in one year after the observance of the *temperate plan*, his complaint entirely disappeared, nor had he ever afterwards occasion to have recourse to medicine. He continued healthful, and cheerful, to his eightieth year, retaining so perfectly his mental and corporal faculties, that he affirmed he could, at that age, perform most of those things that he had been accustomed to do in his youth. He died quietly in his chair, but little harassed either with sickness or pain, in 1631.

QUEEN HENRIETTA.

Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I. was, at the death of her father, Henry IV. but newly born. Barberini, who was afterwards Pope Urban VIII. being at that time Nuncio in France, came to offer his congratulations on her birth, and found that the queen mother would have been better pleased to have produced a son. Madam,

said he, I hope before I die, to see this your youngest daughter, a great queen And I, replied the queen, hope she will live to see you a Pope. These prophetical compliments were strictly verified, and that too within a short time of each other.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

The very ancient doctrine of the transmigration of the soul still prevails in many parts of the east, where it is facetiously said, that the souls of poets animate, after death, the bodies of grasshoppers, as these insects usually sing till they starve.

AT the assizes for one of the midland counties, a woman was tried for the murder of her bastard child, and after the Judge had taken great pains in explaining the provisions of lord Ellenborough's act, the jury acquitted her of the murder, and found her guilty of concealing the birth of the child. The prisoner next tried, was charged with stealing a *goose*, and the same jury, thinking that the law applied equally to both cases, acquitted the prisoner of the felony, but found him guilty of *concealing the goose !*

A nobleman (says Miss Edgeworth) inquiring of his Irish servant what was the cause of the noise he heard? —"It is the *singing in my ears*," replied Pat, "and I have had it, your honour, these six months."

LINES,

Presented to a beautiful Lady, who had two French dogs that slept regularly upon her pillow in muslin nightcaps.

YE *mongrel race*, who, lounge through Rotten-Row,
St. James's, Bond-street, and who talk "Bow-wow;"
Who ape, with empty head, and curling lock,
The nat'ral qualities of happier *Shock;*
Give up th' attempt—your trial is in vain,
The fair survey your labours with disdain;
CORINNA scorns such half-bred curs to wed,
And takes two *perfect puppies* to her bed.

METEORICK STONES.

ON the 19th of April 18 8, at one o'clock in the afternoon, a great quantity of meteorolites fell in the commune of Pieve di Casignano, in the department of Taro (formerly the dutchies of Parma and Placentia). The air was calm, and the sky serene, but with a few clouds. Two loud explosions were heard, followed by several less violent, after which several stones fell. A farmer who was in the fields saw one fall about fifty paces from him, and bury itself in the ground. It was burning hot. A fragment of one of these stones is deposited in the museum at Paris.

JEVENILE LINGUIST.

Progress of the English language in allied countries. being a *literal* copy of an advertisement (published out of compliment to the English garrison) for St. Ferdinand's Theatre at Palermo, on 10th January, 1807:—"Gasper Grifoni, a boy six years old, for his benefit's night shall expose on the stage four languages in mask, to wit, English, French, Spanish, and Italian, with a hobgoblin lackey, and a Greek Tragick, and Lappanio Spanish, and French servant.—One of the most tragical scenes, labour of the said boy who shall expose in the middle of such graceful and ridiculous representation"

METEORICK STONE.

THE minister for the home department, has communicated to the imperial academy of Petersburgh, the following account of a meteorick stone, weighing 160 lbs. that fell in the circle of Ichnow, in the government of Smolensko. In the afternoon of the 13th of March, 1807, a very violent clap of thunder was heard in that district. Two peasants in the village of Timochim, being in the fields at the time, say, that at the instant of this tremendous report, they saw a large black stone fall about forty paces from them. They were stunned for a few minutes; but, as soon as they recovered themselves, they ran toward the place where the stone

fell. They could not, however, discover it, it had penetrated so deep into the snow. On their report, several persons went to the spot and got out the stone, which was above two feet beneath the surface of the snow. It was of an oblong shape, blackish like cast iron, very smooth on all parts, and on one side resembling a coffin. On its flat surfaces were very fine radii resembling brass wire. Its fracture was of an ashen gray. Being conveyed to the gymnasium of Smolensko, a professor of natural philosophy there, considered it at once as ferruginous, from the simple observation of its being extremely friable, and staining the fingers. The particles of which it is composed contain a great deal of lime, and of sulphurick acid.

The subjoined characteristick Anecdotes of several species of Birds are extracted from Shaw's General Zoology.

THE DWARF HAWK,

SMALLER than a Merlin: upper parts brown, the tail crossed by a few deeper bars: under parts white, marked on the throat and breast by oblong brown spots, and on the belly and thighs by narrow transverse bars. This small hawk is a native of the interiour of Africa, where it was observed by Monsieur Levaillant, who describes it as of a highly bold and spirited nature, preying on small birds, and occasionally driving away from its haunts, even the larger birds of its own genus, as well as Shrikes, &c. It builds on trees, forming its nest of small twigs, intermixed with moss and leaves externally, and lining it with wool and feathers. The eggs are five in number, spotted with brown near each end. The female bird is nearly twice the size of the male. Monsieur Levaillant relates a singular instance of the audacity of this species. He was sitting at a table, engaged in preparing some birds lately killed; when one of these hawks suddenly stooped, and seized one of the newly stuffed specimens, and flying with it to a neighbouring tree, began to plume and tear it open, but finding nothing but moss and cotton, seemed indignant at the disappointment; and, after tearing in pieces the skin, at length contented itself with devouring the head, the only part which remained in its natural state.

THE SHRIKE.

When this bird, says Levaillant, sees a locust, a mantis, or a small bird, it springs upon it, and immediately carries it off, in order to impale it on a thorn, and is so dexterous in this operation, that the thorn always passes through the head of the bird or insect thus transfixed. If it cannot find a thorn, it fixes the head of the animal between a division of two small branches, and this with as much address as if performed by human means.—We need only watch this shrike for a single minute in order to witness its ravages; and if we take the pains to examine the spot it frequents, we are sure to find on every bush and tree the victims which it has transfixed, the major part of which are often so dried as to be unfit for his food; a proof of his singularly destructive instinct.

It is often taught to fight by the natives of Bengal, one being held up opposite to another, on the hand of a man, to whose finger the bird is fastened by a string, sufficiently long to enable it to fly and peck at its adversary. It is said to be of a remarkably docile disposition, and is sometimes carried by the young Indians, in order to execute little commissions of gallantry; and, at a signal given by the lover, will seize and carry off with much dexterity, the small gold ornament usually worn on the head of a

young Indian lady, and convey it to its master. It will also, with admirable celerity, follow the descent of a ring purposely thrown down a deep well, catching it in its fall, and returning it to its owner. The Persian poets represent the Bulbul as enamoured of the rose, and grieved or angry, at seeing it rudely cropped.—Whatever may be said by poets and unscientifick observers, Mr. Pennant has not scrupled to declare his opinion that the natural note of this bird is harsh and unmelodious. If this be the case, the musick of the Bulbul may be considered as nearly allied to the celebrated song of the Swan, so often recorded in the flights of poetick fiction.

PARADISEA TRISTIS.

This bird is a native of India and the Philippine islands, and is said to be of a very voracious nature, feeding both on animal and vegetable food, and is particularly fond of locusts and grasshoppers. On this head the count de Buffon relates a curious anecdote. The island of Bourbon, where these birds were unknown, was overrun with locusts, which had unfortunately been introduced from Madagascar; their eggs having been imported in the soil with some plants which were brought from that island. In consequence of this, Mons. Deforges Boucher, governour general of the isle of Bourbon, and Mons. de Poivre, the intendant, perceiving the desolation which was taking place, deliberated seriously on the means of extirpating the noxious insects; and for that purpose, caused to be introduced into this island, several pair of the Paradise Grakle from India. This plan promised to succeed; but unfortunately, some of the colonists, observing the birds eagerly thrusting their bills into the earth of the new sown fields, imagined that they were in quest of the grain, and reported that the birds, instead of proving beneficial, would, on the contrary, be highly detrimental to the country. The cause was considered in form. On the part of the birds, it was argued, that they raked in the new ploughed grounds, not for the sake of the grain, but the insects; and were, therefore, beneficial. They were, however, proscribed by the council; and, in the space of two hours after the sentence was pronounced against them, not a Grakle was to be found in the island. This prompt execution was however followed by a speedy repentance. The locusts gained the ascendency, and the people, who only view the present, regretted the loss of the Paradise Grakles. Mons. de Morave, consulting the inclinations of the settlers, procured three or four of these birds eight years after their proscription. They were received with transports of joy. Their preservation and breeding were made a state affair. The laws held out protection to them, and the physicians, on their part, declared their flesh to be unwholesome. After so many powerful expedients for their welfare, the desired effect was produced; the Grakles multiplied, and the locusts were destroyed. But, an opposite inconvenience has since arisen. The birds, supported no longer by insects have had recourse to fruits, and have fed on the mulberries, grapes, and dates. They have even scratched up the grains of wheat, rice, maize, and beans; they have rifled the pigeon houses, and preyed on the young; and thus, after freeing the settlers from the locusts, they have themselves become a more formidable scourge. This, however, is perhaps an exaggeration; since Mr. Latham in his second supplement observes, on the subject of this bird, that Mons. Duplessin, who had resided many years in the isle of Bourbon, had given his opinion that the Paradise Grakle might be advantageously introduced into that part of Spain nearest the coasts of Africa for a similar purpose, and added, that, so far from its having become a nuisance in the isle of Bour-

bon, the laws for its preservation were still in force.

This bird according to Buffon, is of the same lively and imitative disposition with the India Grakle, and when young, is easily taught to speak. If kept in the poultry yard, it spontaneously mimicks the cries of all the domestick animals, hens, cocks, geese, dogs, sheep, &c. and this chattering is accompanied by many singular gesticulations.

POETRY.

STANZAS,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. PRATT.

SWEET flower! that deck'st the river's brink,
Bending to every boisterous gale,
Arrayed in summer's lively pink,
From whom the bees existence drink,
As on thy bosom they regale,

Why dost thou here in silence dwell,
Secluded from the garden flowers?
Why leave the tribes of yonder dell,
Whose glaring tints profusely swell,
And spend alone the lingering hours?

When storms deface the laughing sky,
And thunders shake the vaulted air,
When lightnings thro' the welkin fly,
No friend, my charming flower! is nigh,
Thy matchless properties to spare!

Then vain indeed thy graceful mien,
And all thy attributes will prove!
In vain shall sorrow intervene,
Thy charms so modestly serene,
To shelter from the storms above!

Then tell me, flower, why thus alone
Thou lov'st in solitude to shroud!
Does malice on thy features frown,
Because they're chaster than her own,
Or dost thou hate the crowd?

"Alas! my friend! this lonely spot
"Has long my favourite station been;
"Here to the garden-tribe forgot,
"Their joys incestuously hot,
"I breathe the air of health serene!

"Besides, the splendour of their dress,
"Outshines too much my languid hue;
"Nor will the moans of weak distress,
"Excite in them one fond caress,
"Howe'er my friend they may in you."

Then since 'tis thus, my sweetest flower!
Come! let me bear thee far away,
Where neither haughty pride nor power,
Can on thy matchless beauties lower,
Or spurn thy indigent array.

Thus genius blest with every grace,
To triumph o'er the human heart,
Withdraws to some sequestered place,
The mighty works of time to trace,
Unknown to all the schemes of art.

Thus PRATT with kind parental care,
Smiles on the pure poetick FLOWER;*
Retrieves it from the desert bare,
To thrive in more salubrious air,
And flourish with the circling hour!

Grafton-street, August, 1809. J. G.

A FRENCH SONNET OF THE 15TH CENTURY IMITATED.

AH lovely babe! dear image of thy sire,
Sleep on the bosom which thy lips have pressed;
Sleep, cherub, sleep! thy limbs some rest require,
And close those tender eyes so much oppressed!

Sweet little love! whilst you secure enjoy
Slumbers which long have fled from me;
I wake to view, to feed, to guard my boy.
My only comfort is to look on thee!

Hush, my dear child, my only hope, my joy!
Sleep on that breast, which doth thy life sustain:
Let me thy pretty voice once more enjoy,
Thy untaught prattle doth such charms contain!

Ah lovely babe! dear image of thy sire,
Sleep on the bosom which thy lips have pressed:
Sleep, cherub, sleep! thy limbs some rest require,
And close those tender eyes so much oppressed!

JUVENIS.

* *Joseph Blacket.*

EDWARD AND ELLEN.

A modern Sonnet.

THE night in gloomy robe had long appeared,
Ere Edward sought the path that pointed home;
More for his Ellen than himself he feared,
For she, alas! was little used to roam.

And now was seen the lightning's distant flash,
Its splendours spreading in th' horizon's brow,
Whilst deep toned thunder rolled in awful crash,
Between the lurid lightning's fervid glow.

Poor Ellen shuddered at the coming storm,
And, trembling, staggered on her homeward road,
Whilst Edward strove to guard his fair one's form,
'Till they should gain some sheltering kind abode:
For she, poor maid—*was drunk!*—and Edward's care
Protected Ellen home from *Fairlop Fair!*

J. M. L.

SONNET, BY ANTHOCLES.

THE midnight storm is high; and sadness brings
To many a musing melancholy mind:
It seems the tempest on his dreary wings,
Bears tribulation: and the hollow wind
Is filled with boding voices: but to those
Whom blithe content surrounds, who deem it not
A sin to feel delight, the blast that blows
Is quickly perished, and its breath forgot:
Bright let the tapers beam: the ruddy fire
With heightened rosiness exalt the glow
Of woman's blooming cheek; and wine inspire
The open heart's exhilirating flow!
Who that is wise, would yield the passing hour
To bitterness; when bliss is in his power?

AIR.

Oh! roses are sweet on the beds where they grow,
Fresh spangled with dews of the morn:
On Nature's kind bosom in safety they glow,
Protected by many a thorn.
There awhile in full richness exists the sweet flower,
'Till its fast falling leaves drop around;
There soon, of the charms of the pride of the bower,
There's nought but the thorns can be found.
Ah! roses are sweet, but sweet roses will fade!

So fares it with Beauty, in life's early prime,
When armed with stern rigour the breast;
It blooms in cold pride, fresh and sweet for a time,
Then sinks into age still unblest!
Beware, then, ye maids, with too cautious an art,
How you guard your soft breast from love's woes,
Lest apathy spreading like thorns round your heart,
You at last drop alone like the rose.
For roses are sweet, but sweet roses will fade!

PHILOSOPHICAL AND ECONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

American Fir to be compared with that of Europe.

AT a meeting of the Dublin Society, held at their house in Hawkins street, on the 11th of May, various resolutions were passed.—It having been suggested to the society, that the timber imported from North America differs very materially, in quality and strength, from the timber which has, for many years past, been used in this kingdom; it was resolved—That a committee be appointed to inquire into the truth of the above suggestion; and to report to the society on the comparative strength of Norway and Memel timber, with that of the timber of North America, in which the committee will distinguish the particular states of North America, whence the timber may have been imported, the comparative qualities of which, with those of Memel and Norway, shall be reported upon.

Sour Wine sweetened by Charcoal.

MR. CREVE, of Wisbaden, has discovered a method of recovering wine that has turned sour. For this purpose he employs powdered charcoal. The inhabitants of the banks of the Rhine have bestowed on him a medal, as a reward.

The following is Mr. Hume's new plan for detecting arsenick.

LET one grain of white oxide of arsenick and the same quantity of carbonate of soda be dissolved, by boiling in ten or twelve ounces of distilled water, which ought to be done in a glass vessel; to this let a small quantity of the nitrate of silver be added, and a bright *yellow* precipitate will instantly appear. This is a more decisive test than sulphate of copper. But though this process answers very well with potash, or even lime water, the common carbonate of soda ought to be preferred.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN page 104, of vol. xvi. your correspondent X. opposes what he calls the vulgar custom of applying oil, honey, &c. in cases of burns and scalds. But he must either have had no experience, or reasoned very superficially on the subject, if he supposes that the application of cold water can have any effect in relieving the pain. It is impossible that the heat or fire should remain in the flesh any considerable time after the accident has happened. The heat, therefore, which we generally feel about the part afflicted, proceeds from inflammation, which your correspondent forgets is the consequence and not the cause of heat. The fibres, by means of which we receive the sense of pain, are covered and defended from external matter by the third and innermost skin. This covering being destroyed or otherwise materially injured by fire, air or any other extraneous matter having access to the nerves causes exquisite pain, which water or wet cloths do but increase. Spirits of turpentine, which one of your correspondents suggests, or any other sort of oil, by supplying the place of a covering, instantly relieves the pain. If a blister be not very large, honey, or white lead, should be laid on to keep the air out. If it is large, it should be punctured, and oil applied; but the skin should not be taken off until it is dressed. The propriety of keeping the air from burns may be proved by any one who has courage to try the following simple experiment: Let a drop of hot sealing wax fall upon the finger; bear the pain till it is gone off, and let the sealing wax remain upon the finger five or ten minutes; then take it off, and no marks of a burn will be found. On the other hand, a blister is raised, if it is instantly taken off. Glaziers use white lead whenever they receive burns from soldering irons. If you put your hand or foot into a basin of water rather hotter than you can bear, the pain is greater the moment you take it out, than while it remains in. Your's &c. C. T.

Account of Works constructed for the Manufacture of Mineral Tar, Pitch, and Varnish.

THREE considerable works were erected in Staffordshire, on the banks of the canal, for the purpose of procuring tar, pitch, and varnish from coal. One at Bradley, another at Tipton, and the third at the level colliery and iron works at Dudley-wood.

These tar works are erected in the vicinity of collieries and iron works. The masters of these works furnish the tar works with coals, for the coak which they produce; and leave the products of the process to the proprietors of the tar works, which are managed as follows:

A range of eighteen or twenty stoves is erected, and supplied with coal kept burning at the bottom. The smoke is conducted by proper horizontal tunnels, into a capacious closed funnel, of more than one hundred yards in length. This funnel is built with brick, supported by brick arches, and has a shallow pond of water formed on its top, which is filled when required by a steam engine belonging to the iron works. The cold of the water condenses the smoke which falls on the floor of the funnel in the form of tar, and is conveyed by pipes into a receiver, from whence it is pumped into a large boiler, and boiled to a proper consistence, or else it is inspissated into pitch, in which case, the vapour which arises during this inspissation is condensed into an oil, used for varnish.

No smoke is let to go to waste in these works, except a very little from some small funnels, which are kept open to give draught to the fires.

The process requires but little attendance, the principal labour being that of supplying the fuel. In one of the tar works twenty tons of coals are used each day, and three labourers with a foreman, are sufficient for the business; from this work about twenty-eight barrels of tar, of 2 1-2 cwt. are produced in six days, or twenty-one

barrels of pitch of the same weight. Some coal is so bituminous, as to yield one eighth of its weight of tar; but the above is the average produce.

In hilly countries, the stoves may be erected at the foot of the hill, and the condensing funnel higher up: streams of water may, in such situations, be often found which can be made to supply the pond over the funnel, without pumping.

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